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CHARLES MACKLIN

AN ACTOR'S LIFE

Courtesy of the Trustees, National Gallery, Dublin.

Charles Macklin as Shylock. By Zoffany.

CHARLES MACKLIN

AN ACTOR'S LIFE

By

WILLIAM W. APPLETON

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PREFACE

Charles Macklin's life spans virtually the entire eighteenth century. As an actor he links the age of Cibber with the age of Kemble. Overshadowed by Garrick, he is remembered today, if at all, as an interpreter of Shylock and for his part in effecting a change in acting styles. His career was a tempestuous one, but it has an interest beyond the merely sensational. His lifelong struggle against the piracy of his plays helped to pave the way for the later laws of literary property. His successful suit against the Covent Garden rioters to a very real degree furthered the actor's status. Above all, his fastidious attention to staging and interpretation contributed much to the evolution of the modern stage director.

The four biographies of Macklin are long since out of print. The earliest, by Congreve, is generally accurate but sketchy in the extreme. The subsequent accounts by Kirkman and Cooke, though essential to our knowledge of the man, are at times erratic and untrustworthy. The last, by Parry, though more reliable, is essentially a pastiche of the preceding ones.

It has been my good fortune to have had access to a considerable body of manuscript sources, and I feel deeply grateful to the Huntington Library, the Harvard Theatre Collection, and the Folger Library for permitting me to make use of these materials. Among other institutions which have generously aided me in my research and permitted me to draw on their resources I should like to mention the National Library, Dublin; the Royal Irish Academy; the Office of

Bro Dart

Arms, Dublin Castle; the manuscript division of the British Museum; the Middlesex County Records Office and the Public Records Office, London; and the Theatre Collection, New York Public Library. Mr. Alec Clunes has kindly permitted me to make use of manuscripts in his possession. I should also like to thank Mr. A. E. Walkley for his courtesy in giving me access to the Garrick Club library; Mr. Paul Henry Nash of the Enthoven Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum; Miss Dorothy Mason and Mrs. Elaine Fowler of the Folger Library; Mrs. Frederick A. Pottle of the Yale University Library; and Dr. William Van Lennep and Mrs. Mary Keating of the Harvard Theatre Collection, all of whom have enormously facilitated my research. Yale University and McGraw-Hill have kindly allowed me to quote from the Boswell Papers.

I take this occasion to express my gratitude as well to the following who in one way or another have all furthered and made pleasurable the writing of this book: Professor Emmett L. Avery; Dr. J. O. Bartley; Professor James L. Clifford; Dr. Denis Donoghue; Dr. and Mrs. John D. Gordan; Mrs. Julia Greenwood; Professor Charles Beecher Hogan; and Professor Malcolm Goldstein, who initially suggested my undertaking this biography.

W. W. A.

New York City, New York

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CHARLES MACKLIN

AN ACTOR'S LIFE

I

EARLY YEARS

Promptly at noon, on July 16, 1797, a hearse and three mourning coaches rumbled up Tavistock Row and drew to a halt in front of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. At the church a crowd of curiosity-seekers had gathered. For years they had seen the old actor striding through the square on his way to Covent Garden Theatre or the Antelope Tavern in Duke's Court. At ninety-seven he was dead.

When he had first come to London a pillar of black marble had adorned the center of the Piazza. At its base, by day, the countrywomen in their broad blue hats sold rosemary and lavender, and there, by night, the young bloods measured swords. At Moll King's notorious establishment, within the very shadow of St. Paul's, duke and chairman had caroused together. But in the twilight of the eighteenth century things had changed. Covent Garden was no longer the center of London's raffish, brawling night life. Moll King was long dead and forgotten. The pillar had been pulled down. And as the old actor was laid to rest in the vault of Inigo Jones's church, alongside his only son, another link with the past was broken.

For over fifty years he had enthralled London audiences until, at the age of nearly ninety, increasing lapses of memory had finally forced him to leave the stage. But for a

decade afterward he had haunted the Covent Garden district, strolling at noon under the arcades in threadbare clothes which oddly recalled the dead fashions of his youth. Time had not tamed his temper. Though usually amiable in manner, on occasion his great hawk eyes would blaze with sudden anger, and his leathern-lunged voice echo through the Piazza in tirades of undiminished vigor. Somehow it seemed fitting that this intense, gifted, tempestuous old man should lie in the same church with that savage and troubled spirit, William Wycherley.

Inevitably, he was hailed by obituary writers as the Nestor of the Stage, and his former triumphs were generously recalled.[1] Yet their accounts are uneasy and apologetic. There was little information on many phases of his life. The sensational episodes of his career were well enough known — the murder of Hallam, his revolutionary performance as Shylock, and the Macbeth riots. In the recapitulation of these events we catch a glimpse of the rowdy theatre life in the age of Garrick, but they tell us little about the man himself. When was he born? Who were his parents? When and where did he begin his stage career? These and many other questions remain unanswered. Within the next seven years no less than three biographies of the actor appeared, but these in many respects deepened rather than dissipated the mystery that surrounded him.

At the time of his death there was general agreement on three things: that the actor was probably ninety-seven years old, of Irish birth and humble parentage. The account by his first biographer, Francis Congreve, is the most unpretentious and the most accurate. The subsequent lives by James Kirkman and William Cooke are less reliable, though both authors were well acquainted with their subject. Cooke, a barrister, was a passionate amateur of the theatre. Kirkman, who claimed a relationship to Macklin,[2] was sanc-

tioned by the actor's widow as his official biographer and given access to his notes and papers. Both these accounts are, however, vitiated by errors and padded with gossip and irrelevant anecdote.[3] While they contain much biographical material of importance, particularly on Macklin's later years, their accounts of his early years are often suspect. To some extent the authors can be condoned. Standards of theatrical biography were unexacting. There was little incentive to search for Irish records probably long since destroyed if, indeed, they had ever existed. Furthermore, Macklin's own recollections were not always reliable. He was reluctant to allude to his early years and when he did so sometimes contradicted himself.

Kirkman, as official biographer, was presumably under pressure to present his subject in the most favorable light. In any event, he felt compelled at times to assume the functions of the moralist and the novelist as well as those of the biographer. The first sentence of his life of Macklin is ominously suggestive. "That the history of long life can please without instruction, by merely flattering our hopes, may be concluded from the avidity with which the very dull and uninteresting memoirs of PARR and JENKINS are universally read." In contrast to Congreve who states merely that Macklin was born "in the Barony of Innishoven, one of the northernmost districts of Ireland, in or about the year 1699," [4] Kirkman begins with a detailed account of his ancestry and birth. Stating that his grandfather, Terence McLaughlin, a County Down landowner, married Anne O'Kelly, a Galway heiress, he further tells us that their son and heir, William McLaughlin, a cavalry officer, in 1688 married Alice O'Flanagan of Westmeath. Their first child, Kirkman relates, was a daughter, Mary. In May 1690, two months before the Battle of the Boyne, they had a second child, a son, Charles. His highly colored account of Alice

McLaughlin arming her husband on the battlefield and fleeing with her son in a turf basket would be more persuasive if it were less reminiscent of Drury Lane melodrama. (It recalls, in fact, the contemporary success *Pizarro*.) Not much more convincing is his subsequent description of William McLaughlin's disastrous loyalty to the cause of James II, the confiscation of his estates, and his death in 1704.

Cooke's account is equally troublesome. Following Kirkman's example, he provides Macklin with an impressive ancestry, tracing his descent from the ancient Irish kings. He further embellishes Kirkman's theory that the actor was born in 1690, citing hearsay of the most insubstantial kind. His account of William McLaughlin's misfortunes is even more unconvincing than Kirkman's. If, as Cooke states, Macklin's father was a Presbyterian, it is hard to see why he should have suffered for the Catholic cause. The actor's recollection that "my father and his brother were at Londonderry — one in the City — defending — the other beseiging" [5] may in part account for this difficulty, but Cooke compounds the confusion by endowing Macklin with no less than three uncles inside the walls and three without.

These tangled accounts of Macklin's ancestry inspire no confidence, and the evidence to prove that the actor was born in 1690 is wholly unconvincing. Macklin himself denied a story of Cooke's purporting to support this date,[6] and though often inaccurate in dating events, throughout his lifetime he never wavered in asserting that he had been born in 1699. Kirkman's insistence on a prior date suggests that he was trying to heighten interest in his subject by enrolling him with Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins among the company of centenarians.

Macklin's own account of his early years is found in the Malahide Papers. When over eighty, the actor confided to James Boswell that "his name was MacLaughlin, and if he

could have proved himself to be the identical Charles MacLaughlin, the son of his father, he should have had an estate in Ireland, but having left the North of Ireland very young, he could not establish himself to be his father's son." [7] Even this allusion to an "estate" may be an exaggeration. The Elizabethan, Cromwellian, and Williamite wars had ruined Ireland, and during the seventeenth century the McLaughlins had gradually retreated from County Meath to the North. Again and again Macklin's contemporaries jeered at his early poverty and lack of education. To these attacks he made no answer. Had his ancestry and background been as distinguished as Kirkman and Cooke suggest, it is doubtful that so contentious a man would have remained silent.

Irish scholars now concur that Macklin was born in the parish of Culdaff in County Donegal. Most recently the townland of Gortinaren has been pin-pointed as his birthplace.[8] A childhood passed among the rugged inhabitants of the northern tip of Ireland would justify allusions to him as a bogtrotter. It would substantiate accounts of his early poverty and illiteracy. Not least of all, a childhood passed in the brisk air of that harsh landscape, with its heaths and barren mountains, might in part account for his iron constitution.

There is general agreement that his family name was Melaghlin (McLaughlin),[9] but no evidence has as yet turned up to substantiate the ancestry with which Kirkman provided him. Though the inhabitants of Donegal did indeed have strong Jacobite leanings, no William McLaughlin, or Melaghlin, appears on King James's Irish Army Lists, nor does William's marriage to Alice O'Flanagan appear on the genealogical chart of the Melaghlins in the archives of the Office of Arms, Dublin Castle. The chart does record, however, the marriage of one Terence Melaghlin to Agnes Flana-

gan.[10] Unfortunately the entry is undated, but it can be estimated to have occurred toward the close of the seventeenth century. Two sons were born to this couple — the older, Charles, and the younger, Neil.

It is extremely tempting to accept this entry as the authentic record of Macklin's parentage. It disposes of the picturesque but elusive William McLaughlin as an agreeable fiction. Faulty memory or a slip of a pen may account for Miss Flanagan's change of proper name. Even the second child's change of sex — from Mary to Neil — does not pose an insurmountable problem since Macklin made no allusion either to a sister or to a brother. We know nothing of Neil Melaghlin. Kirkman is our only source of information on Mary McLaughlin, and even he seems somewhat embarrassed by her presence, for she disappears almost at once from his narrative. With characteristic confusion, he describes her as literally frightened to death at an early age by her "very good-natured" stepfather. Interestingly enough, he denies the rumor that Macklin had a brother.[11]

If the circumstances of Macklin's birth remain speculative, we have no more certain information about his schooling and early career. On the death of his father, Kirkman states, his mother married Luke O'Meally, a Dublin tavernkeeper sufficiently prosperous to send his stepson to a boarding school in nearby Island Bridge. There, he tells us, under the tutelage of Mr. Nicolson, a harsh Scottish pedagogue, the boy conceived his lifelong aversion to that race. Master and pupil, it seems, were perpetually at war. The boy had an undisciplined nature and a wicked gift of mimicry; the schoolmaster a taste for the lash. But Macklin's one specific allusion to these days in no way bears out this harsh picture. In his commonplace book he records merely: "Nicolson's advice to his boys: never offend or injure without making atonement which he made us practise daily and

hourly if a strong boy forced a weak boy out of his seat of preeminence and the weak boy complained the strong boy was degraded and punished." [12]

At this school he first developed a liking for the stage. Anxious to display his pupils' skill in elocution, Mr. Nicolson proposed a performance of Otway's *The Orphan*. The choice seems a singularly inept one, even for school theatricals. While the male roles offered no insuperable difficulties, the part of Monimia proved less easy to cast. At the urging of a local patroness of the school, the headmaster reluctantly agreed to let her coach young Macklin in the role. To the amazement of all, the troublesome pupil proved a revelation: "He diligently studied the part — rehearsed frequently before her, and so attentively received and profited by her instructions, that when he acted Monimia, it was allowed that he had made good the promise she had given, that the character of the heroine should be the best performed part in the play. . . . In short, his acting astonished everyone." [13]

A satirical pamphleteer later makes allusion to this episode. Speaking in Macklin's person, he observes: "I played the part of Monimia with vast success; I say vast, for the audience all agreed there was no one thing against me but my Figure, my Face, and my Voice." [14] One can share his misgivings. Macklin as a boy had a naturally rugged, athletic build, further developed by his fondness for boxing, swimming, and fives. The strong thrust of his jaw and his prominent nose hardly qualified him for Otway's heroine, nor did his rasping voice for her plangent lamentations. Later in his career he was to play a number of women's roles, but of a sort more suitable to his personality and physique — the foul-mouthed Orange Woman in Etherege's *Man of Mode* or one of the crew of burly witches in the "improved" *Macbeth* of Davenant.

Of Macklin's subsequent relation to his dramatic patron-

ess we cannot be sure. Kirkman identifies her merely as a Mrs. Pilkington, a generous-minded neighbor of the Nicolsons. Cooke describes her as a "near relation of the Bessborough family" who took Macklin under her roof to further his education. An anonymous poet corroborates him in this but sneeringly suggests that Macklin originally served her in a menial capacity:

> See toothless M*CK**N from Hibernia's Shore,
> Whom Fortune did unceasing Blessings Show'r
> On M*CK**N'S youth! Sole ruler of the Stable
> And rais'd him to attend my Lady's Table.
> Profusely fed, then Genius took its Flight,
> Thanks to my Lady for its Birth to Light,
> Or yet he ne'er had known to Read or Write.[15]

With no assurance that his facts are less muddled than his syntax, we can only assume that thanks to this lady and Mr. Nicolson, Macklin, in some fashion, acquired a rudimentary education.

His career during the next few years is a shadowy one. Kirkman sends him packing to London on a series of picaresque adventures and involves him in an indiscreet marriage with a buxom widow, but since all of these incidents are without corroboration, they seem scarcely worth repeating. More plausibly, he suggests that for a time Macklin served as a scout at Trinity College, a story echoed in other accounts.[16] The elder Macready refers to an occasion when Macklin, playing before an unruly Dublin audience, angrily rebuked them and was rebuked in turn with the contemptuous shout of, "Boy!" Not a whit perturbed, the actor stepped forward. "What number?" he asked boldly, provoking a burst of sympathetic applause.[17] A scurrilous pamphleteer makes a similar assertion: "You went a volunteer into the University of your native Land, where you studied the Human Being from one End to the other, not disdaining to wipe the Feet of

Learning,"[18] and Samuel Foote, characteristically, taunted him on the same score. Feigning astonishment at Macklin's use of a Latin tag, he observed: "I have it. When he was footman to a wild extravagant student at the university, and carried his master's books to the pawnbroker's, he probably picked up this quotation on the way. . . . No, that could not be, for the fellow could not read at the time."[19] John Taylor, on the other hand, who knew Macklin in later years, denied flatly that he ever acted in this capacity.[20]

Obituary writers, faced with this awkward gap in his career, suggested that as a young man he perhaps served as a waiter at a Lincoln's Inn Fields coffeehouse. Macklin himself gave the same account to Taylor, indicating that this house was kept by a relation of his mother's. But Macklin's further recollection that this coffeehouse was then the only building in Lincoln's Inn Fields is manifestly untrue. It is not impossible, however, that he did serve somewhere in such a capacity. For years he specialized in the roles of servants and tapsters ("Coming, Sir" was satirically proposed as his heraldic motto) and his decision in mid-career to turn tavern-keeper suggests that he had had some off-stage experience as well.

Even to Macklin's contemporaries, so notably casual in biographical matters, the lack of information about his early days seemed astonishing. But fame came comparatively late to him, and not in the country of his birth. By the time he returned to Ireland his youth was far behind him. Of the years prior to his engagement at Drury Lane, almost nothing can be stated with certainty. The confused and often contradictory accounts of Kirkman and Cooke suggest that he weathered a succession of uncongenial jobs before he found himself in his true calling. He was probably seventeen or eighteen when he first joined a strolling company in Bristol. For the next sixteen years he toured the West of England,

occasionally visiting London as well. While later on he developed a strong attachment to city life and like Dr. Johnson vastly preferred a view of Fleet Street to a country prospect, as a young man he enjoyed his life as a wanderer. A sturdy constitution and an indomitable temperament were the prime requisites of a stroller, and youth and optimism of more consequence than looks or talent. Probably by 1716 he had begun acting, and in Bristol and in Bath he served his apprenticeship in the theatre, though periodically he made forays into Wales and the Midlands with various troupes.[21]

The chronicles of strollers are inevitably fragmentary, but we can be sure that his life during these years followed the traditional pattern.[22] Since the reign of Elizabeth it had hardly changed. Indeed, up to the time of Vincent Crummles it remained much the same. The Elizabethans had expressed their distaste for players in an act which equated them with rogues and vagabonds, and some two hundred years later the contempt felt for them had scarcely diminished. "To form a true idea of these itinerant Players, and undeceive that Part of the World which may expect mighty matters from them, I am inclined to think that most of them were got under Hedges, born in Barns, and brought up in Houses of Correction: nor should they ever dare to show their Faces in any Place but a wooden Booth." [23] Particularly in the country, the opinion was still widely prevalent that the stage was the devil's tabernacle. Few actors enjoyed any social recognition or economic security. Among the fortunate were those who, under the patronage of a local dignitary, performed with some regularity in prosperous provincial towns and occasionally ventured out on a circuit of nearby counties. Other troupes of a more ephemeral sort were recruited from London actors temporarily idled by the summer closing of the patent theatres. The most pre-

carious existence of all was led by the theatrical *banditti*, random conglomerations of players with no regular headquarters, who lived a hand-to-mouth existence. With luck, they might be engaged to play once a week. For these life was exceptionally trying, but hardly more so than for the others. Almost without exception, theirs was a life of poverty. There was always the landlord to appease and the butcher's bill to pay. More than once the haystack was their bed, and the turnip field their dinner table.

Yet few as the incentives were, recruits were not hard to come by, and during the eighteenth century the provinces enjoyed more theatrical activity than either before or since. The profession then, as now, was remarkable for its obstinate and dedicated members. They were determined to act, whatever the discomforts. Even the great Garrick, Foote remarked, "would rejoice to act Richard III in the Dog Days, before the hottest kitchen fire, for a sop in the pan." [24] Lesser actors felt no less compulsion. "I was certainly bit by a theatrical tarantula," writes Tate Wilkinson of his early days on the road, "for my appetite for acting was unsatiable." [25] With such a supply of willing martyrs, few places were without a company of players three or four times a year. During race week it was rare to find a town without a theatrical troupe, though the draggle-tailed conglomeration was perhaps overdignified by that name. Pitched in a barn or a stable, with the hayloft as a gallery, they performed before rowdy audiences still fevered by the excitements of the track and restless to move on to the assembly rooms. The next week they would move on to try their luck at a county fair or at the neighboring assizes. If they prospered, they traveled by coach or cart, but more often than not, they went on foot. Charlotte Charke, the indomitable daughter of Colley Cibber, thought nothing of walking forty miles from Wiltshire to Hampshire, along muddy roads, through peri-

odic downpours, indulging herself only to the extent of lodgings and supper at ninepence.[26] (Conditioned to this life, Macklin in later years joined a group pledged to walk once a week from London to St. Alban's, dine there, and walk back.)[27] Often the harassed actors carried not only their own belongings but theatrical properties as well. Elizabeth Farren, later the Countess of Derby, as a stroller carried the drum and accounted herself lucky to take refuge from a rainstorm under a property picture.[28] Only the hope of a feather bed and a negus by midnight shortened the miles and spurred them on.

But however late their arrival, not even the most weary could dawdle abed the next morning. There was too much to be done. In ruffles and gold-laced hat the manager would call upon the mayor for permission to play. Usually it was granted, often on the condition that the actors give a benefit for some local charity. In the meantime, the other actors paraded in their own tinsel finery to attract the attention of the town. Poor indeed was the stroller who could not flourish a snuffbox or twirl a gilt-handled cane, those indispensable props of his trade. While a drummer drew the townspeople to the main square to hear the play announced, the preparations went forward. The leading actor might busy himself with the handbills, the leading tragedienne with the laundry — "Here you see Alexander turned pressman, and Statira up to the elbows in suds."[29] To insure attendance, other actors would solicit the patronage of the gentry and encourage them to bespeak plays. Often they were humiliatingly received, or worse still, promised patronage, and then forgotten.

By any standards, their rewards were modest. Though a successful performance might bring as much as twelve pounds, usually the receipts averaged far less. Many in the audience were admitted by order and paid nothing. Others were admitted after the third act, at half-price. If an

actor's eyes wandered speculatively about the house he could be forgiven. Like every other member of the cast, he had an acute interest in the take, for, almost without exception, these companies operated not on a salary basis but on a share system. It had been the practice since the days of Burbage, and it remained the practice throughout the eighteenth century. Generally, there were twenty-four shares, five held by the manager and one by each other member of the company. As an actor the manager was entitled to one share. As a provider of the scenes and costumes (usually acquired from a theatrical furnisher in Monmouth Street) he was entitled to four more. Ordinarily, however, he controlled an even greater number, as his wife and children were inevitably pressed into service, each receiving a share. As a result, most companies were family corporations. Even the shares which the manager did not control were further lessened in value by small sums deducted to liquidate a seemingly perpetual "stock debt." At the end of each performance, the players gathered for an accounting. After deductions for paper, candles, and ale, the pitiful remainder was divided among them. For a performance in which he doubled as Antonio and Belvidera in *Venice Preserved,* performed a harlequinade, sang three songs, and danced an Irish jig, Macklin received five pence.[30] The prospect of a benefit perpetually buoyed their hopes, but these too were often a source of disappointment. A much-anticipated benefit netted Tate Wilkinson the glorious total of eighteen pence and two candle ends.[31]

For starvation wages the actor became a jack-of-all-trades. Stages were almost always makeshift improvisations. Describing a performance at a tavern in Farnham, near Portsmouth, John Bernard writes:

> He [the manager] had engaged the largest room at the said Black Bull, suspended a collection of green tatters along its middle for a curtain, erected a pair of paper screens right-hand and left for wings;

arranged four candles in front of said wings, to divide the stage from the orchestra, (the fiddlers' chairs being the legitimate division of the orchestra from the Pit) and with all the spare benches of the inn to form Boxes, and a hoop suspended from the ceiling, (perforated with a dozen nails, to receive as many tallow candles,) to suggest the idea of a chandelier; he had constructed and embellished what he denominated a Theatre! The scenery consisted of two drops, simply and comprehensively divisible into the inside of a house, and the outside of a house.[32]

It is the life Hogarth has immortalized in his two engravings of country actors in a barn. Macklin necessarily adapted himself to these conditions.

Sometimes he was an architect, and knocked up the stage and seats in a barn; sometimes he wrote an opening Prologue, or a parting Epilogue, for the company; at others, he wrote a song, complimentary and adulatory to the village they happened to play in, which he always adapted to some sprightly popular air, and sung himself; and he often was champion, and stood forward to repress the persons who were accustomed to intrude upon, and be rude to the actors.[33]

Under these circumstances an actor was schooled to undertake all types of parts in all types of entertainments. Trained in this tradition, Macklin for years afterwards appeared in harlequinades and afterpieces, although he had little taste for them. To the end of his career, however, he enjoyed bellowing the lusty songs of Peachum in *The Beggar's Opera* and the rollicking chanties of Ben in *Love for Love*. Disciplined to every emergency, he knew the necessity of quick study. The ability of an actor to memorize sides (forty-two lines) had much to do with his value to the company. The repertory, at least nominally, was a large one, and actors often were required to get up a part at a moment's notice. Thanks to their provincial training, Mrs. Siddons and her brother, John Philip Kemble, undaunted performed the first four acts of Sheridan's *Pizarro* while the author labored over the fifth. They were confident of their ability

to memorize their sides during the interval. Life on tour had prepared them for such ordeals. Bespeaking a performance usually meant only the hastiest glance at the text and the most superficial of rehearsals. As one can imagine, actors often fell back upon improvisation. Charlotte Charke describes a singularly hectic occasion when she faced an audience of drunken butchers and their wives assembled to see *The Beaux' Stratagem.* Breeches-clad, she was playing Archer. In the course of a scene with Mrs. Elrington, who was playing Mrs. Sullen, both suddenly found themselves unable to recall a line. In desperation Mrs. Charke began quoting *Venice Preserved* while Mrs. Elrington reciprocated with a speech from Addison's *Cato.*[34] (On a later occasion Mrs. Charke atoned for the omission of Farquhar's lines by enlivening the role of Pyrrhus in *The Distressed Mother* with some of Scrub's best dialogue.) Sudden improvements of this sort were frequent. Thomas Sheridan cites an amusing instance when a group of strollers, playing *Hamlet* in a barn, found the audience growing restive during the play scene. Rising to the occasion, Gertrude proposed "that the Lord Hamlet would favor the court with a hornpipe," a suggestion promptly acted upon and received with acclamation.[35]

Problems of production were faced in the same offhand manner. Goldsmith's satirical essay on *The Adventures of a Strolling Player* gives a lively picture of a young man's short-lived career in a provincial company. He describes a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* abbreviated to the garden scene, the grave scene, and the funeral procession. Inadequacies of cast, costume, and properties fazed the manager not at all. Rather, they spurred him to heights of invention: "The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat

and pall; a pestle and a mortar from a neighboring apothecary answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession." [36] Occasionally Juliet was even reduced to the indignity of tolling her own death knell.

Evidently such performances were more marked by energy than artistry. Goldsmith's young hero, commenting on acting styles observes: "To speak and act as in common life, is not playing." One wonders how Macklin accommodated himself to such a style. His dislike of bawling actors and his hatred of attitudes suggest that he had experienced more than enough of this during his years of touring. Boisterous audiences made underplaying of the type he favored virtually impossible. It was only by strut and bombast and frequent libations of brandy that most actors could dominate their audiences. One can readily imagine Macklin's disgust with one such advocate of rhetorical energy, who would regularly station himself in the wings and urge on his fellow actors with cries of "Throw it out, man! Throw it out!" [37]

Macklin had further opportunity while on tour to observe other practices of which he later strongly disapproved. Chief among them was the casual attitude toward literary property. The use of maimed or stolen scripts of London successes was widespread, and in later years the actor was almost perpetually at war with country managers who were performing *Love à la Mode* and *The Man of the World* without his authorization. His reluctance to publish and his habit of relinquishing his manuscript plays only at rehearsals doubtless resulted from his firsthand knowledge of these piratical practices.

During his forays into Wales and the Midlands, Macklin also profited in other ways. He had become increasingly aware of his pronounced Irish brogue and in the hope of overcoming it he studied elocution with an English lady

"of great accomplishments." Unfortunately she was somewhat handicapped by being married to a Welsh parson who spoke English with an impenetrable accent. Not surprisingly, when Macklin returned to Bristol and applied to Mr. Watkins, the manager of a newly formed company, he had not yet completely achieved his objective. The manager was willing enough to engage him, however, and Macklin agreed to undertake Friar Laurence in *Romeo and Juliet* on a trial basis. It was a part which Mr. Watkins ventured to believe Macklin might play well "if he could cut three or four inches more of the brogue from his tongue." [38] At the conclusion of the performance in which the manager played Romeo with a pronounced lisp, Macklin merely observed that some actors would be better off with no tongue at all. Oddly enough, his forthrightness carried the day, and he was admitted to the company on a permanent basis. It was during this period, Kirkman states, that he was attracted to Miss Jackson, a young and beautiful member of the company. Whatever her natural assets, she was handicapped by so great a fondness for rum that she habitually concealed a bottle in her clothing. Hoping to shame her into sobriety, Macklin in the course of a performance struck her with a cane, seemingly by accident. A cascade of rum momentarily embarrassed her, but the incident in no way effected a cure. Macklin, however, soon afterwards recovered from his infatuation and resigned her to another.[39]

During these years in the Bath-Bristol area he became, in Cooke's words, "a great fives player, a great bruiser, a hard drinker and a general lover." Kirkman corroborates this, stating that his extraordinary skill as a fives-player introduced him into the circle of Bath bucks. Bruising, drinking, and "general loving" were, one assumes, the natural consequences.

Such a life cannot have been too disagreeable, but peri-

odically he felt the urge to try his luck on the London stage. Though in later life, when his memory was treacherous, he claimed to have come to London in 1720, living a hand-to-mouth existence until his first appearance on stage in 1723, there is no evidence to substantiate this.[40] While he may have made some tentative assaults on the London stage before his Lincoln's Inn Fields appearance in 1725, they were evidently unimpressive. Kirkman, in his usual vague fashion, alludes to an early appearance at Hockley-in-the-Hole.[41] There the traditions of the Elizabethan Bear Garden still survived, with dogs pitted against maddened bulls, wrestlers fighting to bloody insensibility, and Clare Market butchers matching ferocious mastiffs. Not inconceivably, Macklin appeared there in some sort of droll. Possibly he also appeared as Harlequin at the somewhat more genteel Sadler's Wells.[42]

It is more than likely, however, that he made his London debut on October 11, 1725, at John Rich's Lincoln's Inn Fields as Alcander in Dryden and Lee's *Oedipus*.[43] His performance was not a success. He "spoke with so little of the then tragic cadence," Congreve remarks, "that the manager was not satisfied, and a separation in consequence soon took place." [44] "I spoke so familiar, Sir," Macklin himself observed, "and so little in the hoity-toity tone of the tragedy of that day, that the manager told me I had better go to grass for another year or two." [45]

His next London appearance took place in 1730 at Southwark Fair where, among the acrobats, strongmen, and dancing apes, he nine times a day performed in *The Coffee-House Politician*.[46] In later years he recalled with pleasure his success in Fielding's farce, but the length of his part as Porer, a mere four and a half lines, suggests his recollection was not always trustworthy. Congreve's explanation that he doubled in the equally small role of Brazencourt does little to substantiate his boast. But his success, whatever its extent, did not impress the London managers.

While during the same season he eked out another brief engagement at Lee and Harper's booth as Sir Charles Freeman in *The Beaux' Stratagem*,[47] three years more elapsed before he became a regular member of a London company.

In the interim he returned once more to strolling in the Bath-Bristol area, possibly in Lady Hawley's company.[48] Heartily as he might have concurred with Charlotte Charke's observation: "I will never advise or encourage any persons to make themselves voluntary vagabonds,"[49] he had much to be grateful for. Life on the road had toughened an already rugged constitution and made him adaptable to almost any hardships. The experience of facing hostile audiences had prepared him for the theatrical wars to come. In addition, the years of trouping had given him a thorough knowledge of repertory, since the provincial companies, though they favored comedy, modeled their repertories on those of Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields. Not least of all, he had learned much about acting, and perhaps in reaction to provincial excesses he had begun to conceive strongly held theories on acting and declamation. The artistic deficiencies of provincial performances probably also contributed toward later making him so exacting in rehearsals and so fastidious in attention to detail.

But the provinces were, after all, the nurseries for eighteenth-century actors. Under the name of Lyddal, Garrick made his first appearance in the hall of an Ipswich inn. Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, and Henderson were similarly initiated in the villages and towns of England. Even after their London triumphs, these performers habitually returned to the provinces. A summer tour as a star performer was a source of pleasure and profit to them. Macklin also continued to engage in such tours, and for almost seventy years, perhaps longer than any other English actor, he could claim membership as one of that hardy fraternity, the strolling tribe.

II

DISSENSION AT DRURY LANE

In 1733 the English theatre was at a low ebb. Colley Cibber, whose muse and whose spouse were once equally prolific, was no longer siring either plays or progeny. Sir Richard Steele was dead, leaving no worthy successor to the traditions of genteel comedy, and though Gay's *Beggar's Opera* had inspired a spate of imitations, all fell short of their original in wit and charm. In tragedy the theatre was even poorer. While Lillo's *London Merchant* drew tears from humble spectators, more critical theatregoers felt, with perhaps more justice than they knew, that tragedy had expired with Addison. George II and his queen showed far less enthusiasm for the theatre than for musical entertainments and fashionable society, following their example, flocked to Handel's oratorios and to the rival German and Italian opera companies. At the newly opened Covent Garden, John Rich relied on pantomimes to fill the house, and as Harlequin, enthralled audiences with his skill as a mime, dancer, and acrobat. Contemptuous of actors, he had little interest in furthering the legitimate drama. His theatre had been built upon the proceeds of *The Beggar's Opera*, and its continuing success, in his opinion, depended on his own exertions and those of his chief machinist, Samuel Hoole.

For over twenty years Drury Lane had been managed by

seasoned actors. During the triumvirate of Colley Cibber, Robert Wilks, and Thomas Doggett it had enjoyed considerable prosperity. With the replacement of Doggett by Barton Booth, its fortunes continued to flourish. Dissimilar in temperament and talent, the second triumvirate, like the first, admirably complemented each other. Cibber, the prince of coxcombs, made an ideal foil for Wilks, the fine gentleman, and Booth, the majestic tragedian. But in 1732 this regime came to an end. In September of that year Wilks died, Booth was ailing, and Cibber, at sixty, felt disinclined to assume further managerial responsibilities. The moment had come to dispose of the Drury Lane patent which under their stewardship had increased enormously in value. Always astute in money matters, Booth soon found a purchaser. Three years before, a young squire of means, John Highmore, had badgered the managers into letting him appear for one night as Lothario in *The Fair Penitent*.[1] He had done so to win a hundred-pound wager, but the polite applause of a crowded house had given him far greater satisfaction. Intoxicated by his mild success, he made a number of subsequent appearances to diminishing enthusiasm. The novelty of a gentleman "attempting" a role soon wore off, and his lack of talent was soon evident to everyone but himself. So infatuated had he become with the theatre, however, that he was determined to continue acting at any cost. Booth was willing enough to prove to him how expensive this determination could be. For the record sum of twenty-five hundred pounds he sold Highmore one-half of his one-third share of the patent. The profitable conclusion of the 1732–33 season, largely because of the success of a pantomime based on *The Harlot's Progress*, induced the reckless Highmore to make the additional purchase, for three thousand guineas, of Colley Cibber's third of the patent. Soon after, Booth died, and his remaining one-sixth interest passed into

the hands of his widow. The other third was retained by Wilks's widow, with Mr. Ellis acting as her agent. Within a year the management of Drury Lane had radically changed character. The triple pillars of the theatre were now a foolish amateur and two widows.

A more hare-brained venture than Highmore's can scarcely be imagined. His inexperience was matched only by his conceit, and he was understandably despised by the professional men of the theatre. Members of Drury Lane grumbled openly, and before long discontent had flared into open rebellion. Led by that perpetual malcontent, Theophilus Cibber, the actors deserted Highmore and decided to launch a rival season at the Haymarket.[2] Only Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Horton, and Mr. Bridgewater remained behind.

While the public unquestionably sympathized with the mutineers, it was less ready to condone the ruthless tactics of the Cibbers. To dispose profitably of their share of the patent and then to set about to ruin the new patentee seemed somehow shocking even in the cutthroat world of the theatre. The Cibbers, however, were notoriously thick-skinned. They felt no disposition to take pity on amateurs who meddled in the affairs of professionals, and Highmore had no choice but to recruit other players.

Faced with the sudden evaporation of the Drury Lane company, he at once set about to enlist others from the provincial troupes. Among those engaged was Charles Macklin. At the time he was probably playing at Portsmouth.[3] One doubts that Highmore had much trouble in persuading him to come to London. The words "Drury Lane" were powerfully magnetic, and the patentee could offer him a tempting choice of roles left open by the defection of Theophilus Cibber. Under normal circumstances a new actor in a repertory company might wait for years before inheriting such parts. But there was still another reason why Macklin

would have accepted a far less attractive offer. He had become intimate with Mrs. Ann Grace, a minor actress, and in 1733 they had an illegitimate daughter, Maria.[4] For this reason, above all, he was anxious to settle in London.

Of Ann Grace we know regrettably little. Born Ann Purvor, in Ireland, she was the widow of a Dublin hosier and made her London debut during the summer of 1726 at Lincoln's Inn Fields where she played Belinda in *Tunbridge Walks* and Lucy in *The Wits*.[5] From 1727 to 1739, as Mrs. Grace, she appears fairly regularly on the Drury Lane playbills. During the summers she toured in the West of England and it was probably during one of these engagements that she first met Macklin. She is described as "rather below the middle size, but extremely well-formed; she had no pretensions to beauty, but her countenance was uncommonly expressive."[6] Her repertory of such parts as Goneril, Jenny Diver, and Lady Loverule suggests that she was not overly prepossessing. She was, however, attractive enough to catch the attention of the Duke of Argyle who, it is said, "cast a hawk's eye on her" before generously relinquishing her to Macklin.[7]

Her relation with the actor was apparently a happy one. Always reticent in personal matters, he seldom made allusion to her, yet, to judge from a letter written to Fleetwood in 1743, he was deeply attached to her.[8] Cantankerous, testy, and obstinate, he was capable nonetheless of rough, ursine affection. Ann Grace, one suspects, was not ill-matched with him. To judge from the shrews and termagants which she habitually played, she was not easily cowed. Yet she evidently had many likable qualities. She could tell a story admirably, and Colley Cibber enjoyed gossiping of an evening with her. Through the most trying period of Macklin's career she remained loyal to him, and, though uninspired as an actress, her dependability recommended her

to managers. Doubtless she welcomed Highmore's proposal to Macklin as the first step towards legitimate domesticity. The father of her child was not a man to be hurried into matrimony. The custom in his native Donegal of "elopement before marriage" had perhaps encouraged this laxity.[9] Furthermore, he had become accustomed to the free-and-easy morality of the strollers. (Each year, it was rumored, James Quin, the great Falstaff, selected a fresh "Mrs. Quin" for an excursion into the countryside and at its conclusion "un-Quinned" her.) But whatever the reasons for Macklin's aversion to marriage, Mrs. Grace was prepared, for the time being, to tolerate his casual views.

During the summer of 1733 their daughter Maria was born, and they settled down in the parish of Covent Garden. Nearby were the taverns and night houses that had given the district its bad name — Mother Douglass' and "Hell-Fire" Stanhope's notorious brothels, and Moll King's Coffee House, where gentlemen who came to drink stayed on to whore. Those disinclined to wench could indulge in other pastimes. At Lord Mornington's, Dick Milton presided over the pharo table. At the Bedford, Mr. Stacie, the owner, was always ready for a game of whist, and until the small hours of the night he could be found at the card table while Tiger Roach, the one-eyed bully, lurked in the shadows behind him.

Macklin's entries in his commonplace book suggest that he was not immune to these attractions. "Dick Mitting's [Milton's] character — he had the finest equipage — running footman — was then in Fashion — he had three ran before him to Bath, kept a Pharo table at Lord Mornington's in the Great Piazza — then he kept the Shakespear Tavern — but as I remember he did not make any money by it." [10] He recalled also an apothecary in the Strand who had turned gambler. "He and another sharper pigeoned Dick Ashbury

[Ashley?] and me in Princess Street Drury Lane at Jenny Douglass'. She afterwards lived in the Great Piazza. A French sharper broke the bank three times at Pharo. Milton dealt . . . he had an art of cheating but no mortal there could discover what it was or how he contrived to win." [11] After such pleasures one could retire to the Hummums, the oriental baths on the southwest corner of Russell Street. It was one of Macklin's cardinal principles of health to promote vigorous sweats and there in the steam rooms he could purge himself of the dissipations of the evening.

But for all the tumult of the bagnios and the bordellos by night and the flower and vegetable market by day, Covent Garden had solid attractions for an actor. Board and lodging were readily available at thirty pounds a year; agreeable rooms on the ground floor of the Piazza were to let at ten shillings a week. There were modest ordinaries, as well, where for as little as sixpence a man could enjoy two courses, good conversation, and the use of the newspapers. Above all, Covent Garden was the theatre center. From Colley Cibber, in his fine house in Charles Street, to the humblest player in lodgings in Vinegar Yard, the actors lived within earshot of the Piazza. Recalling these early years, Macklin observed: "I myself, Sir . . . lived always about James Street, or under the Piazzas; so that . . . we could all be mustered by beat of drum; could attend rehearsals without any inconvenience; and save coach hire." [12]

On September 24, 1733, Drury Lane opened with a listless production of Vanbrugh's *Aesop*. Two days later Cibber's company began their season at the Haymarket with Congreve's *Love for Love*. The choice of play was not accidental. Almost forty years before a group of rebellious actors, led by Thomas Betterton, had seceded from the United Company, and at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre they had celebrated their release from captivity with the triumphant

premiere of Congreve's comedy. In 1733, as in 1695, novelty-seeking spectators deserted the patent theatre.

Of the two companies Cibber's was unquestionably the stronger, with Mills, Milward, Harper, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Charke supporting him. Paradoxically, Mrs. Grace was also a member of the Haymarket troupe, though she does not seem to have performed with any frequency.[13] She did, however, twice appear in the unaccustomed role of Desdemona, once with Mills and once with Milward. Highmore's company, by contrast, was pitifully makeshift, and of the new recruits Macklin alone showed any promise. His Drury Lane debut on October 31 as Brazen in *The Recruiting Officer* was followed soon afterwards with appearances as Marplot in *The Busy Body,* Clodio in *Love Makes a Man,* and Teague in *The Committee.* But the combined talents of Macklin and Mrs. Clive were scarcely sufficient to outweigh the attractions of Cibber's company, and audiences continued to throng the Haymarket. Before long, Highmore decided to take action. The Haymarket company was acting under the impressive but empty title of Comedians of His Majesty's Revels. Cibber, well aware of this, was vainly negotiating to obtain a patent, when Highmore struck.

On November 12, Mr. Harper, a corpulent comedian of the Haymarket company, was arrested under the Vagrancy Act. Highmore intended to make an example of him. John Rich, recalling his father's troubles with Betterton, understandably concurred with this move. But Highmore's action in this matter, as in others, proved singularly ill-advised. Not a shred of evidence could be adduced to prove that Mr. Harper had either been found begging or seemed likely to become a charge upon the parish. There was even jocular speculation as to whether so sizable an actor was *capable* of vagrancy. Worse still, it developed that he was a respectable householder and voter and almost at once he

was released on his own recognizance pending his arraignment. Cibber's company, far from chastened, continued to draw well, while audiences at Drury Lane continued to dwindle. The outcome of Highmore's action was inevitable. On February 12 the actor was arraigned and the charge against him dismissed. Highmore, gloomily totaling his legal expenses and his losses at Drury Lane, decided that he had had enough. The unequal contest of gentleman and players had come to an end.

If there was a moral to be drawn from this debacle, the next purchaser of the patent failed to profit from it. Charles Fleetwood, like Highmore, had a comfortable fortune and impressive social connections to recommend him, but little else. By this time, however, audiences at the Haymarket had begun to thin, the rebellious players had wearied of Cibber's regime, and they were eager to be back within the comfortable legality of Drury Lane. After negotiating an advantageous peace treaty with the new patentee, Cibber, on March 12, led his troops back to their parent house. As might be expected, almost all of the actors engaged by Highmore were at once dismissed.

With virtually all of his roles reverting to Cibber, there was clearly no longer any room for Macklin in the company. He consented to appear in minor roles at Cibber's benefit on March 30 and at Bridgewater's on April 23, but these were evidently professional courtesies. His career at Drury Lane seemed at an end. For the next few months he performed intermittently wherever he could find an engagement. During April he appeared at the Haymarket as Squire Badger in Fielding's *Don Quixote in England.* On May 3 he appeared at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in *The Confederacy* and *The Lottery,* and on May 27 undertook the role of Prince Henry in *Henry IV* (Part I) for one performance at the Haymarket. During the summer he returned to

play in Portsmouth.[14] By autumn he was back again in London, eking out a livelihood with occasional performances, appearing in one instance at the Haymarket as Ben in *Love for Love* and in the title role of *The Mock Doctor* "at the desire of Tomo Chachi, Micho or King of the Indians of Yamacraw, Senauki his Queen, Prince John Tooanahowi, and the rest of the Indians." [15] He was anxious to remain in London, for he had reason to believe that the treaty patched up between the new patentee and Theophilus Cibber was only temporary.

The inexperienced Fleetwood had at first been only too glad to take advantage of young Cibber's knowledge of the theatre, but he soon found out that his deputy manager was a constant source of irritation. His eccentric sister, Charlotte Charke, was proving scarcely less troublesome, and soon after the opening of the 1734–35 season Macklin had been re-engaged and was assuming some of the duties previously delegated to Cibber. Quite calculatingly he set out to ingratiate himself with Fleetwood. He undertook the most trivial of parts. In *Love Makes a Man* he accepted a demotion from Clodio to Sancho; in *The Recruiting Officer* he played Thomas Appletree to Cibber's Brazen. He performed without a murmur in afterpieces and pantomimes. John Rich was in his heyday and Drury Lane was forced to provide competition. Complaints that Harlequin and Scaramouche had invaded the realms of Shakespeare and Otway left Fleetwood and Macklin unmoved. Charlotte Charke, in her satirical comedy, *The Art of Management* (1735), has Bloodbolt (Macklin) observe: "I'll make a bear play Pierrot, or a monkey Harlequin, that shall outdo any we have now upon the stage!" [16] As Fleetwood's lieutenant, he was prepared to suffer Mynheer Cajanus, the German tall man, Merry Andrews from Bartholemew Fair, and tumblers from Sadler's Wells. So sympathetic an aide did he

prove, and so useful in lightening the patentee's burdens, that before long they became close friends. Evidently Fleetwood was grateful to be relieved of duties that interfered with his presence at the pharo table and the race track.[17] At White's the sharpers were gradually relieving him of a six thousand pound fortune. The Newmarket touts were snapping up the rest. Much as he may have shared Fleetwood's enthusiasm for gaming, Macklin was in no position to take part in these debauches. In his commonplace book he notes that at this time the influence of wealth had turned merchants into fops and shopkeepers into gallants and gamblers. Cryptically he records: "Fleetwood's association with this set of gamblers"[18] — nothing more. Further general observations on the evils of gambling imply, however, that Macklin had learned his lesson early.

By 1735 his position in the company was an entrenched one. Provincial schooling in all aspects of the theatre had made him invaluable to the irresponsible manager. But the year was an important one in his career for an altogether different reason. On May 10, 1735, at about eight o'clock, some five or six of the players gathered in the scene room backstage. It had been a chilly spring, and they were seated on a bench before the fire, warming themselves. Some were still in Roman dress, for the performance of *Cato* had not yet concluded. Others were in Spanish costume, ready for the new afterpiece, Fabian's *Trick for Trick*. Thomas Arne's young son, pressed into service as Estifania, was wriggling with impatience in his girl's clothes. While the audience out front basked in the elevated sentiments of Addison, the actors backstage were witnesses to a scene far more dramatic than any in that well-bred tragedy. Their later accounts, though varying in detail, agree in substance.[19]

They were chatting together when a door opened and Macklin came in. He was in a peevish mood. He had finished

dressing for his part as a servant in the afterpiece, but was unable to find the lank, dark wig that he was looking for. As he seated himself beside the others, he observed that Thomas Hallam,[20] a minor member of the company, was wearing it. Peremptorily, he demanded it. Hallam refused. He came from a sturdy theatrical family and was not easily intimidated. Within seconds the two men were quarreling bitterly. Attracted by the commotion, the actor Mills, still in Roman dress, rushed in. With the assistance of Mr. Fabian, the author of the forthcoming farce, he persuaded Hallam to obtain another wig from the property room. Complaining bitterly, Hallam agreed, but when he came back he was still fuming. Contemptuously flinging the first wig toward Macklin, he sneered, "Here is your wig. I have got one I like better." For a few moments there was silence. Macklin agitatedly began to comb the wig out, then suddenly his temper flared up again.

"God damn you for a blackguard, scrub, rascal!" he shouted. "How durst you have the impudence to take this wig?"

"I am no more a rascal than yourself!" cried Hallam.

In a fury Macklin started up and lunged at him. Seizing the cane which he was to carry in his part, he thrust it violently into the other's face. A moment later Hallam staggered backward, the blood streaming down his face. The point of the stick had penetrated his left eye. The subsequent confusion is best described by Macklin.

> "Good God!" said I, "What have I done!" and I threw the stick into the chimney. He [Hallam] sat down and said to Mr. Arne's son (who was dressed in woman's cloaths) "Whip up your cloaths, you little b——h, and urine in my eye." But he could not, so I did. I begged of the persons who were present to take the deceased to the bagnio; but Mrs. Moor said that she had a room where he should be taken care of.[21]

Mr. Coldham, the house physician, was at once called in. Since, at the time, the injury did not seem a serious one, Macklin, distraught as he was, went on stage to act his part in the farce. When he returned and found that Hallam had been critically wounded, he fled in panic. The next day, Sunday, at six o'clock, Hallam died. Two days later, the coroner's jury, after examining witnesses for five hours, indicted Macklin for willful murder.[22]

Contrary to the advice of some of his fellow actors, he voluntarily surrendered. Ordinarily he would have been confined to Newgate pending trial, but Macklin's name does not appear on the calendar of prisoners. Presumably Fleetwood interceded for him and the actor was released on recognizance. The weeks that followed were perhaps the most agitated of his life. He was deeply repentant of his action and uncomfortably aware of what its consequences might be. Curious as the circumstances were of Hallam's death, they were not without parallel.[23] In 1685 Robert Francis had cruelly taunted a convicted criminal, one Dangerfield, returning from a whipping at Tyburn. Inevitably, they had words, and Francis, enraged at his presumption, thrust his cane through the prisoner's eye. Soon afterward, Dangerfield died. Unpremeditated as his act has been, Francis was subsequently convicted of murder and executed. Macklin had this unhappy precedent to contemplate. His nervousness was increased by the delays in bringing the case to trial. Perhaps a crowded calendar forced the postponement. Perhaps the season accounted for the delay, for it was summer, and many of the key witnesses were away on tour. But the delay was, in one respect, providential. It gave Macklin the time to prepare his defense. There was no question of engaging counsel. He had no right to legal representation and he had decided to plead "no goods." He was unable to act, and in the interval between the death of

Hallam and the trial he explored for the first time the labyrinths of the law. Driven by poverty and desperation, he wrestled with the complexities of legal terminology and procedure. But the possibility of execution, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson, sharpens a man's wits wonderfully. He found the challenge an extraordinarily stimulating one, and during the weeks of waiting and preparing he developed an interest in the law that in later life grew into an obsession.

Finally, on the twelfth of December, the long delayed case came up for trial and Macklin surrendered himself at Newgate.[24] Presumably he was provided with sufficient garnish money to escape the Common side where to the discomforts of the workhouse were added the horrors of the madhouse and the obscenities of the brothel. For perhaps three days, but no longer, he lingered within its foul, distempered walls, as the procession of defendants walked the herb-strewn passageways between the prison and the courtroom.

When Macklin's case came up a sizable delegation from Drury Lane had crowded into the Old Bailey. One by one they took the stand to describe the events backstage on the night of May 10. In their cross-examination Macklin played an active role. Skillfully drawing them out, he successfully developed the evidence to prove that the wig was an absolute necessity for his part and that he had received provocation from Hallam. At the conclusion of the examination, a parade of character witnesses appeared in his behalf. Mr. Coldham, the surgeon who had attended Hallam, gave assurance that Macklin had shown every possible solicitude for the dying actor. Distinguished men of the theatre, John Rich, Fleetwood, Mills, Quin, and Ryan, among others, solemnly, and somewhat surprisingly, attested that the defendant was a man of quiet and peaceable disposition. Within minutes a compassionate jury had returned its

verdict — guilty of manslaughter. The sentence of the court was no less compassionate — "to be branded on the hand and discharged." [25]

The savage comedy of the proceedings would have delighted Swift. He would have found it appropriately ironic that two of the witnesses to the defendant's "peaceable disposition," Quin and Ryan, had themselves committed manslaughter and both, in addition, disliked the actor heartily. He would have found further irony in the fact that the sentence (executed with a cold branding iron) was, indeed, preferable to acquittal, since it reduced the discharge fee payable to the turnkey of Newgate from an exorbitant eight shillings fourpence to a more modest four shillings eightpence. Finally, the contrast between Macklin's sentence and that passed on other defendants at the same sessions would have reinforced his blackest estimate of mankind. Eleven of them were sentenced to death: William Mackenny for stealing a brown gelding; John Alder for stealing seventy yards of sarcanet; Robert Swannel for stealing a velvet hood and a suit of head clothes; Ralph Refue for the theft of one guinea. But it was, after all, the period which Gay had lampooned so tellingly in *The Beggar's Opera.* Manslaughter was a felony which carried a maximum sentence of branding and a year's imprisonment, and ample precedent could be cited to justify the sentence imposed upon Macklin. It was easy enough to recall others within his own profession who had escaped as lightly. Ben Jonson had cheated the hangman by quoting neck Latin. James Quin had suffered only token punishment for killing William Bowen. Lacy Ryan had not even been tried for the death of Mr. Kelly. By and large the public took a casual view of manslaughter, and when on January 30, 1736, Macklin reappeared at Drury Lane as Ramillie in Fielding's *The Miser,* he was welcomed back with warm applause.

Fleetwood, as usual, was competing with Rich by featuring exotic performers and entertainments, but his company had been considerably strengthened by the engagement of James Quin. When in the autumn of 1734 he had received Fleetwood's offer to come to Drury Lane at five hundred pounds per annum, Quin had offered to remain at Covent Garden for less, but had been coolly given his *congé* by Rich with the observation, "No actor is worth more than three hundred pounds." Fleetwood, subsequently, had no reason to repent of his offer. Though somewhat similar to the pompous and languishing tragedian, Denis Delane, Quin had considerably more versatility. He could delight audiences by the vivacity and comic energy of his Falstaff, and as Cato he could breathe life into Addison's marmoreal tragedy. His subsequent successes as Sir John Brute and Coriolanus reaffirmed his ability to play a riotous English squire or a gloomy Roman patriot with equal authority.

But Quin's assimilation into the Drury Lane company posed certain problems. It was no secret that he considered Theophilus Cibber, the leading comedian, a vain, impertinent coxcomb, and that Cibber, in turn, thought him a proud, imperious blockhead. It was inevitable, as well, that he would clash with Macklin. Though still only a minor performer in the company, Macklin was not disposed to countenance Quin's surly and overbearing manner. Years later, among his cronies at the Rainbow Coffee House, he recalled with relish how he once bested the despot of Drury Lane.[26]

They were playing together in *The Plain Dealer*, Macklin as Jerry Blackacre, the loutish son of the litigious widow, and Quin as Manly, Wycherley's misanthropic hero. Macklin, not overawed by the great actor, had inserted some comic business into his part, much to the audience's delight, but Quin was not disposed to tolerate such "damned tricks," as he called them, and severely reprimanded him. The scolding

had no effect, however, and in their subsequent scene Macklin continued to show off. When they returned to the greenroom, Quin, with mounting anger, complained that "there was no having a chaste scene" with him. The second warning had no more effect, and when Quin once more returned backstage he was in a towering rage. The greenroom was packed with admirers who had sauntered behind the scenes to pay their respects to him, but Quin was in no mood for these amenities. He sat silent, savagely chewing an apple, and waiting for the younger actor to appear. When Macklin did so, he broke into a torrent of abuse, once again insisting that he leave off his damned tricks. Again Macklin told him he would not play otherwise. "You can and you shall!" Quin shouted. "You lie," Macklin replied flatly.

There was a moment of silence, then Quin, spitting a piece of apple into his hand, threw it into Macklin's face. As the astonished bystanders looked on, Macklin pushed Quin into a chair and began pommeling him. The portly actor was hardly a match for him, and when Quin went back on stage to conclude the play, his face was so swollen he could hardly articulate. The hissing of the audience further angered him, and mumbling an apology he hurried backstage to demand satisfaction.

They agreed to meet a few moments later at the foot of the obelisk in Covent Garden. Quin had stormed off when it occurred to the unrepentant Macklin that he was to play in the afterpiece. For a moment he hesitated, then he decided to go on with his performance and keep their rendezvous later. "Let him fume, and fret, and be damned!" he muttered to himself. By the time the pantomime was over, however, word of the quarrel had reached Fleetwood. He was anxious to patch things up between them, and with the bribe of a good supper and a bottle of wine he persuaded the younger actor to forget his appointment and sleep at his

house that night. The next morning he coaxed him into making an apology to Quin, and so the matter was dropped. They continued to perform together, peaceably, if not amicably, but to the end of his career Quin nursed a dislike for Macklin. In later years he remarked of him, "If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain," and at another time he observed, "Mr. Macklin, by the *lines* — I beg your pardon, sir — by the *cordage* of your face, you should be hanged." [27]

There were more serious tensions within the company as well. Since the prosecution of Harper, actors had dreaded the possibility that Fleetwood and Rich might join forces. A union of their patents would insure their absolute control over the profession, leaving discontented actors no recourse but to take their chances in Dublin or the provinces. The passage of the Licensing Act in 1737, despite Lord Chesterfield's eloquent denunciation of the measure, heightened their fears. Although aimed primarily at curbing the indiscretions of playwrights, it had serious repercussions for actors as well. In addition to forbidding performances of new plays or additions to old plays without approval of the Lord Chamberlain, it gave statutory recognition to the two patents, recognized the necessity for a license to perform, and reaffirmed the theatrical act of Queen Anne's time against vagrants.

Its crippling effect upon actors was immediate. At the time of its passage a company headed by Henry Giffard had been performing at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, which had been leased to him by Rich. Forced to disband, the idle actors clamored for admittance to the patent theatres. A few of them were absorbed into Drury Lane, but in making room for them Fleetwood took the occasion to dismiss some of the more recalcitrant members of his company. Their dismissal heightened the tension between patentee and players and gave Theophilus Cibber renewed opportunities

to play Achitophel. "I did, I frankly confess, what a theatrical patriot should do, foment all the discord, raise all the jealousies, in order, at a proper time and season, to raise a rebellion and bring about a new revolution." [28] At his instigation the company split into two factions, the Riff-Raffs and the Scabs. As leader of the latter group, Cibber once again plotted and promised, bullied and cajoled, but this time to no effect. Discontented as some of the actors were, they dared not break openly with Fleetwood.

Without question these intrigues further strengthened Macklin's position at Drury Lane. His responsibilities increased, and in the spring of 1738 he once again inherited the major comic roles when Cibber fled to France to escape his creditors. On his return, in September, Macklin was again demoted. It was evident, however, that Colley Cibber's tempestuous son could devote little of his energies to acting. In addition to the fatigue of dodging bailiffs, he was having trouble with his wife.[29] Four years earlier he had married Susannah Arne, sister of the composer. The beauty of her singing had captivated London audiences, and thanks to the instruction of Colley Cibber she had developed into an affecting actress as well. From young Cibber's point of view the match had been a highly desirable one. Susannah's reasons for accepting him were more obscure. Presumably the magic of the Cibber name had finally induced her consent. Once married, she quickly tired of her short, ugly, intemperate husband. Theophilus, undismayed, returned to his "Drurian doxies" and before long he was regularly absenting himself from home, entrusting his wife's entertainment to his friend, William Sloper. At the beginning, Mrs. Cibber and Mr. Sloper had whiled away the hours over a backgammon board, but their relation soon ripened into a deeper one, and before long he had joined the household as a permanent guest. The arrangement did not displease Cibber.

He was not averse to wearing horns, for a price; and provided he could extract frequent "loans" from his guest and appropriate his wife's salary, he was willing enough to tolerate this *marriage à la mode.* Susannah had less strong a stomach. Candidly renouncing her husband and stage career, she retired with Mr. Sloper to Windsor. Her loss, or perhaps the loss of her salary, was more than Cibber could bear. Gathering a small troupe of armed men, he invaded his wife's country retreat and carried her off by force. Before long, his rival took countermeasures. While Cibber was appearing in *The Beaux' Stratagem,* Mr. Sloper, in the true spirit of Farquhar, spirited Mrs. Cibber back to Windsor. Her outraged husband at once brought suit, claiming damages of five thousand pounds.

Throughout the autumn of 1738 theatrical London buzzed with the story. In December the sensational case came to trial. The prosecution had no difficulty in establishing criminal conversation between Mrs. Cibber and Mr. Sloper. The defense had still less in establishing that Theophilus had not only permitted but urged his wife to grant her favors. Under the circumstances, the jury awarded him token damages of ten pounds. His pocketbook more hurt than his pride, Theophilus returned to Drury Lane. He was greeted by dead silence, then by a shower of apples and potatoes, but with his usual effrontery he outfaced his audience and after several performances reduced his critics to silence. Though he could cow unfriendly spectators, Cibber could not, however, overcome Quin's smouldering hostility.[30] It flared up openly when Cibber refused to take part in the great actor's benefit. An abortive duel in the Piazza heightened their dislike for each other, and before long Cibber left Fleetwood's company to take up the post of "bustle-master general" to Rich. Still hopeful of promoting a glorious revolution among the actors of Drury Lane, he continued to make trouble from

his new outpost. He circulated stories of Fleetwood's incompetence and predicted his imminent demise. But Fleetwood, in spite of the ravages of the gout and the gaming table, remained master of his theatre, and Cibber's hopes were once more disappointed.

Macklin, much as he enjoyed theatrical skirmishes, was far too busy to take an active part in these manoeuvres. He was playing not only Cibber's roles but those which he had inherited on the death of Josias Miller, notably Teague in *The Committee.* His repertory would have taxed the talents of a far more protean actor. He was assuming comic transvestite roles such as the First Witch in *Macbeth,* Roxana in the burlesque *Rival Queens,* and Dollalolla in *Tom Thumb.* He was undertaking as well such quicksilver roles as Tattle in *Love for Love* and Lord Foppington in *The Relapse.* Often he appeared with Ann Grace. In *The Coffee House, The Amorous Widow,* and *The Silent Woman* they performed together, and during the autumn of 1739 he played Francis, the tapster, to Quin's Falstaff, while Ann Grace, as Mistress Quickly, kept a sharp eye on the doings at the Boar's Head.

After six years of casual domesticity they decided, that same autumn, to marry. Perhaps Ann Grace, wearied of her status as his common-law wife, finally badgered him into legitimizing their union. Perhaps the six-year old Maria was beginning to ask awkward questions. In any event, on November 23 the name of Ann Grace appears for the last time on the Drury Lane playbills. On December 8 she returned as Mrs. Macklin.[31] In all likelihood they were married soon after the twenty-eighth of November, for on that date Fleetwood revived Dalton's adaptation of *Comus* in which neither had a part. Where and precisely when they were married is, however, unknown. Never a man of strong religious convictions, Macklin, by this time, had abandoned the Church of Rome for the Church of England.[32] Ordi-

narily, their wedding would have taken place at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, but apparently they were anxious to attract as little attention as possible. Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act had not yet put an end to the hasty and clandestine marriages performed by disreputable Fleet Street clergymen, and in all probability they were married under these dubious auspices.

Whatever the circumstances of their marriage, they returned to Drury Lane as man and wife. Mrs. Macklin resumed her duties in character parts. Her husband not only performed frequently but continued to serve as Fleetwood's factotum. It was his job, among others, to appease audiences, for since the passage of the Licensing Act their temper had been explosive. A company of French dancers at the Haymarket had touched off a riot. At Drury Lane demonstrations could blaze up at a moment's notice, and spectators had taken to expressing their displeasure of the hated Licensing Act by hissing permitted plays. The performance on November 15, 1739, of an afterpiece, *The Hospital for Fools*, with Macklin in the lead, provoked an angry demonstration.[33] Occasionally there were riots of still more consequence. One such occurred on January 23, 1740.[34]

Following a performance of *Hamlet*, a new pantomime was to take place, concluding with a dance by Madame Chateauneuf, the leading ballerina of the day, and Philip Desnoyers, the Prince of Wales's dancing master and confidant. Due to Madame Chateauneuf's indisposition they had failed to appear on two previous occasions, and when for a third time the pantomime was postponed, the tumult began. Seizing the benches of the pit, spectators attempted to use them as gangways and clamber onto the stage. Macklin's provincial training had prepared him for such emergencies. At once he gave orders to darken the theatre and open the traps. Hastily invoked stage thunder and lightning tempo-

rarily deterred the rioters, and by the time they had swarmed onstage, the actors had fled. In their confusion the angry spectators fell upon Paul Whitehead, the poet,[35] and Mr. Surrige, a soldier of fortune, and threatened and abused them. As a final expression of their displeasure, they smashed the harpsichord and bass viols, broke up the benches, and tore down the royal arms on the center front box.

By morning they were bitterly regretting their actions. News of the affront to the royal crest had reached the court, and gossip was rife that the rioters were Jacobites and enemies of the House of Hanover. Stories of Mr. Surrige's fiery temper swelled from hour to hour, and rumors flew of his reputation as a swordsman.

> [He] had served in the Irish brigade several years, had nine duels, killed two men in France — was obliged to steal from France — then had a commission in the Irish regiment in Holland — killed a man there — then went in to the Empresses of Germany's service — killed a man there then went into the Prussian service killed a man there — then he came to England — in one winter he had four duels — successful in all.[36]

Even allowing for hyperbole, such a man was evidently formidable, and the rioters were quick to come to terms. Fearing Mr. Surrige's anger even more than the royal displeasure, they abjectly apologized to the victims of their wrath and agreed to pay substantial damages to Fleetwood.[37]

For a time audiences profited by this lesson and during the remainder of the year, 1740, the theatre was relatively quiet. Macklin was no doubt relieved to concentrate on acting. For the benefit of Walker, the original Macheath, he appeared as Peachum in *The Beggar's Opera,* with Mrs. Macklin as the slatternly Diana Trapes. On other occasions he played Sir Jasper Fidget, Lovegold, and Sir Novelty Fashion. But he had not yet really found himself. Although he

had begun to develop definite views on acting, he had not yet had a chance to put them into practice. He had not long to wait, however. As a feature of the 1740–41 Drury Lane season Fleetwood proposed revising three Shakespearian comedies, among them the long-dormant *Merchant of Venice*. It was the occasion Macklin had been waiting for.

III

SHYLOCK

The years 1740 and 1741 mark a dividing point in the English theatre. Colley Cibber, who had seemingly lived his life so that he could apologize for it, in 1740 published his witty autobiography. In February 1741 Macklin played Shylock for the first time, and eight months later Garrick conquered London with his blazing performance as Richard III. The reign of Cibber and Quin was over. The reign of Garrick and Macklin had begun.

From all accounts, Fleetwood felt little enthusiasm about reviving Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. During the autumn of 1740 he had successfully restored *As You Like It* to the repertory after an absence of forty years. Shortly after, with Macklin as Malvolio and Henry Woodward as Sir Andrew, he produced *Twelfth Night,* a play which had been forgotten for an even longer period. As a novelty, however, it fell short of expectations and survived for nine performances only. One can sympathize with Fleetwood's hesitancy in reviving still another obscure Shakespearian comedy. Quin, who shared his misgivings, glumly consented to play Antonio, feeling, no doubt, that the role of Shylock was beneath his dignity. The only actor of consequence who had played it during Quin's lifetime was Thomas Doggett, and he had specialized in the low comedy roles Quin detested.

Since Macklin during his career at Drury Lane had played many such roles, the part was offered to him. He accepted it eagerly, despite the forebodings of Fleetwood and the malevolence of Quin who at once predicted, with gloomy satisfaction, Macklin's certain damnation in the part.

Quin's pessimism stemmed not only from his low opinion of Macklin's capacities, but also from his doubts about the play. The original version had apparently not been played since Shakespeare's day. In 1701 George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, had completed his "improved" version, *The Jew of Venice,* which had held the stage for forty years. He had transformed Shakespeare's tragicomedy into a romantic one by diminishing Shylock's role and enlarging that of Bassanio, who, in addition to inheriting new dialogue, also fell heir to the choicer lines of Gratiano. In the interest of tighter construction his lordship had banished Morocco, Arragon, the two Gobbos, Salarino, Salario, and Tubal. By way of compensation, he had generously improved Portia's famous apostrophe, and at the end of Act II he added a banquet scene, providing Shylock with a toast to money and the manager with an opportunity for musical interpolations. Granville, in contemporary eyes, was doing no more than polishing a rough diamond. Far from being arrogantly presumptuous in tampering with Shakespeare's text, he was to be congratulated on rehabilitating a forgotten play. If he chose to accent the characters of Bassanio and Antonio, he could cite Shakespeare's title as his authority.

Thomas Doggett, who played the Jew in this revised version, may have had some impression of Burbage's performance, but probably no more than that he played it comically, with red hair and a large nose, traditional attributes of the Jew. A Restoration ballad on the theme of a forfeiture substantiates this picture.

His beard was red; his face was made
Not much unlike a witches.
His habit was a Jewish gown
That would defend all weather;
His chin turn'd up, his nose hung down,
And both ends met together.[1]

The strong resemblance of this description to the traditional make-up of Pantaloon in the *commedia dell'arte* suggests an affinity that cannot be overlooked.[2] The sixteenth-century *commedia* drawings of the Venetian trader, with his skull cap, beard, and hooked nose, his knife thrust through his belt, bear a striking likeness to the engravings of Macklin in this part. Nor is the likeness merely a superficial one. The cry "My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!" links the avaricious widower of the *commedia* to Shakespeare's Jew. Even Gratiano in the trial scene takes on the function of his earlier namesake in baiting his opponent and triumphing over his downfall.

In view of this comic tradition, it is not surprising that Doggett, the greatest low comedy actor of his time, should have played this part. Downes describes him as "the only Comick Original now Extant: Witness, Ben, Solon, Nikin, the Jew of Venice," [3] and Nicholas Rowe remarks that he had seen "that Play Receiv'd and Acted as a Comedy, and the part of the Jew perform'd by an excellent comedian." [4] Both clearly indicate that his interpretation was the traditional comic one, yet, on the other hand, Genest flatly states, "Doggett, we may be sure, acted Shylock without buffoonery." [5] His confidence probably stemmed from Cibber's remark that Doggett, of all his contemporaries, was "the strictest observer of nature" with a "closely-natural manner of acting." [6] We can perhaps assume from this that while Doggett played Shylock for comic effect, he did not broadly burlesque the part.

Though a number of minor actors such as Griffin and Aston played the role between 1717 and 1735, only Doggett made a lasting impression. Almost certainly Macklin knew something of his performance and his fastidious attention to detail: "In dressing a Character to the greatest Exactness, he was remarkably skillful; the least Article of whatever Habit he wore, seem'd in some degree to speak and mark the different Humour he presented." [7] His skill in make-up was no less remarkable and excited the professional admiration of another face-painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Inspired by this example, Macklin set about to prepare himself for the part. He sought to make his costume as authentic as possible, tracking down such obscure data as the fact that Italian Jews, particularly those in Venice, habitually wore red hats.[8] He took pains to study the appearance and manners of the Jews then in London. "He made daily visits to the center of business, the 'change and the adjacent coffee-houses; that by a frequent intercourse and conversation with 'the unforeskinned race' he might habituate himself to their air and deportment." [9] At home he pored over a prized and much-thumbed copy of Josephus' *History of the Jews.* His commonplace book contains the following entry: "Jewes Their history. an instance of human incertainty — from the Creation to the Flood — in Egypt leaving it — robbing their masters, mutinying — Jericho — wilderness — murder of the Innocents — captivity — lion's den — Shadrack, Meshack, Abednigo, Babel. go thro the history of it — act the great characters." [10]

All this contributed to his effort to conceive Shylock as fully as possible. Unfortunately his promptbook appears not to have survived,[11] nor did he leave behind a series of notes such as those for his later production of *Macbeth.* Probably he dared not think of trying to impose his ideas on the rest of the company. Quin was openly hostile, and the others

were listless, going through rehearsals in even more lackluster fashion than usual. Macklin, himself, made no more effort than the others, running through his part without indicating any business or even making a gesture. Quin had reason to be pessimistic. But Macklin was probably wise in his tactics. He did not wish to alarm Fleetwood and Quin by the novelty of his interpretation.[12] He was not yet an established actor, and while in later years he presided over rehearsals like a martinet, on this occasion, faced by a group of hostile actors, he elected to perfect his interpretation in secrecy.

The first performance occurred on February 14, 1741. On that evening Londoners had a variety of entertainments from which to choose. Covent Garden offered Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer* with Theophilus Cibber as Brazen and Peg Woffington as Sylvia. The company at Goodman's Fields was playing George Lillo's tearful domestic tragedy, *The Fatal Curiosity,* while amusement-seekers of coarser tastes might visit the New Inn at Holborn to marvel at their "collection of beautiful creatures" which included a camel, a carniphagus, two hyenas, a Turkish ape, and a "satyr of the woods." Only a few steps from Macklin's lodgings, in Covent Garden Piazza, an African hermaphrodite, "Mas, Mulier, Maurus, mundi mirabile Monstrum," might be viewed by the curious. But rumors of the new production at Drury Lane had been widely circulated by the habitués of the Rainbow and Bedford coffeehouses, and on the night in question, box, pit, and gallery were crowded and expectant. Some were attracted by the novelty of seeing Shakespeare's play. Some had heard of the friction backstage and came hoping for excitement. Some were drawn by the additional attractions of the evening. As a precautionary measure Fleetwood had engaged Mademoiselle Chateauneuf and Monsieur Muilment for a ballet of *Diane à la chasse* and an Egyptian

dance, and Signor and Signora Fausan for a comic ballet of peasants triumphing on the death of a wild boar. Thomas Arne, who had adorned both *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* with songs, had further embellished the production, interpolating love songs for Lorenzo and Jessica in Act II, and a serenade to "gentle Jesse" in the concluding act.[13] To make room for these insertions, certain adjustments had been made in Shakespeare's text.[14] Portia suffered the loss of considerable dialogue (she later suffered the further loss of two suitors, Morocco and Arragon), and Bassanio dwindled from the romantic swaggerer of Lansdowne's version to even less than his original self. It was hardly a revival of Shakespeare's pristine text, but nonetheless was considerably closer to its original than Lord Lansdowne's adaptation.

If Fleetwood outwardly betrayed his nervousness, Macklin inwardly felt no less trepidation. His account of the first night, as related to Cooke, is worth quoting.

> The long-expected night at last arrived, and the House was crowded, from top to bottom, with the first company in town. The two front rows of the pit, as usual, were full of critics, "Who, Sir, (said the veteran) I eyed through the slit of the curtain, and was glad to see there, as I wished, in such a cause, to be tried by a *special jury*. When I made my appearance in the green-room, dressed for the part, with my red hat on my head, my piqued beard, loose black gown, &c. and with a confidence which I never before assumed, the performers all stared at one another, and evidently with a stare of disappointment. Well, Sir, hitherto, all was right — till the last bell rung — then, I confess, my heart began to beat a little: however, I mustered up all the courage I could, and, recommending my cause to Providence, threw myself boldly on the stage, and was received by one of the loudest thunders of applause I ever before experienced.
>
> "The opening scenes being rather tame and level, I could not expect much applause; but I found myself well listened to — I could hear distinctly, in the pit, the words 'Very well — very well, indeed! This man seems to know what he is about,' &c. &c. These encomiums warmed me, but did not overset me — I knew where I should have

the pull, which was in the third act, and reserved myself accordingly. At this period I threw out all my fire; and as the contrasted passions of joy for the Merchant's losses, and grief for the elopement of Jessica, open a fine field for the actor's powers, I had the good fortune to please beyond my warmest expectations — The whole house was in an uproar of applause — and I was obliged to pause between the speeches, to give it vent, so as to be heard. When I went behind the scenes after this act, the Manager met me, and complimented me very highly on my performance, and significantly added, 'Macklin, you was right at last.' My brethren in the green-room joined in this eulogium, but with different views — He was thinking of the increase of his treasury — they only for saving appearances — wishing at the same time that I had broke my neck in the attempt. The *trial scene* wound up the fulness of my reputation: here I was well listened to; and here I made such a silent yet forcible impression on my audience, that I retired from this great attempt most perfectly satisfied.

"On my return to the green-room, after the play was over, it was crowded with nobility and critics, who all complimented me in the warmest and most unbounded manner; and the situation I felt myself in, I must confess, was one of the most flattering and intoxicating of my whole life. No money, no title, could purchase what I felt: And let no man tell me after this, what Fame will not inspire a man to do, and how far the attainment of it will not remunerate his greatest labours. By G—d, Sir, though I was not worth fifty pounds in the world at that time, yet, let me tell you, I was *Charles the Great* for that night." [15]

Macklin was not exaggerating. His performance as Shylock proved the cornerstone of his career, ranking with Garrick's Richard III, Quin's Falstaff, and Kemble's Coriolanus as one of the triumphs of eighteenth-century acting. For almost fifty years he played the role. Indeed, most of his best parts were, in some degree, variations on it. Sir Gilbert Wrangle in *The Refusal*, Lovegold in *The Miser*, and his own creations, Sir Archy Macsarcasm and Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, are all cut from the same cloth. So closely associated was he with the role that he became, for many of his contemporaries, particularly those who disliked him, Shylock

Macklin. There was no denying that physically he suited the part admirably. His strong features which disqualified him for romantic roles — his piercing eye, jutting chin, and beaked nose — in this instance worked to his advantage. With a short, red, wispy beard, he seemed the incarnation of Shakespeare's Jew.

Thirty years afterward, a German visitor, Georg Lichtenberg, recorded the indelible impression which the actor made upon him in this role.

> Imagine a rather stout man with a coarse yellow face and a nose generously fashioned in all three dimensions, and a long double chin, and a mouth so carved by nature that the knife appears to have slit him right up to the ears, on one side at least, I thought. He wears a long black gown, long wide trousers, and a red tricorne, after the fashion of Italian Jews, I suppose. The first words he utters, when he comes to the stage, are slowly and impressively spoken: "Three thousand ducats." The double "th" and the two sibilants, especially the second after the "t," which Macklin lisps as lickerishly as if he were savoring the ducats and all that they would buy, make so deep an impression in the man's favour that nothing can destroy it. Three such words uttered thus at the outset give the keynote of his whole character.[16]

Though Garrick took exception to "the extreme spite and bitterness" with which he played his first scene, because it "would naturally put the borrower on his guard," [17] most critics felt that he played this scene in an appropriately low key. With Bassanio he made evident his distrust ("But ships are but boards"); with Antonio he varied from obsequious smiles to jeering rebuke and crafty dissimulation ("Why, look you, how you storm!").[18]

The short "level" scene with Jessica attracted little critical attention, but the scene with Tubal occasioned considerable interest. "In the scene where he first misses his daughter, he comes on hatless, with disordered hair, some locks a finger long standing on end, as if raised by a breath of wind from

the gallows, so distracted was his demeanour. Both his hands are clenched, and his movements abrupt and convulsive. To see a deceiver, who is usually calm and resolute, in such a state of agitation, is terrible." [19] "During this scene of alternate elation and despair, he breaks the tones of utterance, and varies his countenance admirably," [20] Francis Gentleman noted. The Zoffany portrait of Macklin confronting Tubal admirably suggests this savage pathos as he laments his own calamities and exults in those of Antonio.[21] Some further notion of the flexibility with which he played this scene may be inferred from Henry Siddons, who probably had Macklin's performance in mind when he chose *The Merchant of Venice,* Act III, to illustrate the transitions of the passions and affections:

> These two opposite sentiments alternately succeed in the soul of the Jew: grief seems to take the place of joy, and joy to assume that of grief, without any intermediate sentiment. I use the word *seems,* since grief, in succeeding to joy, no longer manifests itself with the same violence as in its original; and so joy, likewise, in its sudden triumph over grief, cannot in its first instants, efface the wrinkles from the forehead, and restore it to all its natural serenity. With a feeble light, it smiles, as we may say, through a cloud, still leaving something of pain and chagrin in the first mien and probably in the first tone of Shylock's voice.[22]

But it was in the trial scene that Macklin reached the height of his powers.[23] Confronted by the judges, he "stood like a TOWER, as Milton has it. He was not 'bound to please' anybody by his pleading; he claimed a right, grounded upon LAW, and thought himself as firm as the Rialto." [24] At all times he remained in character. While silent, his amazingly descriptive mime made his emotions plain. His "cool deliberate" rage calls to mind William Winter's description of Booth in this scene, standing coolly aloof, with "the vibrant observant poise of a deadly reptile." [25] From Macklin, Booth inherited his hypocritical bow at the mention of

God.[26] At the conclusion of Portia's famous speech, Macklin's savagery flared up, as he seized a pair of scales in his left hand and a knife in his right. At the line, "A sentence, come, prepare," he stooped to whet his knife upon the floor. So eagerly did he perform this business, that on one occasion a young man in the pit fainted dead away.[27] Of his appearance at the close of the scene we have unfortunately no record. Almost certainly he cast one final look of scorn on Gratiano before proudly departing, still relentless and iron-visaged. If Macklin at the close of *The Man of the World* could violate sentimental tradition by leaving Sir Pertinax unrepentant and unappeased, there is little reason to believe that he in any way mitigated Shylock's villainy at the conclusion of the trial scene.

Only in the last century has Shylock the martyr displaced Shylock the villain. Perhaps the natural tendency of leading actors to stress the tragic aspects of tragicomedy has blurred the original creation. Perhaps increasing audience sensitivity has also contributed toward bringing this about. Within the last hundred and fifty years, similarly, Molière's Alceste has been transformed from a comic misanthrope to a tragic idealist and Shakespeare's Malvolio from an absurd pretender to a melancholy victim. But to interpret Shylock thus is to make of Shakespeare's fifth act an ironic coda rather than a lyric tribute to love's labor won. In refusing to play Shylock sympathetically, Macklin kept the play in the comic tradition. Of the intensity of his performance there can be no doubt. Zoffany's portrait of him in the trial scene shows him contorted with rage.[28] George II's sleepless night after watching his performance, and his suggestion to Walpole that Macklin be used to frighten the House of Commons,[29] make plain the difference of conception between the inexorably evil Shylock of Macklin and the martyred Israelite of Sir Henry Irving.[30]

Of the other performers in the cast we know remarkably little. Quin seems to have made nothing of Antonio, nor Milward of Bassanio. Mrs. Clive, noted for her sprightly soubrettes, was totally miscast as Portia.[31] Her voice was dissonant, she tended to move awkwardly, and in the trial scene she recklessly interpolated imitations of well-known judges and lawyers.[32] Yet the part, unaccountably, remained one of her favorites, and in later years, despite her increasing girth, she refused to relinquish it to a more suitable member of the company. To Garrick's hint that she might give it up she replied tartly, "I will, when you give up Ranger, for I am sure I am as good figure for Portia as you are for the other." [33] We may be sure that Miss Macklin, who later frequently played this part, was not guilty of such levity. Though capable of playing light comedy, her manner was fundamentally somber, and her cool detachment must have admirably complemented the smoldering savagery which her father brought to his part.

> No finer contrast could there ever be
> When Macklin Shylock played and Portia she.[34]

Evidently he rehearsed her assiduously in the role, and it was over the proper reading of a line, reportedly, that the lasting rupture between them took place.[35]

That the play should have been considered, fundamentally, a vehicle for an actor, rather than a play for a company, and that Macklin tended to think in terms of his individual performance rather than of the whole production, should occasion no surprise. The eighteenth-century playgoer went to see Quin as Falstaff, or Garrick as Lear. The evening was judged by the star's performance, and the tendency of the actor to repeat his great roles, fairly regularly, before provincial audiences, supported by indifferent companies, further emphasized his importance. The director, in

the modern sense of the word, did not exist. That Macklin could stomach Mrs. Clive's ludicrous burlesque shows an almost total preoccupation with his own interpretation. During the early years, of course, he was in no position to exercise authority as an actor, but later he increasingly controlled the production of plays in which he appeared. Toward the end of his career so demanding had he become that he would not allow Tubal to speak until he had placed his foot upon a certain nail on the stage.[36] By the time he played Macbeth he had become absorbed not only in realizing his own part but in visualizing and supervising, as fully as possible, the production as a whole.

Though Macklin never had a monopoly on the role of Shylock, clearly no other actor of the period approached him in it. Between 1744 and 1746 Covent Garden staged six performances of the play with six different performers, all to no avail. The popular verdict was expressed in the couplet:

> This is the Jew
> That Shakespeare drew.[37]

Even Garrick acknowledged Macklin's supremacy by never attempting the part, though he was willing enough to allow others to do so. Maliciously, he permitted Samuel Foote to undertake it at Drury Lane in 1758. But such effrontery was more than even Mrs. Clive could bear. Called upon to rehearse Portia with him, she cried, "What, *you! You* play Shylock to my Portia! Oh! Then I'm off!" and flounced away, happily oblivious to her own inadequacies.[38] King and Yates played it to little effect.[39] John Henderson, in 1778, as usual with him, gave it a sensible and studied performance that even Macklin admired. But when Henderson told him he had never had the advantage of seeing him in the part, the veteran sourly replied, "Sir, it was not necessary to tell *me* that; I knew you had not, or you would

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By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery.

Charles and Maria Macklin in the trial scene of
The Merchant of Venice. By Zoffany.

have played it very differently." [40] Of the later actors, George Frederick Cooke most closely approximated Macklin's performance and kept many of the same pieces of business, though in power and intensity his Shylock never matched the older actor's.

Through this performance Macklin achieved a lasting reputation on the eighteenth-century stage. Between February and May 1741 he played Shylock twenty-two times, including two command performances. Yet he continued to fulfill his obligations as a repertory actor. He still played his usual gamut of minor roles in support of Quin: the First Witch in *Macbeth,* the Second Citizen in *Julius Caesar,* Francis in *Henry IV* (Part 1), and Osric in *Hamlet.* During the summer he and his wife returned to Bristol to join Hippisley at the Jacob's Wells Theatre.[41] When in the autumn they came back to London, the unpredictable Theophilus Cibber had rejoined Drury Lane, and though many of the comic parts once again reverted to him, Macklin continued to play the leads in such staples of repertory as *The Confederacy, The Committee,* and *Love for Love.* Drury Lane must have seemed, for the moment, comparatively tranquil. Cibber, while far from chastened, was feeling less meddlesome, and the tyrannical Quin, at the start of the season, had departed for Ireland. Yet the void in theatrical London was soon to be filled. In an inconspicuous theatre an unknown actor overnight rose from anonymity to become the most famous actor the English theatre has ever known.

IV

THE QUARREL WITH GARRICK

The playbill was modest enough. On October 19, 1741, "a young gentleman" would attempt the role of Richard III at Mr. Giffard's theatre in Goodman's Fields. The announcement caused hardly a ripple of interest. Theatregoers had already tasted the quality of too many well-meaning amateurs with more enthusiasm than talent. When the curtain rose the house was only half filled and the spectators listless, but from the moment the young gentleman stepped on the stage a transformation took place. The astonished audience saw before them the incarnation of Shakespeare's villainous hunchback. The anonymous young performer amazed them not only by the tumultuous excitement of his performance but also by his easy and natural delivery, and when the curtain fell he had already been recognized as a supremely gifted actor. From then on, night after night, carriages choked the streets leading to the little theatre, and by the end of the year David Garrick had become "the new religion."

Macklin at first rejoiced in his success. They had been friends since "a few years before" 1741,[1] and Garrick's Richard III, like Macklin's Shylock, marked the triumph of the more natural style of acting over the more artificial style of Quin. Already discomfited by Macklin's success, Quin was

further put out by Garrick's. "If the young fellow is right," he observed sourly, "I and the rest of the players have all been wrong." The public showed little inclination to contradict him. Instead, they flocked to see their new idol perform Chamont, Lothario, and Bayes, and found to their delight that he could play romantic or comic roles with equal brilliance. If for no other reason than that Garrick threatened to usurp Quin's throne, Macklin would have been pleased, but he took a personal satisfaction as well in Garrick's triumph. Together, it is said, they selected the role of Richard III for his debut, and on some occasions, at least, discussed problems of interpretation. "You know very well," Macklin later wrote, "that I have often advised you upon many circumstances of your acting; which you have allowed to be right, and have accordingly adopted my advice." [2]

To what extent this is true is speculative. Macklin's biographers claim, for example, that he played an important part in shaping Garrick's conception of King Lear.[3] His first appearance in this role, on March 11, 1742, was not a success, and Macklin was quick to come forward with suggestions for its improvement. The cursing of Goneril was ineffective, he felt. He further complained that Garrick did not sufficiently suggest the infirmities of age and that he lacked dignity in the prison scene. Garrick, already a painstaking actor, at once began to restudy the part. A month later he played it again. This time he achieved a triumph, and Macklin was unstinting in his praise. "The little dog made it a *chef d'oeuvre,*" he observed generously. "The curse he particularly admired; he said it exceeded all his imagination, and had such an effect, that it seemed to electrify the audience with horror. The words 'Kill-kill-kill' echoed all the revenge of the frantic king; whilst he exhibited such a scene of the pathetic on discovering his daughter Cordelia, as drew tears of commiseration from the whole house." [4]

It is questionable, however, that Macklin contributed much to this restudied version. Garrick is said not to have admitted him to rehearsals. It was out of character for him, even in his earliest days, to rely to any great extent on the advice of others. He preferred to perfect his interpretations independently, in the quiet of his study, drawing on his own observations of human behavior. His conception of Lear's madness offers a case in point. Arthur Murphy, his biographer, tells us that an acquaintance of Garrick's, while dandling his child at a window, had the misfortune to drop him on the pavement below. The subsequent death of the child deranged him, and Garrick had frequently seen him, grief-stricken, sitting at the window and playing with an imaginary child. "There," observed Garrick, "I learned to imitate madness." [5]

Without question Macklin's Shylock had helped to pave the way for Garrick's "natural" style. Almost equally certainly, his style would have developed along this line if Macklin had never existed. Both were reacting against the formal school of acting then prevalent, but each was strong-willed and individualistic and their acting styles, though parallel in some respects, evolved independently. The legend that they resolved to found "a school for histrionic science" points up the similarity of their methods, but the story is probably a spurious one.[6]

During the summer of 1742 Garrick and Peg Woffington enjoyed a triumphant engagement in Dublin and on their return, so the story goes, they set up a *ménage à trois* in Bow Street with Macklin. There they proposed to institute an academy of "Histrionic Science." Biographers have embroidered the legend of this undertaking with agreeable invention. William Cooke recounts that one of Peg's admirers, unaware of their domestic arrangements, called unexpectedly and found a scratch wig of Garrick's lying on her dressing

table. Flying into a temper, the outraged peer reproached her bitterly. Ever resourceful, she calmly reassured him that she had merely been rehearsing a new breeches part. Later, amid gales of laughter, she shared the joke with her fellow actors.[7] Kirkman, anxious to discredit Garrick, adds other details of their housekeeping and gleefully describes Garrick's mismanagement of the common purse.[8] But there is little documented fact behind these stories. Congreve fails to mention their association. The scabrous contemporary memoirs of Peg Woffington overlook it, and both Murphy and Davies, Garrick's biographers, record no such episodes. Over the years Macklin jotted down numerous observations on Garrick, but none of these hint at such an association. In 1742 he was, indeed, living at 6 Bow Street, in Wilks's former house, and for a time Peg Woffington and Garrick may have shared lodgings in the same house. But it is unlikely, to say the least, that Macklin was included in their ménage. He was married, with a child eight or nine years old, and during the time in question he was appearing regularly with Mrs. Macklin at Drury Lane. Furthermore, his long residence in Bow Street, both before and after 1743, suggests that his domestic arrangements were of a settled order.[9]

That Garrick and Macklin were intimate for a time cannot be doubted. Cooke reports that they were scarcely two days apart, and Macklin in his notes confirms this intimacy with an account of the early morning rides which he and Garrick frequently took with a mutual friend, John Fell.[10] As he tells it, tensions soon developed between them. Each time it was necessary to pay a turnpike toll-keeper or fling a few coppers to a beggar, Garrick found himself financially embarrassed. He had either just changed his clothes and had no money or had with him only a thirty-six shilling piece. Day after day the other two dug into their pockets until at last they decided that if ever Garrick became a

manager they would dun him for the full amount. For the time being they hid their resentment, but when Garrick sold a lame mare to Fell and boasted of it to his friends, Fell had had enough. An itemized bill for seven pounds was reluctantly acknowledged by Garrick, and the morning rides, one assumes, abruptly came to an end.

The real break between Macklin and Garrick had its origin, however, in a far more serious disagreement. During the last weeks of the 1741–42 season, Garrick had made his first appearances at Drury Lane. In October he became a regular member of the company, appearing in a wide variety of parts. Macklin often supported him, playing the First Gravedigger to his Hamlet, Face to his Abel Drugger, and Scrub to his Plume. Yet despite the attractions of a company which also included Mrs. Clive, Peg Woffington, and Mrs. Pritchard, Drury Lane was beset with troubles. Fleetwood was sinking deeper and deeper into debt. The actors' salaries were in arrears, and on more than one occasion theatrical costumes and properties were abruptly seized. In a vain attempt to compete with the popularity of Rich's harlequinades, Fleetwood continued to engage rope-dancers and strongmen, but even these measures failed of their effect, and by the spring of 1743 the harassed actors were once again ripe for rebellion. Impounded dresses and long-delayed salaries were bad enough. To be ranked with acrobats was the crowning indignity.

In May, Garrick, who was owed several hundred pounds, refused to make further appearances and protested formally to Fleetwood. As usual, the manager exuded charm, promised everything, and did nothing. Soon afterwards Garrick took counsel with Macklin, Mills, Havard, Mrs. Pritchard, and a number of other players. Meeting in his rooms, they decided to leave Drury Lane and petition the Duke of Grafton for permission to perform at the Opera House or some

other suitable theatre. They agreed at the same time not to accept any individual offers from Fleetwood unless all the others consented. The glorious revolution which Cibber had worked so long to promote had at last taken place.

As usual in theatrical contentions, the quarrel was well publicized. The actors drew up a list of queries addressed to the patentee.[11] Fleetwood replied with a like list of his own. Neither party, however, aroused much public sympathy. Fleetwood's extravagances were common knowledge, and one anonymous pamphleteer openly complained: "I do not see why he should have his Hotel in Town, and his Villas in the Country, nor do I perceive the absolute necessity of more than one Machine, and a single pair of Horses. Above all, I am against his keeping a Seraglio out of the Profits of his Employment." [12] The distresses of the actors left the same writer equally unmoved: "Is it your Pleasure that Players dress like Lords, nay, like young Lords, eat like Priests, keep their Mistresses, have their town and country Houses, and give Law to every Tavern and Coffee-House where they come? This many of them do already. What would you, nay, that they have more?" [13]

Evidently the Duke of Grafton took as jaundiced a view of the affair. His discovery that Garrick, a mere player, received five hundred pounds a year, left him almost speechless.[14] Indignantly he pointed out that his own son enjoyed a considerably smaller income. The further revelation that Macklin had received three hundred and fifteen pounds, plus a benefit; Mrs. Macklin two hundred and twenty-three pounds; and Mrs. Woffington and Mrs. Clive other substantial sums, caused him to reject their petition outright.[15]

Encouraged by this official rebuke to the actors, Fleetwood prepared for the coming season, confident that the rebels would soon come to terms. Collecting a haphazard group of performers, he opened Drury Lane on September 13, 1743,

with *The Conscious Lovers*. His company was a dismal one, but thanks to the obdurate Lord Chamberlain and the provisions of the Licensing Act, he was not faced with the competition that had broken Highmore ten years earlier. Yates and Delane carried the burden of the repertory, but Theophilus Cibber, freshly arrived from Ireland, was induced to join the company, and Mrs. Bennett, who had deserted the rebel cause, was rewarded with some of the choicer parts. The rebellious players contemplated these developments with dismay, and before long they began urging Garrick to negotiate.

The patentee was willing enough to discuss terms, but there was one point on which he was adamant. He refused outright to re-engage Macklin. One can see why. He had conspicuously advanced the actor's career and staunchly supported him through his troubles in 1735. For Macklin to join the rebels seemed to Fleetwood the rankest ingratitude. His refusal placed Garrick, however, in a cruelly difficult dilemma. He was eager for the sake of the other actors to make peace, yet aware of his moral obligation to Macklin. They had agreed, after all, not to accept terms except those which were satisfactory to all. In an effort to heal the breach, Garrick offered to act for a hundred pounds less, provided that Fleetwood would re-engage Macklin. The patentee refused. Garrick then offered to pay Macklin six pounds a week out of his own pocket and cajoled Rich into offering Mrs. Macklin three pounds a week. But this time it was Macklin's turn to refuse. His pride evidently would not permit him to agree to these conditions. Faced with this deadlock, Garrick, at the urging of the players, finally acceded to Fleetwood's terms.

His capitulation caused considerable talk in the coffeehouses and taverns. While under the peace terms Garrick's own salary had been increased, several of the players had

taken cuts. The independently minded Kitty Clive, who disapproved of the agreement, refused to accept such a reduction and took temporary refuge at Covent Garden. The friends of Macklin were, naturally enough, the most indignant. William Barrowby, the dissipated theatrical physician, took the lead among those who loudly denounced the enormity of Garrick's conduct, and at the Horn, over a bottle, he swore to revenge his friend.

Macklin, for his part, was wholly engrossed in rushing into print a pamphlet designed to lay his case before the public.[16] It was no coincidence that it came off the press on December 5, the day which marked Garrick's return to Drury Lane. In it he not only accused the actor of breaking his word, but charged Fleetwood as well with double-dealing, stating that the manager had earlier offered him a bribe of two hundred pounds to help lower the other performers' salaries. The play to be performed was Villiers' *The Rehearsal,* in which Garrick was to appear as Bayes, one of his best roles. No sooner had he stepped on stage, however, than the shouting began: "Off! off! off!" The pack of Macklin's friends, led by Dr. Barrowby, was in full cry. Pelting the stage with apples and rotten eggs, they forced the actors to retire and brought the performance to a halt. For the moment, at least, the triumph of Macklin's cause seemed assured.

But Garrick was too shrewd a campaigner to be defeated by one battle. Two days later, when he was to make a second appearance as Bayes, he published a reply to Macklin's charges.[17] He was uncomfortably aware of the essential justice of Macklin's complaint. In extenuation he cited a letter which he had received from Mr. and Mrs. Mills, and Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard, among others, imploring him to make peace with Fleetwood and urging Macklin to be more conciliatory. He made public as well his own generous proposals to reach a settlement of the dispute. Unwilling to rely

solely on this appeal to reason, he and Fleetwood took further precautions to insure against a repetition of the events of two nights before. Under the direction of Mr. Windham, a friend of Garrick's, some thirty bruisers were recruited from Hockley-in-the-Hole, provided with bludgeons, and admitted to the pit well in advance of the performance. When Macklin's partisans swarmed in, the sight of this sturdy crew considerably dampened their ardor. The play was, consequently, performed without incident.

But Macklin was not yet ready to admit defeat. Five days later he fired a final salvo, an extended reply to Garrick's vindication, with all the papers relating to the dispute.[18] He indignantly denied that he could be accused of ingratitude, pointing out that however generously Fleetwood had behaved toward him during the Hallam affair, it did not subsequently entitle the manager to load him with oppression. He reviewed in detail his understanding with Garrick, observing, with considerable justification, that whatever may have been the reasons for doing so, Garrick had, nonetheless, broken his word. "Several necessitous actors desir'd you to break your solemn engagements with me, and . . . you accordingly broke them, against my content, to my utter ruin & exclusion from livelihood." [19]

Macklin had the melancholy satisfaction of the last word, but the doors of Drury Lane remained closed to him, and his exile aroused no further demonstrations. Though he could appreciate the reasons for Fleetwood's intransigence, he could not forgive Garrick for his part in the affair, and to the end of his life nursed this resentment. He took pleasure in the malicious attacks on him. He was all too ready to promote the gossip about Garrick's avarice, his jealousy, and his petty vanities. Sometimes he relieved his irritation by peppering his notebooks with angry observations. "Mr. Garrick is not more than man. I have known him to be

less than man." [20] Periodically he cogitated writing a biography of his rival: "I intend to write your theatrical life. I care not who writes it before me. They may give me trifling anecdotes, but they cannot give me your head, your heart, your passions, your foibles, your virtues, abilities, debilities. I have studied them. . . . No man know them better." [21] He found time to pen a villainous essay on Garrick-Bane and a vituperative characterization.[22] "He had a narrow, contracted mind, bounded on one side by Suspicion, by Envy on the other, by Avarice in the front, and by pale Fear in the rear, with self in the center. Out of these limits he never expatiated or transcurred, unless Fear and Ostentation exerted their functions conjointly." [23]

Though in 1744 they patched up their differences, Macklin was never really reconciled to his former friend. Characteristically, he assumed that the *Macbeth* riots, thirty years later, were secretly master-minded by Garrick to retaliate for the humiliation that he had suffered on the night of December 5, 1743. "It was he that was driven off the stage," Macklin noted savagely. "I was only precluded by agreement." [24]

Though with the passing of time Macklin learned some measure of tolerance, he could never bring himself to forgive his fellow actor, and his dislike of Garrick deepened with age. His estimate of the man was tainted with spleen: his estimate of the actor was vitiated by jealousy. As the years went by, Garrick's pre-eminence became increasingly plain, even to his harshest detractors. This realization further embittered Macklin. But in 1743, despite his exclusion from Drury Lane, he was far from crushed. He was not afraid of hard times, and he enjoyed a fight.

V

ACTOR - PLAYWRIGHT

Exiled from Drury Lane and out of favor at Covent Garden, Macklin had no intention of quitting either London or the stage. He had always been gregarious and at the Bedford, amid the smoke and stratagem, he found a ready audience to whom he could spill out his hopes and grievances. Garrick's success had excited as much envy as admiration, and his fellow players enjoyed gossiping at his expense. Even the great Colley Cibber, though retired, took pleasure in sniping at the new idol. On being asked why he wrote no more plays he would sigh, take a pinch of snuff, and wearily ask, "But where the devil are your actors?"

Macklin was sure of a sympathetic hearing as well among the wits at the Cocoa Tree. In that agreeable oasis they exchanged chitchat, paid court to the players, and vicariously participated in the excitements of theatre life. Chief among them was twenty-one-year-old Francis Blake Delaval. Nature and circumstance had ideally equipped him to play the theatrical dilettante.[1] Not a wit himself, he willingly made himself a foil for wit in others. Furthermore, he was heir to an enormous Midlands fortune which even the ruinous caprices of the Delavals were hard put to exhaust.

Among his companions was Samuel Foote, a young man of dubious connections and astounding impudence, who had

launched his London career by writing the life of his uncle who had recently murdered his own brother. Indifferent to the feelings of others, and insatiable in his craving for attention, he had neither looks nor fortune to recommend him. His nose was flat, his face pudgy, and his inclination to dress in silver lace emphasized his stoutness. Yet the brilliance of his wit and his remarkable gift for mimicry more than compensated for these defects. Before long, he and Delaval were inseparable. Both had an itch to appear on the stage, but while Delaval merely wanted to indulge his vanity, Foote was eager to fill his pockets.

During the convivial sessions at the Bedford they made the acquaintance of Macklin. The actor had always been drawn to fashionable young blades, and Delaval, in this instance, took unusual pains to ingratiate himself. He deferred tactfully to Macklin's opinions. If the table talk turned to such polite subjects as the classics and he sensed that the great interpreter of Shylock was ill at ease, he skillfully manipulated the conversation into other channels. If the irrepressible Foote exercised his wit too lavishly at Macklin's expense, Delaval contrived to soothe his injured feelings.

> Ah, that damned Foote has so much life and glee,
> All laugh with him, but zouns! they laugh at me.
> And yet Fr——k D—l—v—l, that judge of wit,
> Swore in Foote's absence I could give a hit! [2]

As a result of these meetings, Macklin undertook to instruct Delaval in the science of acting. He also decided to groom Foote for a stage career. Before long he had assembled a small group of similarly minded amateurs and was enthusiastically expounding his theories to them. Above all, he stressed the importance of suppressing violence of gesture and monotony of recitative.

> It is to the honour of Mr. Macklin, that he began this great improvement. There was a time when he was excluded the theatres, and

supported himself by a company whom he taught to play, and some of whom afterwards made no inconsiderable figure. It was his manner to check all the cant and cadence of tragedy; he would bid his pupils first speak the passage as he would in common life, if he had occasion to pronounce the same words; and then giving them more force, but preserving the same accent, to deliver them on the stage. Where the player was faulty in his stops or accents, he set him right; and with nothing more than this attention to what was natural, he produced out of the most ignorant persons, players that surprized everybody.[3]

The challenge to Macklin was certainly a very real one, for the would-be players were totally inexperienced. With the exception of Foote, none had real aptitude and only one other, John Hill, subsequently achieved some real measure of fame, but as an amusing eccentric, not as an actor. (Later self-dubbed Sir John Hill, after receiving a decoration from the King of Sweden, he capped his erratic career by dying of gout, for which he had perfected an infallible cure.) Like Foote he was undisciplined, and his talents, such as they were, highly individualistic.

Undeterred by his pupils' limitations, Macklin decided to show off the effects of his instruction and arranged for a series of performances at the Haymarket Theatre. To evade the restrictions of the Licensing Act he hired musicians, advertised the plays as concerts, and took the added precaution of selling tickets at his own house in Bow Street. On February 6, 1744, spectators had their first chance to appraise this makeshift company. Much against his will, Macklin had been persuaded to open the season with *Othello*. The play was a favorite of Frank Delaval's, and Foote, it seems, insisted on making his debut in a serious role. Like so many comic performers of talent, he had little understanding of his limitations, and a more unhappy choice for the Moor of Venice can hardly be imagined. (Short, round, and moon-faced, he was, in any case, no more grotesquely cast than Theophilus Cibber who, some years before, had played

the same part, abetted by Mrs. Clive, the comedienne, as Desdemona, and Charlotte Charke, his sister, as Roderigo.) His debut was not, however, an unmitigated disaster. Macklin's insistence upon natural speech evidently had some beneficial effect, though we may safely discount Hill's enthusiastic comment that this resulted in "a performance more natural and affecting than that of any man who had ever before been seen in the same character." [4]

Others in the cast played in a similarly straightforward style. Mr. Yorke, in the minor role of Montano, was enthusiastically applauded for "his extremely sensible manner . . . without the cant of tragedy." [5] Macklin's own performance as Iago inevitably attracted the greatest attention, notably his interpretation of Act II, scene 3 (lines 51–66), where he reveals his design against Cassio. Here, Hill observes, he entirely rejected any facial contortions or byplay.[6] The anonymous author of *A Treatise on the Passions* similarly praises him for his skill and judgment in the third act and for his avoidance of tricks and vulgar appeals to the gallery.[7] While Hill perhaps exaggerates when he claims that Macklin in this set an example followed by Garrick of delivering "plainly and without ornament," the concept of a "chaste" style unquestionably became the cornerstone of Macklin's dramatic method. It affected even such matters as costume. Previously Iago had been dressed in such a way as to be at once recognized as a villain, but Macklin, with his insistence on the natural, modified his costume to conform historically. Othello, as well, appeared "new dressed after the manner of his country." [8]

Until July 3 the company gave occasional "concerts" at the Haymarket. They performed *The Miser* and *The Mock Doctor,* and in *The Relapse,* Foote, as the airy Lord Foppington, had a chance to display his comic talents. The season concluded with *Hamlet,* a choice as ill-advised as the

opening one. Of the identity of the "young gentleman" who played the melancholy prince, we cannot be sure.[9] Macklin himself doubled as the Ghost and as the First Gravedigger and Mrs. Macklin undertook the role of Gertrude. The entire production was evidently dismal. Even considerations of costume went unregarded. Hamlet appeared at the Danish court wearing a star and garter, a small matter, perhaps, in a performance so generally lamentable that Horace Walpole could stomach it only for two acts.[10]

At the close of the Haymarket season Macklin and his wife left London to tour the Kentish circuit with a temporary summer company that included Mr. and Mrs. Mills.[11] Macklin appeared as Shylock and as Sir Francis Wronghead in *The Provoked Husband,* and during the course of the summer his daughter Maria, then about ten years old, was pushed out on the stage to play the title role in Fielding's *Tom Thumb.*

They returned to London in the autumn, without expectations. Fleetwood adamantly refused to reengage them. There was little point in trying to revive the Haymarket company. Its novelty had worn off, and Foote hankered to exhibit his talents on a larger stage. At Drury Lane, Garrick was being hailed as the modern Roscius, playing Hamlet and Lear, Archer and Bayes, with equal authority. Even sharp-tongued Kitty Clive had joined the chorus of praise, reluctantly admitting, "Damn him! He could act a gridiron!" A few dissenters, like Quin, steadfastly predicted that playgoers would soon leave the new religion, but the prodigious crowds flocking to Drury Lane showed no signs of flagging enthusiasm.

Under the circumstances it seemed more unlikely than ever that Fleetwood would relent, but Macklin was not without hope that his sentence of exile might be revoked. Racked by the gout and harried by creditors, Fleetwood

was increasingly anxious to dispose of his patent. He had begun dickering with James Lacy who, in turn, had been assiduously cultivating the Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Grafton. Mr. Lacy's spirited riding during the hunts, and his tactful offers of savory refreshments to his fellow hunter, the Duke, had smoothed the way towards his eventual purchase of the patent. The prospect of a new management naturally raised Macklin's hopes of restoration to Drury Lane, and the fact that Rich had assembled an unusually strong company at Covent Garden made him still more sanguine. Even Garrick could not overcome singlehanded the combined attractions of Quin, Woodward, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Bellamy, and Mrs. Clive. With these considerations in mind, Macklin made a final appeal to Fleetwood.

Sr:

I hope by this time that that great Physician to angry minds, old Mr. Time, has interposed his good offices on your side as he has on mine & bury'd in oblivion all Animosity & Resentment for if Repentance can expatiate crimes, in a theatrical Heaven, no venial sinner has a fairer claim than I have; and unless you have excluded the attribute of forgiveness from your new system, & resolv'd it shall not extend to me, I may conclude my Hour of Remission is at hand.

Consider, sir, I have been [in] Purgatory fourteen long, long months; where, like one of Milton's fallen angels, I have wept and wail'd my loss of Heaven — and, now & then, by way of Ejaculation sent up a few Prayers for my Friend Lucifer, that arch-fiend who seduced me! . . .

Consider, sir, you have a Family yourself, let that give you some feeling of my condition — had your hard treatment (for really I think to be excluded . . . is hard) I say, had [this] affected only myself, I should have flown from it — I should not have sunk into the meanness of repeated supplications — but he who has a Family has tyes and Circumstances, too tender and affecting to be mentioned here, which will, in spite of Pride, Anger, or Resentment, force him into compliances his single state would spurn at.

You must imagine, sir, that by this time I am in no small distress, and distress, they say, even in an Enemie, will excite Humanity.

Revenge, at such a time, being as cruel, as forgiveness is generous: the one is the noblest office of the mind; the other becomes only the cruelty of a coward.

Your conquest is complete; and further punishment would be little less than cruel. Therefore as I am conscious I never injured or distressed you; but ever, even in our most immoderate scenes, had unextinguishable sparks of gratitude & affection for you and as I am confident you did not, but in policy, think ill of me, and as that Policy, I think by this, subsides, I make no doubt but your native mind will exert itself, and let resentment give way to reconcilement.

Whatever could be suggested on my part to conciliate an agreement has been put in Practise. I have been silent, Patient, & Repentant. I have beside in several letters made an humble tender of my service — and that too upon your own Terms — this, sir, in its consequences, could neither be unprofitable to you, nor I hope disagreeable to the Publick but you have not vouchsafed me an ansr by which I fear you still contrive your exclusion; if so, I entreat you will either let me have my arrears, or a benefit upon the same common terms you would a decay'd tradesman, widdow, or any other object of yr Humanity, that I may have some hopes of subsisting. I am Sr

Yr hu^{b} Servt to Commnd

Bow St. Nov 2 1744 Charles Macklin [12]

But Fleetwood himself was no less harried. Pursued by creditors, soon afterwards he fled to France. Once again the patent changed hands and James Lacy became the new manager. On December 19, Macklin was reinstated at Drury Lane, appearing as Shylock, with Peg Woffington as Portia. A special prologue signaled the end of hostilities.

From scheming, fretting, famine, and despair,
Behold to grace restored an exil'd player;
Your sanction yet his fortune must complete,
And give him privilege to laugh — and eat.
No revolution plots are mine again;
You see, thank heaven! the quietest of men:
I pray that all domestic feuds may cease;
And, beggar'd by the war, solicit peace.
When urg'd by wrongs, and prompted to rebel,
I fought for freedom, and for freedom fell.

What could support me in the seven-fold flame?
I was no Shadrach and no angel came.
Once warn'd, I meddle not with state affairs,
But play my part, retire, and say my prayers.
Let nobler spirits plan the vast design;
Our greenroom swarms with longer heads than mine.
I take no part, no private jars foment,
But hasten from disputes I can't prevent:
Attack no rival brother's fame or ease,
And raise no struggles — but who most shall please.
United in ourselves, by you approved,
'Tis ours to make the slighted muse beloved;
So may the stage again its use impart,
And ripen Virtue as it warms the heart.
May Discord, with her horrid rump retreat,
Nor drive the frighted beauty from her seat;
May no contending parties strive for sway,
But Judgment govern, and the Stage obey.[13]

In further token of submission, Macklin played without demur all the parts assigned to him, however inappropriate or inconsequential. Once again pressed into service as Sir Novelty Fashion and Lord Foppington, he minimized this miscasting by playing them as naturally as possible, without flourishes or stage tricks. He made no objection to undertaking such subservient roles as the First Gravedigger to Garrick's Hamlet and the First Witch to his Macbeth. In compensation, he was often more evenly matched with him. Together Garrick and he played Abel Drugger and Face in *The Alchemist*, Archer and Scrub in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, Plume and Brazen in *The Recruiting Officer*, and Othello and Iago.

Much as he may have resented Garrick's ascendancy, and much as it may have galled him to play the penitent, there were solid satisfactions in returning to Drury Lane. Mrs. Macklin rejoined the company as a minor but useful character actress. It opened up opportunities as well for their

daughter, Maria. On December 20, 1742, she had made her first London appearance as the young Duke of York in *Richard III*. On February 20, 1745, she made her second appearance at Drury Lane as Arthur in a revival of *King John*.

While his daughter's progress doubtless gratified Macklin, he had other reasons to be deeply interested in this production. Rumors of a Jacobite uprising had induced Rich to present, at Covent Garden, Colley Cibber's unacted tragedy, *Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John*, a revision of Shakespeare's chronicle. In reviving *King John*, which had not been played at Drury Lane for fifty years, Garrick and Lacy were deliberately challenging comparison with the other patent theatre. The contrast between the two productions was a striking one. At Covent Garden, Quin was playing King John, and Theophilus Cibber the Dauphin, while Colley Cibber, toothless and enfeebled, had come out of retirement to play Pandulph. He had taught his son "and all the rest of the persons in that play, the *good old manner of singing and quavering out their tragic notes.*" [14] Covent Garden audiences, though willing enough to tolerate the old actor's graceful attitudes and studied tones, were less inclined to condone these practises in younger actors. Cibber's mangling of Shakespeare's text further displeased them, and after its tenth performance, on February 26, 1745, the play vanished from the repertory and Colley Cibber permanently withdrew from the stage. The company had little chance against the production at Drury Lane in which, supporting Garrick in the title role, were Macklin as Pandulph and Susannah Cibber as Constance. Much as Quin grumbled at little Davy and sneered at Macklin for playing the papal legate as though he had originally been a parish clerk,[15] audiences left no doubt that they preferred the more naturalistic style of Garrick and Macklin to the stylized manner of Quin and Cibber.

Drury Lane in 1745 was beset, however, by a series of troubles. The threat of a Jacobite invasion had grave repercussions on the London theatre. Audiences dwindled, precipitating renewed financial crises, in the course of which the Drury Lane patent once again changed hands, though Lacy remained nominally the manager. Garrick decided to spend the following season in Dublin, and by autumn the political scene had darkened still more. Bonnie Prince Charlie's army of malcontent clansmen had begun their march southward, and before the end of the year the highland pipes could be heard in Derby. The rumors and alarms that swept London occasioned a renewed wave of patriotic plays. "Thus we may remember during the last rebellion," *The Connoisseur* reminisced, "beside the loyalty of the fiddlers in the orchestra, we were inspired with a detestation of the Pope and the Pretender by the Non-Juror, the Jesuit Caught, Perkin Warbeck, or the Popish Impostor, and other politico-religious dramas." [16] The career of Perkin Warbeck, above all, struck playwrights and managers as eminently topical. Goodman's Fields hastily revived Ford's long-forgotten tragedy. John Rich announced for immediate production a further play on Warbeck, and Macklin set to work on still another dramatization of the pretender's career.

On January 18, 1746, *King Henry VII, or, The Popish Impostor* was produced at Drury Lane. In both the prologue and the published preface to his "six weeks labor of a puny wit" Macklin apologized for its inadequacies:

> With melting measure, critic Rules unfraught,
> Artless he writes, just as rude Nature taught.[17]

Act by act, just blotted, the manuscript was rushed to the actors, and only at rehearsals was it revised. Evidently his muse could not keep pace with his pen. Designed as a blank verse drama, the play limps along in iambics until the close

of Act II. By Act III the verse is ruptured, and by Act V it has collapsed into quasi prose.

If Macklin hoped to be judged on patriotic rather than aesthetic grounds, he was doomed to disappointment. Its first performance was a dismal failure, its second no more successful. To his credit, he had no illusions as to the reasons for its failure. That he was aware of his own inadequacies is evident in his next play in which the following dialogue occurs:

Snarlewit: Can he [Macklin] write?
Smart: Aye, and damnably too. I assure you he writ a Tragedy this winter, but so merry a Tragedy sure has never been since the first night of Tom Thumb the Great.[18]

To some extent the actors themselves were responsible for this "tragical mirth." The leading feminine role was played by Peg Woffington who had had no prior experience in tragedy. The title role was played by a provincial actor, Mr. Goodfellow, whose ineptitude is described with relish by Susannah Cibber in a letter to Garrick.

The top stroke of all was Macklin's play! It was entirely new dressed and no expense saved in the clothes. I shall say nothing of the piece, because you may read it; but be as vain as you will about your playing Bayes, you never made the audience laugh more than Harry the Seventh has done. There, for the first time, I saw your rival Mr. Goodfellow; I should have said the rival Mr. Lacy wants to make you: do not be quite dispirited about it, for Perkin Warbeck is much below anything I ever yet saw.[19]

A correspondent in *The Monthly Review*, some years later, substantiates this account. Though the first two incidents to which he alludes have no corroboration in the manuscript or printed text of the play, they may well have appeared in the original version, since Macklin habitually revised his plays after production.

Early in the first act, the King knights a messenger who brought favorable news from the army; — and the galleries, on the entrance of any subsequent messenger, constantly called out, "Knight him! knight him!" On one of the characters preparing to quit the stage, being asked whither he was going, he pompously answered; "I go but to return!" Then, while he was proceeding to the door, the Galleries cried out: "Well — you'll come again?" and during the whole play, when this personage reappeared, the Galleries exclaimed, "Oh! Here he is! Here he is!"

Mrs. Woffington (whose Christian name was well known to be Margaret) having the part of Perkin's wife to represent; after her husband's defeat by the royal army, in order to facilitate his escape, she changes clothes with him, and is taken by two of the king's soldiers; who, quarreling about the premium of 20,000£. for seizing the pretender, dead or alive, come to blows, and in the course of the conflict drive each other off the stage, leaving the prisoner unguarded: which a gallery critic observing, he called out: "Run away, Peg! Run away!" a piece of advice which raised a general laugh for several minutes; and Mrs. Woffington, who was a great giggler, was obliged to lean against the side scene, to support herself during the risible convulsion.

No one chose to hiss a loyal attempt during a rebellion: but on the second night the playhouse was abandoned, and the piece was presented to empty benches. It did not reach a third night; though the author's liberal biographer has given it six: gently allowing, however, that "the language was rather inelegant." [20]

Its failure chastened Macklin, and only once more did he attempt to write an original tragedy, though he did later adapt Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* and Ford's *The Lover's Melancholy.* Yet he evidently undertook his first play with enthusiasm. He longed to make a name for himself as a man of letters. He was increasingly concerned with politics and genuinely interested in the work of John Ford. Basically, however, he was incapable of appreciating the Stuart playwright's subtly-shaded psychological study. Perkin Warbeck, in Ford's play, is a complex and sympathetic victim of hallucination in whom pretence becomes actuality and assumed virtues real ones. His ambiguity,

comparable to that of Enrico IV in Pirandello's play, is totally lacking in Macklin's crude characterization. What real interest his play has centers on an altogether different character, the Earl of Huntley, whom Macklin himself played. Into this role of an outspoken and critical Scottish lord, given to tirades on freedom and majesty, Macklin threw his full energies. His commonplace book shows his continuing preoccupation with these themes, and he alludes at various times to plans for satirical plays on government. He considered as a subject a "School for Kings and Statesmen" with a Spanish play of a king and a miller as its basis. (He was perhaps thinking of Lope De Vega's *El Mejor Alcalde el Rey,* which Robert Dodsley had previously used as the basis for *The King and the Miller of Mansfield.*) [21] He played as well with the notion of using the sneering Thersites as a commentator. In Huntley, the role which Macklin himself played, he drew a similar portrait of a caustic interlocutor.

Though the initial begetter of his play is Ford, it is Ben Jonson who provided Macklin with his chief inspiration. He had much in common with the great Elizabethan. They were both men who had fought their way up in the world. Quarrelsome, rugged, courageous, they shared a temperament at once robustly extrovert and darkly cynical. Even in physique, roughhewn, they resembled one another. Clearly Macklin felt attuned to this dramatist above all others, and Jonson's satires of greed and gullibility inspired in him the desire to become the new Macilente. The satiric element gives *King Henry VII* what little distinction it has, and in the villainous portraits of the papal legates and the attacks on the court, it foreshadows the satire of his later comedy, *The Man of the World.*

Despite the failure of his first play, Macklin was far from discouraged. He continued to scribble notes on potentially useful characters. Certain projects obsessed him: the notion

of a comedy in Hell, another with a madhouse as its locale. Though he still performed regularly, playwriting increasingly absorbed his attention, and three months after the demise of *King Henry VII* he completed a second play, a two-act farce, *A Will and No Will.*[22] It was produced at Drury Lane on April 23, 1746, at his wife's benefit.

The date, with its Shakespearian associations, was an auspicious one, for the comedy marks a notable improvement over his first effort. Suggested by Jonson's *Volpone,* it is also modeled on Regnard's *Le Légataire Universel* (1708).[23] As part of his self-education, Macklin was learning French, and by this time he was perhaps able to read it in the original. In his adaptation, Sir Isaac Skinflint, an elderly valetudinarian, seeks to disinherit his nephew, Bellair, and marry his fiancee, Harriet Lovewealth. By impersonating a series of scheming relatives, Shark, his servant, dissuades him from appointing new heirs. Finally, by impersonating Sir Isaac himself, Shark manipulates a lawyer into drawing up a legally binding will which permits Bellair to marry Harriet and rewards Shark with a handsome legacy. Though following Regnard's comedy in outline, Macklin conspicuously elaborates Shark's role, invents a drunken scene, and, in a notable departure from the original, leaves Sir Isaac unreconciled in the last scene. The avoidance of a conventional happy ending is typical of his later work and perhaps not to be wondered at in an actor who made his career as Shylock. The conclusion is also in the spirit of its great Jonsonian model. While Macklin was instinctively attracted to the rogues and dupes of *The Alchemist* and *Epicoene,* he was still more irresistibly drawn to the savage impostors of *Volpone.*

While in its original production his farce enjoyed only two performances, Macklin later had the satisfaction of seeing it revived on a number of occasions. Though its prologue is

tedious, and its dialogue at times coarse and witless, the vigor of its action and the opportunities it affords to actors cannot be overlooked. Macklin himself played Sir Isaac, another in his gallery of tight-fisted old men. The rest of the cast is unknown, though Shark would have admirably suited the talents either of Foote or Theophilus Cibber, both of whom were then members of the company. Unless it was ineptly performed, it is difficult to account for the failure of this farce which, among his early plays, is by all odds the best.

Much as he longed for success as a dramatist, Macklin was forced to devote a great deal of his time to acting. In the absence of Garrick he appeared with even more frequency than usual, and even during the summer he could not devote himself wholly to authorship. With Mrs. Macklin he once again strolled the Kentish countryside, playing Peachum, Sir John Brute, the Mock Doctor, and Tom in *The Conscious Lovers*.[24] Mrs. Macklin was pressed into service as Portia, and Maria had the opportunity to show off her voice and figure by appearing in a breeches part in a dialogue of Colin and Phoebe.

When they returned to London in the fall of 1746, the theatrical balance of power had once again shifted. Fresh from Dublin, Garrick during June had appeared briefly at Covent Garden in a series of six performances. Though contemptuous of legitimate actors, Rich was impressed enough by his drawing power to engage him for the forthcoming season, and to support him he had assembled the strongest company ever to adorn his theatre. He had humored Quin into appearing with his archrival; in addition, Woodward, Ryan, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard had agreed to perform at Covent Garden during the coming season.

Mr. Lacy of Drury Lane, who had made belated overtures to Garrick, was understandably dismayed. It was more than

doubtful that the combined exertions of Macklin, Theophilus Cibber, Mrs. Clive, and Peg Woffington could prevail in this theatrical tug of war. But in October he added to his company a powerful new recruit. Rumors had reached him from Dublin of the talents of a young actor, Spranger Barry, who had achieved an extraordinary success, particularly as Othello. Lacy promptly engaged him. From the moment he set foot in London, his distinguished appearance and ingratiating manners attracted attention. As fellow Irishmen, he and Macklin struck up an immediate friendship.

He was to make his first appearance in the role which had already made him famous at Smock Alley. But despite his previous success in the part, Lacy was apprehensive. Even the great Garrick had floundered as the Moor of Venice. Theatregoers still remembered Quin's caustic observations on his performance: "There was a little black boy, like Pompey, attending with a tea-kettle, fretting and fuming about the stage, but I saw no Othello." [25] While Barry had been engaged as a potential rival to Garrick, in this part he was also challenging the supremacy of Quin who had a stubborn, proprietary interest in the role. It was necessary, therefore, to take every precaution to insure his success. For this reason Barry, despite his familiarity with the role, consented to receive instructions and suggestions from Macklin who was to play Iago.[26]

On October 4, 1746, he made the first of his many London appearances in the part. His pre-eminence was at once established. Quin offered him some ineffectual competition, but Garrick declined the challenge altogether. Barry's impressive physique, his silver-toned voice and air of noble melancholy ideally suited the role. To what extent he profited by Macklin's advice is speculative, but there is no doubt that Macklin benefited enormously by his performance. Over the years they often appeared together in this

play, frequently with Mrs. Macklin as Emilia, and Macklin's Iago, next to his Shylock, became the most effective of his Shakespearian roles.[27]

The triumph of Barry brought new life to the Drury Lane company and put Macklin in an unusually good humor. The success of Garrick's farce, *Miss in Her Teens,* did not sour his temper, nor did he resent his further success as Ranger in Dr. Benjamin Hoadly's much-applauded comedy, *The Suspicious Husband.* Its popularity precipitated a brisk paper war, however, among less generously-minded critics. Was its title justified? Could one condone its violations of the unities? Was the rope-ladder scene permissible? The controversy over these and other trifling questions Macklin satirized in his one-act farce, *The New Play Criticized, or, The Plague of Envy,* produced at Drury Lane on March 24, 1747.[28] He had been contemplating such a satire on critics. "It would be highly entertaining," he noted, "to give the ridiculous judgments of each." [29] His *jeu d'esprit,* first circulated among the Templars at the Grecian Coffee House, is little more than a skit, in which a group of theatrical dilettantes dissect the new play. In the manner of Molière's *Critique de l'École des Femmes,* Lady Critic, Canker, Grubwit, and others express various critical reactions. Heartly, the spokesman for Macklin, takes the liberal view in commending the "irregular genius" rather than the "regular blockhead." To Crank's complaint that the dialogue lacks the wit of Wycherley and Congreve and that the characters speak the language of life, he replies: "Yes, sir, and I know what their masters, Terence, Plautus, Molière, and our own Jonson have done: who thought themselves most excellent in their dialogue, when they could make their characters speak, not what was most witty, but what was most proper to time, place, character, and circumstance." Macklin here expresses a clear preference for the comedy of character

rather than the comedy of wit. The play further shows, rather surprisingly, that he was not embittered by his own experiences as a playwright and that he had resigned himself to the justice of the audience's verdicts.

His temporary good humor perhaps accounts for the renewal of his association with Garrick. At the conclusion of the 1746–47 season, Quin expressed his displeasure at Garrick's Covent Garden success by haughtily retiring to Bath. Garrick, wearied of Rich as a manager, was equally happy to leave. He had completed negotiations to become copatentee of Drury Lane with Lacy, and departed from Covent Garden, drawing most of the company with him. While this theatrical realignment was taking place, Macklin and his wife, with Luke and Isaac Sparks and others, played a short season at the White Swan at Norwich.[30] As the most experienced stroller among them, Macklin took full charge of their affairs. He firmly forbade entrance at less than full price at any time, provided the scenes and dresses, regulated the hours of performance, and centered the repertory around himself.

By the time they returned to London, the battle lines had been drawn. Hearing that Rich would have to rely solely on the talents of Foote and Theophilus Cibber, Quin, already wearied of the role of gentleman, had written condescendingly, "I am at Bath. Yours. Quin." The answer came back by the next post. "Stay there and be damned. Yours. Rich."

The 1747–48 season began with a Covent Garden company as undistinguished as the previous one had been brilliant. At Drury Lane, on the other hand, Garrick had assembled one of the strongest companies of the century, headed by Barry, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Clive. To strengthen it still further he also engaged Macklin and his wife. On September 15, he launched his career as a

manager, stepping onstage to recite Dr. Johnson's famous occasional prologue. It was followed by a performance of *The Merchant of Venice*, with Macklin in the title role. Garrick was no less anxious to conciliate Barry, and at subsequent performances audiences were treated to a succession of dazzling productions in which they divided the honors. During the same season Garrick inaugurated a notable series of Shakespearian revivals with the laudable, if not always realized, intention of returning to the original texts, stripped of improvements. Perhaps inspired by Sheridan's example, he also began to promote certain long-needed reforms. Under his vigorous administration actors found they could no longer slight rehearsals, and would-be visitors backstage found they were no longer welcome. Macklin had no quarrel with either of these measures, but he resented Garrick's refusal to pay actors during sickness and his reluctance to let them have the benefit of command performances. Furthermore, he doubted the wisdom of Garrick's determination to rid the stage of spectators, since this would sharply diminish the receipts of the actors on their benefit nights. He had no option, however, but to accede in these policies and to concur with his choice of repertory. Without protest he and his wife appeared in Fletcher's ribald comedy, *The Scornful Lady,* though both he and the audience disapproved of the play.[31] Superficially, his relation with the new patentee was amiable enough. They appeared together again in *The Beaux' Stratagem* and *The Recruiting Officer,* and for the first time in *The Foundling* and *Miss in her Teens.* Garrick was willing enough to make minor concessions to the older actor. *A Will and No Will* was revived during the actors' benefits, and at Mrs. Macklin's night, on April 28, 1748, Macklin's adaptation of Ford's *The Lover's Melancholy*[32] was produced with his original two-act farce, *The Fortune Hunters.*[33]

Over the years Macklin jotted down a number of observations on love's cure as a possible subject for a play. The theme of madness also recurrently attracted him, and occasionally he contemplated combining the two, as James Miller had done in *The Hospital for Fools*, a farce in which Macklin had earlier appeared. Pondering the dramatic propriety of curing young lovers' follies in a madhouse, he wrote: "No — that would not do — the objects of ridicule must be at home. The Father must be an object of strong Sense — a Physician or an Apothecary — able to talk sensibly — he turns his house into a madhouse and treats them as they should be treated — as patients." Sometimes he toyed with grotesque variants on this theme: two daughters and their mother, fallen into the hands of sharpers, "taken at Islington in their Post-Chaise — brought home — put in strait waistcoats." [34]

The theme of Ford's play was evidently to his taste, and by the spring of 1748 he had completed its revision. Originally announced for performance on April 22, the play was deferred for six days because of Barry's illness. In the interim Macklin composed two letters to *The General Advertiser* drawing attention to the play.[35] In the first he merely discussed Ford as an admirer of Shakespeare, but in the second he cited an early Stuart pamphlet, *Old Ben's Light Heart Made Heavy by John Ford's The Melancholy Lover*, hinting at the possibility that Ford's play had been purloined from Shakespeare's papers. (This suggestion Malone indignantly rejected as grossly erroneous, but there is no reason to believe, as he did, that Macklin fabricated the evidence.[36] He was not given to deceptions of this sort. While no known copy of the pamphlet survives, and it is not listed among Macklin's books, it may perhaps have been among those which he lost in a shipwreck. As Boswell pointed out, the quotations cited from the pamphlet seem genuine enough

and would have severely taxed Macklin's poetic powers.) [37]

In Ford's play Macklin found not only the theme of love's melancholy and its cure, but another opportunity to satirize court life. The delicate pathos of Ford and his elegiac lyricism had little appeal for him, however, and in his hands the text is roughly handled. Few would quarrel with his decision to eliminate the comic episodes, but to truncate Menaphon's description of Music's Duel (Act I) or Eroclea's lament ("Minutes are numbered by the fall of sands," Act IV, scene 3) is an altogether different matter. The Lear-like despair of Meleager at the loss of his daughter, Eroclea, is also drastically cut, as are the scenes of Prince Palador's melancholy. Instead, Macklin builds up the characters of Corax, the physician, and Rhetias, the court malcontent, almost certainly the role in which Macklin appeared. At all points he simplifies and coarsens Ford's text. Typical is the conclusion of the Masque of Melancholy. Corax, in the original version, brings the scene to a close as follows:

> Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens
> Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel,
> It runs a headlong course to desperate madness
> . . . . . .
> Panthers may hide their heads, not change the skin;
> And love pent ne'er so close, yet will be seen. (III, 3)

Macklin's alteration is characteristically flattened out to read:

> In vain we strive Love's passion to disguise
> While the weak heart holds commerce with the eyes
> Those tell-truth agents by one glance reveal
> What the whole man besides endeavors to conceal. (III, 3)

Few plays or playwrights could have been fundamentally more antipathetic to him. Temperamentally he could no more respond to the resigned melancholy of Meleager and the frustrations of Palador than he could to the hallucinations of

Perkin Warbeck. Curiously, he never alludes to Webster or Marston, though his library contained plays by both. One would suppose that their picture of decadent Italian courts and caustic malcontents would have appealed to him. Their plays were, however, unfamiliar in performance, and these were, perhaps, late acquisitions.

Of his afterpiece, *The Fortune Hunters*, little need be said. Dealing with the circle of young Irish bucks heiress-hunting in London, its action hinges on the entrapment of two young blades by two prostitutes. His treatment of "the biter bit" theme is tiresomely heavy-handed and the farce merits its total neglect.

At the close of the season, Macklin and his wife decided to break away from Drury Lane. During Easter time Thomas Sheridan had visited London to recruit for Smock Alley and had offered to engage them for eight hundred pounds each year for two seasons. In spite of Macklin's failures as a playwright, Sheridan offered him an additional sum for any new farces he might complete.[38] The proposition was irresistible. It offered him an escape from subservience to Garrick at Drury Lane. He relished the prospect of a return to his native Ireland, and besides, Dublin was known as a city that could do much for an actor. Many a performer supplemented his income by appearing there, and even Garrick found an occasional foray into Ireland highly lucrative. Furthermore, thanks to the reforms of Sheridan, Smock Alley boasted a genteel audience, a well-equipped stage, and a well-disciplined company.

With high expectations the Macklins undertook the journey north during the summer of 1748. The trip between the two capitals would scarcely have been undertaken for pleasure. At the Bedford, in Covent Garden, one mounted the coach for Chester, and after an overnight stop there, jolted on to Holyhead to embark for Dublin. Even to one toughened by

years of touring, the trip must have seemed disagreeable. The coaches were not hung on springs, inside places were expensive, and actors, more often than not, rattled and lurched on the outside seats, exposed alike to the inclemencies of the weather and the contempt of innkeepers. The trip from Holyhead was still worse. The seas were churned by seemingly perpetual gales. Sometimes only an open wherry was available for the crossing. Tate Wilkinson, in his lively *Memoirs,* recalls making such a passage, in a raging storm, with a drunken crew, twenty pigs, and a Methodist preacher sharing his misery. Cabin passengers were scarcely better off.[39] Often they were crammed into a black hold, with a cargo of agitated horses stubbornly determined to kick out the sides of the boat. After such a crossing, Ireland must have seemed like Elysium. But no sooner had travelers arrived at Dunleary than they were subjected to further ordeals. Packs of avaricious porters fought over the privilege of loading their luggage. Some climbed wearily into the dilapidated coaches that rumbled up to Dublin. Still others ventured the last four miles of their journey in light two-wheeled chaises that hurtled crazily over the rough roads.

The Dublin that swam into view, outlined against the hills, was a city in the process of transformation. Roughly one-sixth the size of London, it was dominated by the spires of St. Patrick's and Christ's Church and the dark mass of Dublin Castle. The discreet splendor of Tyrone House and the graceful Ionic columns of the newly completed parliament building prefigured the Palladian elegance to come, but the Dublin of 1747 was still, by and large, a city of squalor and violence. It contained some two thousand ale houses, three hundred taverns and twelve hundred brandy shops, but no good inns. The streets surrounding Trinity teemed with brothels, and by night gangs of brawling

ruffians roamed the streets, pinking their victims with the points of their swords.

Macklin and his wife in all probability took lodgings in Bolton Street, where he often stayed during his later visits. From there it was only a short walk down Capel Street across the Liffey to Essex quay and the narrow lane that gave the Smock Alley Theatre its name. Two years had passed since young Sheridan had undertaken its management, but in that time he had converted it from a "bear garden and brothel" into a well-disciplined theatre. Since he had banished women from the pit, the soberest citizens and gravest divines might venture there with perfect propriety. The rabble in the upper gallery had been displaced by liveried servants. Even the roistering young Irish bucks had been brought to heel, and as a result the audience was as polite as any in Europe. It was a theatre in which any London actor felt at home. Physically, it was much like the English theatres, except for the foyers behind the boxes; its repertory was English; many of the players were English; and the greater part of the spectators, with the exception of the Trinity students, were members of the entourage of the Lord Lieutenant. From the actor's point of view it could be truly said that Dublin was "another London."

Though elated by his prospects, Macklin was soon at odds with Sheridan. The manager was twenty years his junior, with an easy manner that masked an iron will. Like Macklin he had strong views on such matters as elocution and stage deportment. Worse still, he occasionally presumed to play Shylock. It was inevitable that the two would clash, but Sheridan had tried to minimize the friction by dividing the repertory, with Macklin assuming the chief comic roles while he undertook the more serious ones. For a period of time, at least, this division of the spoils satisfied them. On October 11 Macklin made his debut in *The Mer-*

chant of Venice, and during the next few months he played staple repertory parts such as Sir John Brute, Fondlewife, Ben, Brass, Sir Francis Wronghead, and a variety of roles in the farcical afterpieces.[40] Mrs. Macklin was kept no less busy, and by spring they had played literally dozens of roles. Not infrequently Sheridan and Macklin appeared together, in *Hamlet, Othello,* and *The Conscious Lovers,* among others, but Macklin increasingly resented Sheridan's ambitious Shakespearian repertory — *Richard III, Coriolanus, Henry IV,* and *Macbeth* — feeling that it belittled his own importance. By the spring of 1749 the tension between the two men had become marked.

When the new season began, in September, Macklin's sense of injured merit had become obsessive. He had taken to measuring their names in the playbills to insure his equal billing.[41] When the two actors appeared together, they relentlessly upstaged each other. Without a doubt Sheridan was bitterly regretting his generous offer to Macklin. His hand had been greatly strengthened, however, by the addition to the company of Theophilus Cibber and Henry Mossop, the rising young tragedian. Their engagement greatly displeased Macklin. He was irked by Sheridan's willingness to play secondary roles in support of Mossop, deferential concessions which he felt he had never been accorded. He was still more irritated by the engagement of Cibber who, with a repertory so like his own, was a perpetual reminder of the fact that his services were not essential to the company. Until March he suppressed his resentment, but then he could contain himself no longer. Constant changes of bill and reshuffled casts give some notion of the upheavals that took place backstage at this time. On the fifth of that month Macklin at his own benefit played Don Manuel in Cibber's *She Would and She Would Not* and Shark in his own *Will and No Will.* Three days later, as Face in *The Alchemist,*

he appeared at Smock Alley for the last time under Sheridan's management. A performance of *The Merchant of Venice* was cancelled, likewise a benefit performance of *Twelfth Night* for Mrs. Macklin, which Macklin had casually announced from the stage without sanction from the manager. Sheridan had had enough, and by mid-March the actor and his wife were curtly dismissed without salary.

For a month Macklin stayed on in Dublin, trying to collect his wages. He suffered the discomfiture of seeing Theophilus Cibber assume his roles and, for good measure, one of Mrs. Macklin's as well — Diana Trapes in *The Beggar's Opera.* This was perhaps the ultimate indignity, and on April 23 Macklin finally brought action against Sheridan. It was a date which he evidently felt was a lucky one. Citing Barry and Mrs. Bellamy as similar victims of managerial malfeasance, he demanded payment of his arrears in salary. The outcome of his case is dryly and unjustly summarized among his notes:

> Mr. Sheridan brought over Mr. and Mrs. Macklin from London, and discharged them in the middle of a season, without giving them any notice, or without assigning any cause; and at the same time refused to pay Mr. Macklin the money that was due him, which was 800£ according to an agreement. Mr. Macklin filed a Bill in Chancery against him, on which Mr. Sheridan paid 300£ into court, and Mr. Macklin took that sum rather than be detained unemployed in Ireland, or wait the event of a Chancery suit.[42]

One can imagine Sheridan's relief when the disgruntled actor finally departed from Ireland. He was in no hurry to return to London, however, as the theatrical season there was nearly over. He decided instead to remain at Chester.[43] Joined by Sparks, Palmer, and others from Drury Lane, he and his wife and daughter assembled a theatrical company which during the summer months performed at the tennis-court theatre there.

On returning to London, he found the theatrical balance of power had once again shifted. The brilliant company with which Garrick had launched his managerial career was largely dispersed. Woodward, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Clive remained faithful to him, but Barry and Mrs. Cibber had deserted to Covent Garden. Quin, who had been wooed by Garrick, had been won by Rich with the unprecedented offer of a thousand pounds for the season, a salary which more than compensated for his insulting communication the year before. To bolster his company still further, Rich promptly engaged the Macklins on their return. In the face of such opposition, any manager but Garrick would have been ruined.

The skirmishing between the two patent houses began on September 8 when Garrick defiantly opened his season with Yates as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. This calculated affront to Macklin inaugurated a season of intense rivalry that culminated in the simultaneous productions of *Romeo and Juliet*. At Drury Lane, Garrick played Romeo, with Woodward, the famous Harlequin, as Mercutio, and Mrs. Bellamy as Juliet. At Covent Garden, Barry and Mrs. Cibber played the youthful lovers, with Macklin and his wife as Mercutio and the nurse. Torn by the difficulty of choosing between the graceful interpretation of Barry and the more fiery one of Garrick, some playgoers resolved the dilemma by going to Covent Garden for the first three acts and Drury Lane for the two concluding ones. For twelve nights rival Romeos wooed both Juliet and the audience till weary playgoers sputtered, "A pox on both your houses!" Though Garrick's Romeo outlived Barry's by one night during the initial run, the audience's verdict was perhaps summed up in the remark of the young lady who observed that if she were playing the balcony scene she would wish Garrick to climb up to her, but if she were playing it with Barry she would leap

down to join him. Needless to say, the contest between Macklin and Woodward attracted far less attention. While the former considered Mercutio one of his favorite parts, he can scarcely have rivaled the mercurial lightness of Woodward, though Francis Gentleman notes that he was well received in the role and "preserved the author's sense." [44]

Hardly less notable a theatrical event during this same season was a performance which excited intense interest for altogether different reasons. Since his return to London, Macklin had been instructing the Delavals in acting. As a family they shared a passion for amateur theatricals, and so eager were they to display their talents publicly that in the winter of 1751, for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, they persuaded Garrick to relinquish Drury Lane to them for one evening. The vogue for theatricals was widespread. The Prince and Princess of Wales had succumbed to it, and under the tutelage of Quin had given performances at Leicester House. Announcement of the Delavals' intention to perform *Othello* keenly excited London society, and so great was the curiosity to see them that on March 7, the day of the performance, the House of Commons adjourned at three o'clock. By six the invitation audience had packed the theatre. The Prince and Princess were in attendance with their children, and so great was the crush that stars and ribbons adorned even the upper gallery. Without question the majority of spectators were far more curious to see the performers than the performance.

Francis Blake Delaval, playing Othello, was widely known in London society. Not long before he had married the elderly and unattractive heiress, Lady Nassau Pawlet. Foote, who had manipulated the match with Machiavellian finesse, had been rewarded, so it was whispered, with twelve thousand pounds of her dowry. Appearing as Desdemona and Emilia were Deodata and Elizabeth Roach, illegitimate

daughters of an East India Company governor, whose inheritance had been the subject of sensational litigation.[45] Elizabeth was still more notorious as the mistress of Frank Delaval. Under the circumstances, a *succès de scandale* was assured. But the audience, to its surprise, found the performance itself of some interest.[46] Though Garrick and Foote commiserated backstage — "Alas, poor Shakespeare!" — nonprofessional spectators were inclined to be more indulgent. "They really acted so well," Walpole characteristically observed, "that it is astonishing they should not have had sense enough not to act at all."[47] Sir Francis was well received in the title role, particularly in the more affecting passages. His younger brother, John, as Iago scored a great success, and even Master Delaval was warmly applauded as Cassio. Nothing is known of Deodata's or Elizabeth's performance, but since the latter subsequently embarked on a professional stage career, she was presumably not without talent. The others happily retained their amateur status, and though several years later they performed Rowe's *The Fair Penitent* at Frank Delaval's private theatre in James Street, these pupils of Macklin never again acted in public.

The years 1750–1752 were for Macklin and his wife comparatively settled ones. She was achieving a reputation for herself as Mistress Quickly, and as the sharp-tongued hostess of the Boar's Head she cajoled, berated, and lamented the Sir John Falstaff of Quin. Her husband often played Iago to Barry's Othello and in *Hamlet* was promoted from the First Gravedigger to Polonius. At every opportunity he continued to write, and for his benefit on April 8, 1752, he completed a new two-act afterpiece, *Covent Garden Theatre, or, Pasquin turned Drawcansir.*[48]

In many ways this resembles *The New Play Criticized.* In both, a cross section of the audience gather to discuss a

play. In both, the plot is virtually nonexistent. Like Fielding's *Pasquin*, it satirizes both the contemporary theatre and London life. Though the play has been construed as a satiric attack on Fielding, Macklin, on the contrary, shows considerable admiration for him. Certain passages on gambling, in particular, so strongly resemble sections of Fielding's own *Enquiry on the Late Increase of Robbers* as to suggest that Fielding had a hand in its writing.[49] Without question Macklin strongly sympathized not only with Pasquin's (Fielding's) avowed intent to lash vice but also with his refusal to indulge the public with vulgar amusements.

The failure of this loosely-constructed, witless piece perhaps contributed to Macklin's decision to quit the stage. His ventures as a dramatist had hardly been gratifying. His acting roles had narrowed down to some dozen or so which formed the core of his repertory. He had alienated Garrick and Sheridan and could not depend on Rich's continuing support. Restless and discontented as he was, he was bound by certain family obligations. At some time in the late 1740's or early 1750's he had become the father of a son.[50] His wife's health was frail, and while Maria was rapidly growing up, she was not yet independent.

Since her first trembling appearance as Tom Thumb she had been marked for the stage. From the Duke of York in *Richard III* and Arthur in *King John* she was finally graduating to adult roles. Anxious to further her career in every way, Macklin had given her every educational advantage. He had had her instructed "in all those branches of polite education that entitle a woman to the first circles of life; at a very early age she could speak French fluently, for which she took a trip to the Continent. He next had her instructed in Italian, nor was she less deficient in music, drawing, and a perfect knowledge of the *belles lettres*, so that at the age of eighteen, Miss Macklin was said to be one

of the most accomplished women in England." [51] All in all her father had spent, Cooke estimates, some twelve hundred pounds on her education. On April 10, 1751, she made her first appearance "as a woman," playing Athenais in Lee's *Theodosius*. In October of the same year she appeared as Jane Shore, though she was eclipsed on this occasion by Mrs. Cibber who, in the role of Alicia, rose to inspired heights. The following year Maria played still another of Rowe's long-suffering heroines, Calista, and also Lady Townley in *The Provoked Husband*. In all of these she created a favorable but not enthusiastic impression. Detached in manner, her "coldness of disposition" was frequently remarked upon. But in Foote's farce, *An Englishman in Paris*, first played at Covent Garden on March 24, 1753, she at last had an opportunity to display those talents which her father had cultivated at such expense. As Lucinda, she captivated her audience. "I am just come from Mr. Foote's farce," wrote John Delaval to his brother, Frank. "Miss Macklin danced a minuet, played on a 'pandola,' and accompanied it with an Italian song, all of which she performed with much elegance." [52] The dancing and music-master scenes had been devised specifically to show off her gifts. Her father was less happily cast, to judge from Foote's disgruntled comments.

> The Englishman in Paris has been better received than I expected. Garrick and all the deliciae of the theatre say kinder things of it than modesty will permit me to repeat. Upon the whole it was damnably acted, Macklin miserably imperfect in the words and in the character. You might have seen what I meant. An English buck by the power of dullness, instantaneously transformed into an Irish chairman.[53]

It was Maria's success, however, that mattered. With his daughter successfully launched on her stage career, Macklin felt free to concentrate on other projects.

He had long entertained the idea of founding a school of

oratory. The notion of turning tavern-keeper also appealed to him. The success of the Bedford and the Shakespeare in attracting theatrical amateurs suggested to him a combination of these projects. By the end of the 1752–53 season at Covent Garden he had accumulated sufficient savings to launch such a venture, and by September he had begun to make definite plans. Much to his satisfaction, Maria was engaged to appear at Drury Lane, and Garrick, in remembrance of their former friendship, hearing of Macklin's projects, offered him a farewell benefit. If the gesture was not entirely disinterested — the wits insisted it was to insure his retirement — it was at least a courteous one, and on December 20, 1753, Macklin appeared at Drury Lane as Sir Gilbert Wrangle in *The Refusal*, with his wife as Lady Wrangle and Maria as Charlotte. At its conclusion he recited an epilogue which Garrick had composed for the occasion. Then, commending his daughter to the audience, he made a low bow and retired from the stage.

VI

MACKLIN, ORATOR

On hearing of Macklin's decision to quit the stage and turn tavern-keeper, Foote blithely predicted, "First he will break in business, then he will break his word." [1] Macklin, for his part, was equally sure of success. He prided himself on his business sense and knowledge of law, oratories were in vogue, and most eighteenth-century men, like himself, preferred the bustle of the tavern to the quiet of the hearth. He was not the first actor to entertain such an idea. Richard Estcourt, earlier in the century, had conceived a similar notion and founded in Covent Garden the first Beefsteak Club, later triumphantly resurrected in John Rich's Sublime Society of Beefsteaks.

Brimming with confidence, in September 1753 Macklin leased from the Duke of Bedford, for twenty-one years, at forty-five pounds per year, the chambers under the North Piazza formerly occupied by Lord Mornington.[2] There in the rooms where the London demimonde had gamed till dawn he proposed to fit up "a Magnificent Coffee-Room & a School of Oratory . . . the great desideratum of our Country." [3] He contracted with John Tinkler, the builder, for lavish improvements, and with Thomas Cook and Benjamin Phillips as cosigners, was granted a recognizance as tavern-keeper.[4] Hoping to draw away a large part of the clientele

from the nearby Bedford, he threw his full energies into the project. For six months carpenters, plasterers, and masons labored in the "temple of luxury under the Piazza," as Fielding called it. Even the soaring costs did not lessen his enthusiasm. He optimistically leased further space extending north to Hart Street. He was undismayed when the original estimate leapt to over twelve hundred pounds. By the end of March 1754, the great rooms facing the Piazza had been completed and he proudly advertised: "The whole is judged by all who have seen it to be much the most compleat design and the apartments the most elegantly fitted up of any place of public entertainment in Europe." [5]

He was determined to cater to "the choice spirits of the age." Not for him the shopkeepers and tradesmen who, for sixpence, at the more modest ordinaries could bring in their steaks or chops, have them dressed and cooked, and wash them down with a pint of porter. He made it clear from the beginning that nothing under silver would be taken, though he grudgingly consented to accept six pennyworth of halfpence as legal tender. He had retired from the stage but he was still an actor, and in the great room fifty feet long by twenty-five, he had a fitting stage. Promptly at four the ritual of dinner began.[6] At the stroke of the hour a bell sounded. Ten minutes later the outer doors were shut and the guests seated themselves. Then the great actor, in formal dress, would bring in the first dish, place it on the table, bow deeply, and retire to the sideboard where he presided during the rest of the meal, attending to his guests. His years of playing tapsters and servingmen had not been wasted, and he had trained his waiters fastidiously. He had forbidden them to utter a single word except to answer a guest, and directed them by a system of signals imitated, he declared, from those invented by the Duke of York for use in the fleet. At the conclusion of the meal he would

once again bow to the company before leaving them to their port and brandy.

At the beginning, the novelty of so "elegant an undertaking" and Macklin's appearance in a new role drew the wits and Templars in gratifying numbers. But Macklin soon found out how illusory such patronage could be. As Charlotte Charke discovered during her equally short-lived career as a tavern-keeper, a roaring trade at the outset was no guarantee of future patronage.[7] His clientele made ruinous inroads into the beef and veal that he liberally supplied to stimulate business. It was difficult to refuse credit to temporarily embarrassed members of his former profession. Still worse, he discovered that playing Scrub and Francis had not prepared him for the sharp practises of cooks and waiters. Small wonder that before long the wits were openly jesting that as from the fleet his system of signals had been taken, so to the Fleet both master and signals were likely soon to return.

Undaunted, Macklin proceeded with his plans for that great desideratum, "The British Inquisition." Had he taken a hint from Riccoboni who in his *Account of the Theatres in Europe* (1741) lamented that no schools of declamation had yet been established? "Should an old Orator fill a public Chair and teach the Art of *Declamation,*" Riccoboni had written, "he would be as useful to Society as most of the fine Establishments that are in great Cities." [8] Since he had made this observation a number of debating societies had sprung up in London. For eight years some forty to sixty members of the free-thinking Robin Hood Society had been meeting on Mondays, in Essex Street, and on payment of sixpence debated an assigned topic.[9] Under the chairmanship of Caleb Jeacocke, a wealthy baker known as "The Master of the Rolls," they were permitted to speak for five minutes each. Law students of the

Inner Temple found it almost as beneficial as a mock court. Samuel Foote relished the opportunity it afforded him for witty license, and Francis Gentleman, Edmund Burke,[10] and Macklin, among others, welcomed the chance to air their opinions in the uninhibited discussions.

Even earlier the eccentric John Henley had begun presiding at Sunday and Wednesday evening sermons and debates. Dressed in full canonicals, he would ascend to his pulpit from a trap door to thunder a sermon on the Witch of Endor or the Mysteries of the Circumcision. Afterwards he led debates on such curious topics as "Whether brute animals have religion?" and "Whether Scotland be anywhere in the world?" Occasionally he flavored his addresses with extemporary recitations. During an Apology for Madness he burst into one of Lear's most impassioned diatribes. Even such arcane problems as "The right hand of God — *where that is*" were likely to be enlivened by sudden interpolations. For years his flair for the dramatic, his curious learning, and his quickness of wit had drawn audiences to his chambers at Lincoln's Inn Fields, despite the protests of the outraged clergy.

Other debating societies, under more sober auspices, also flourished in London. There were tabernacles and conventicles where would-be Wesleys and groaning enthusiasts could test their powers of oratory. Aspiring actors had no such useful proving ground, however, for only later did the "spouting societies" spring up. Macklin's school of oratory was in part designed to fill this need.

Through the spring and summer of 1754 John Tinkler, his contractor, altered and improved. Additional expenses of seven hundred pounds left Macklin unperturbed. By November the rooms over his coffeehouse had been made ready.

At Macklin's Great Room in Hart Street, Covent Garden, this Day, being the 22d of this instant November, will be opened

THE BRITISH INQUISITION

This Institution is upon the plan of the ancient Greek, Roman, and Modern French and Italian Societies of liberal investigation. Such subjects in Arts, Sciences, Literature, Criticism, Philosophy, History, Politics, and Morality, as shall be found useful and entertaining to society, will there be lectured upon and freely debated; particularly Mr. Macklin intends to lecture upon the Comedy of the Ancients, the use of their masks and flutes, their mimes and pantomimes, and the use and abuse of the Stage. He will likewise lecture upon the rise and progress of the modern Theatres, and make a comparison between them and those of Greece and Rome, and between each other; and he purposes to lecture also upon each of Shakespeare's Plays; to consider the original stories from whence they are taken; the artificial or inartificial use, according to the laws of the drama, that Shakespeare has made of them; his fable, moral character, passions, manners will likewise be criticized, and how his capital characters have been acted heretofore, are acted, and ought to be acted. And as the design of this inquiry is to endeavour at an acquisition of truth in matters of taste, particularly theatrical, the lecture being ended, any gentleman may offer his thoughts upon the subject.

The doors will be open at 5, and the lecture begin precisely at 7 o'clock, every Monday and Friday evening.

Ladies will be admitted, price one shilling each person.

The first lecture will be on Hamlet.

N.B. The questions to be debated after the lecture, will be whether the people of Great Britain have profited by their intercourse with or their Imitation of the French nation.

There is a public ordinary every day at four o'clock, price three shillings. Each person to drink port, claret, or whatever liquor he shall choose.

N.B. This evening the public Subscription Cardroom will be opened. Subscriptions taken in by Mr. Macklin.[11]

One can see why such a project appealed to him. It would draw further customers to his coffeehouse. It would give him a stage and a chance to pontificate. But there were other motivations as well. He was by nature a pedagogue and genuinely eager to teach. He was no less genuinely devoted to learning, and was passionately determined to better

himself. The British Inquisition gave him such an opportunity.

However confident in manner, he was aware of the deficiencies of his education. Nor were those who attended The British Inquisition slow to point out his inadequacies. They were quick to spread the story that until the age of twenty he had been illiterate. They jeered at his knowledge of the Greek and Latin stage as wholly derived from Dennis and Dryden.[12] His presumption in proposing a course of lectures on Shakespeare was singled out for particular attack. Since the notes for these lectures were subsequently lost in a shipwreck, it is impossible to judge their quality. The actor's habitual close attention to textual interpretation suggests, however, that they were carefully conceived. In any event, the critics failed to appreciate the originality of this first public series of lectures on Shakespeare, anticipating by some years those of William Kenrick. The anonymous author of *An Epistle from Tully in the Shades* visualizes the Bard hearing of them and running mad through the groves of Elysium. Another pamphleteer, writing in Macklin's person, ironically lauds his critical perceptions:

> The praises you heap on me for my criticism of Shakespeare cover me with confusion; tho' to be sure, I did hit it off there — Yes, I think I did hit it off there. But enough of that. — If Billy and you are acquainted, make my compliments to him and tell him that besides me he has a good friend, as a Commentator, in Dr. W—r—b—r—t—n. And as for Aristotle's hanging his head for shame at being thought a Critic, since I have chosen that study; why there's nothing in it: I cannot say I know the Gentleman; but I say again, there's nothing in't: for tho' Fate has ordained me to be what I am, yet I have heard he is very great in his way.[13]

For the first two weeks of The British Inquisition, Macklin devoted himself to lectures on the theatre and on oratory. He demonstrated the appropriate "looks, tones,

gestures and attitudes of the pulpit, the bar, the senate and the stage." He further illustrated the art of public speaking with selections from *Paradise Lost*, some of which he recited "in the manner of the Antediluvian and primitive Christian orators." Other lectures followed on such subjects as a recent production of *Coriolanus* and the uses and abuses of the stage. But before long he had pitched them on a less exalted plane and was discussing "the ingenious nation of the Pygmies" and the kidnapping of Elizabeth Canning.[14] The subjects for the debates which followed his lectures fall into much the same pattern. From the consideration of such topics as whether the arts and sciences make men virtuous or vicious, the justifiability of Cato's suicide, and the extent to which art should follow nature, the discussions declined to a more homely level. Was love or interest the more laudable excitement to matrimony? Should a superior or an inferior be the first to doff his hat to the other in a public place? Would a third bridge be of advantage to Londoners? In particular he tried to draw out the female orators in the audience by dangling before them such topics as "whether Women are not better qualified by nature for eloquence and politics than Men, and whether they ought not to have a liberal education." [15]

At the beginning, his project took the public's fancy, and at Christmas, Horace Walpole was writing, "The new madness is Oratories." [16] Quick to take advantage of the vogue, Samuel Foote launched a rival oratory at the Haymarket. He had been amusing friends with imitations of members of the Robin Hood Society and had been in frequent attendance at Macklin's lectures. While his unpredictable behaviour and impudent wit undeniably drew customers, his presence was a source of dread to the older actor. At the height of his peroration he would suddenly become aware of his former pupil chattering away unconcernedly in a corner of the

room. On one occasion, unable to tolerate the distraction, he sneeringly asked, "Pray, young gentleman, do you know what I am going to say?" "No, sir," the irrepressible Foote replied. "Do you?" [17] On still another occasion, while he was developing a carefully prepared lecture on the subject of duelling in Ireland, he was interrupted by a cry of "Order!" Granted recognition, Foote calmly asked the time. "Nine-thirty," was Macklin's astonished answer. "Very well," said Foote. "About this time of night every gentleman in Ireland that can possibly afford it is in his third bottle of claret, and therefore in a fair way of getting drunk; and from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling duelling, and so there is an end of the chapter." [18]

Worst of all was the time when Macklin, during a lecture on memory, offered to demonstrate his powers by mastering at a glance any proferred passage. In a flash Foote had scribbled on a piece of paper the inspired jabberwocky:

So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. "What! No soap?" So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picaninnies and the Joblilies and the Garcelies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.[19]

Foote was not a man to waste his wit, however, and once familiar with the operations of The British Inquisition he turned it to his own advantage. On the stage of the Haymarket he ridiculed Macklin examining a student in the classics or lecturing on the learning of the Ancients.

I shall here, Gentlemen, take an opportunity to explain to you the Meaning of the word — Learning — Learning as I take it to be, is that Knowledge, that Instruction, that sort of Science which the more ignorant Individual imbibes from the more knowing one: now whether the Ancients excelled the Moderns in the Point, or not, is what lays on

me to clear. By the bye, I must here remark that the world has all along called themselves Moderns, and the people who went before them, Ancients; now, Gentlemen, (if I am wrong, I hope some ingenious Gentleman will correct me; I hope, he will; nay, I am sure somebody will: for give me leave to say, I always look on your disapprobation of what I advance as a Great Honour) now, Gentlemen, I say, it is my Opinion, and *I do insist on it,* that as the world is now older by 1600 years than it was in the time of Augustus and the 6th Harry that *we* ought to be termed the *Ancients.*[20]

With pitiless mockery he burlesqued the pompous circumlocutions and egotistical conversation of the old actor. On one occasion Macklin stole inconspicuously into the Haymarket just in time to hear Foote drawl: "When a Royal Personage, who shall be nameless (but who doesn't live a hundred miles from Buckingham House), witnessed my performance of The Jew, he sent for me to his box, and remarked, 'Sir, if I were not the Prince — ha — hum — you understand? — I should wish to be Mr. Macklin!' Upon which I answered, 'Royal Sir, being Mr. Macklin, I do not desire to be the ——.' " He was interrupted with a cry of "No! I'll be damned if I did!" and Macklin stormed out of the theatre.[21]

The well-publicized feud drew crowds to the Haymarket rather than The British Inquisition. Faced with diminishing audiences, Macklin began vilifying his opponent. The British Inquisition was asked to sit in judgment upon the rival orator on the charge that he had once stolen a portmanteau. Foote reciprocated by proposing that Shylock Billingsgate should also debate 1) "Whether being born in a Garret or a Cellar is most likely to make a man a Genius?" 2) "Whether Impudence and Ignorance are better Qualifications for an Orator than Genius and Learning?" And 3) in an allusion to the unsavory reputation of the Piazza: "Whether an Academy for Moral Lectures carried on in one end of a House is more likely to make converts than

one for Fornication in the other?" [22] To his gallery of imitations he added the portraits of two more orators — Dr. Rock, the quack, and Tiddy-Doll, a gingerbread merchant — disputing precedency with Macklin.[23] Before long, Foote's rival was reduced to imitating birdcalls, in the vain hope of attracting an audience. The newspapers hint that he was having still more problems. "Mr. Macklin humbly desires that those Gentlemen who shall call for anything in the Coffee House will pay for it at the Bar and not the Waiters." [24] His decision to debate the extension of bankrupt laws to all ranks of men is no less morosely suggestive.

Throughout the Christmas season the rival orators continued to belabor each other, but by January the feud had sputtered out. The public had wearied of the portmanteau. Foote had lined his pockets. Macklin had emptied his. By the middle of the month The British Inquisition had been suspended, and on January 25, 1755, the actor pleaded bankruptcy.

Foote, not only the prophet but, to some extent, the engineer of his bankruptcy, felt no more concern than before. Shylock had learned his lesson, and it was unlikely, after all, that he would have to go to the Fleet. During his brief career as a tavern-keeper and orator his wife and daughter had continued to appear at Drury Lane. Maria's neat figure and pleasant voice had made an agreeable impression upon audiences, and Garrick, whatever his feelings towards her father, had treated her generously. Even Macklin was not unduly perturbed and harbored no real ill will towards Foote. It was an age of invective, and more than one playgoer suspected the feud was a publicity device. An account of their meeting in Covent Garden, shortly afterwards, confirms this suspicion. Running into each other by chance, Macklin and Foote at once began insulting and abusing each other. Appalled by the torrent of invective,

friends and passersby hurriedly took cover. But suddenly the storm was over, as quickly as it had begun. Thoroughly refreshed, the two orators went off, arm in arm, to share a bird and a bottle at a neighboring tavern.[25] One imagines that Macklin had resigned himself to the truth of Foote's prophecy. Actors' retirements are, after all, notoriously subject to change. Thirteen months earlier he had left the stage forever. He was later to return to it for thirty-five years more.

VII

ON STAGE AGAIN

For the eighteenth-century actor the Dublin theatres were scarcely less important than Drury Lane or Covent Garden. Ireland was, after all, the cradle of England's leading writers of comedy and the nursery of many of her chief actors — Peg Woffington, James Quin, Henry Mossop, and Spranger Barry, to name but a few. Since Thomas Sheridan had gained control of the Aungier Street and Smock Alley theatres a calm had prevailed in the Dublin theatre world, and for ten years he had reigned supreme, enjoying his comfortable monopoly, until disquieting rumors began to circulate. Spranger Barry, his erstwhile protégé, had soon wearied of supporting David Garrick at Drury Lane. Enlisting at Covent Garden as his rival, after six years he had wearied of this role as well. Like so many other eighteenth-century actors, inspired by Garrick's success, he felt the urge to become a manager. London, with its patent system and Licensing Act, made it difficult to gratify this ambition, but in Ireland these restrictions did not apply, and before long Barry was turning a speculative eye towards his native Dublin. That his fellow Irishman should have encouraged him in this project is natural enough. The failure of The British Inquisition had left Macklin at loose ends. He had no obligations to John Rich and little to hope for from Garrick.

He had quarreled bitterly with Sheridan and had nothing to lose by associating himself with Barry. His earlier Irish adventure, while it had brought him neither the financial rewards nor the artistic recognition he hoped for, had not lessened his hopes of conquering Dublin. Besides, he relished the rough and tumble of theatrical warfare, and in Barry's proposal to launch a rival theatre he found an outlet for his energy and an opportunity to indulge in the intrigue and stratagem he so enjoyed.

Early in 1757 he and Barry had begun negotiations with the proprietors of the Music Hall in Crow Street, Dublin, to purchase their building and on the site erect a new theatre, by subscription.[1] There were, of course, major financial obstacles to overcome. Macklin, bankrupt, could make no contribution, though perhaps he had salvaged something when Thomas Lawrence took over his coffeehouse to operate it under the name of the Covent Garden Coffee House. He was not acting. Presumably he had resumed teaching, for three times a week, from ten until twelve, he interviewed young, would-be actors.[2] Fortunately for him, his wife and daughter continued to perform regularly at Drury Lane. Mrs. Macklin had established herself as the best Mistress Quickly of her generation. Maria made a piquante Polly in *The Beggar's Opera* and often appeared opposite Garrick — notably as Ophelia to his Hamlet and as Violante to his Don Felix in Mrs. Centlivre's *The Wonder*. Like her mother, she was evidently thrifty and had learned to stretch a farthing. For all that, Macklin was hardly in a position to invest in a new enterprise. Nor was Barry inclined to plunge, provided that he could find others to do so. Wonderfully persuasive, "He could wheedle a bird from a tree and squeeze it to death in his hands."[3] By May 1757 he had rounded up enough subscribers to take a lease on the Music Hall and its contiguous grounds for one hundred and seventy-

eight pounds a year.[4] Before long a cornerstone had been laid and preparations for the new theatre were rapidly going forward.

The consternation of Thomas Sheridan at this turn of events may be readily imagined. Since 1745 he had exercised full control over the Dublin theatre and he felt no inclination to surrender meekly. Determined to prevent the erection of the new theatre, Sheridan, through his agent, Benjamin Victor, at once offered Barry a partnership in Smock Alley. But the urge to manage had become too strong, and he rejected the proposal outright. A second offer to make him sole manager of the united Smock Alley and Aungier Street theatres he found no more attractive. *Aut Caesar aut nullus.* Sheridan and Victor then tried to arouse public sympathy in their behalf. A stream of pamphlets began to flow from Sheridan's pen, protesting the violation of his privileges and recalling his services to the Dublin stage.[5] He drew up a parliamentary petition urging strict limitations on the number of playhouses. He threatened and cajoled, still hopeful of dissuading Barry. But it was Macklin, he clearly felt, who was the real instigator of this outrage. "One of the worst of Men, but of great Plausibility, was the chief instrument in the Plot. The Manager, wholly attentive to his own Business, knew little of what passed in the World; or had he attempted to look abroad, there were some Iagos about him who would have sealed his Eyes up close as oak." [6] He made other references to him, no more oblique: "The very man whose Counsels have chiefly sway'd him in this Affair, whom he has taken by the Hand and brought over to this Kingdom as his Mentor, once laid a plot to undermine his Master, and to get the Theatre out of his Hands, though he was under the highest Obligations to him, it is said, even for the Preservation of his Life." [7]

It was the sort of contention that Macklin enjoyed, and

the recollection of his earlier quarrel with Sheridan gave further zest to the rivalry. In answer to Sheridan's plea for a monopoly, he was quick to point out that the theatre in Smock Alley had itself been built in opposition to the theatre in Aungier Street and that the same arguments which Sheridan was now using had formerly been used against him.[8] On the basis of his own experiences he outlined the pernicious effects of a monopoly. He further took advantage of the occasion to pay off old scores.

> Because he [Sheridan] gives the public to understand, in his daily conversations, that he is the greatest Actor that has been for ages: — that he is the greatest Orator, Politician, Theologist, Grammarian, Rhetorician — that he has revived the long lost art of Eloquence; and that he will teach it to the Lords and Commons, and make them as great Orators as himself. Upon these pretensions he founds his claim to a Theatrical Monopoly! . . . Poor Sherry has been acting mad, haranguing mad, teaching mad, reading mad, managing mad, and he is now monopoly mad! If any gentleman or lady has any doubt about his insanity, let a subject be started, and let him be drawn into conversation, and then it will only remain to be observed, how he will harangue like a madman. Let any person but observe his confidence, his sophistry, his haughtiness, his peremptoriness, and his utter inattention to what others advance in argument, and, I think, they will conclude that he will die in a mad house![9]

For all his deplorable tactics, Macklin clearly had the best of the argument. Poor Sherry's pamphlets neither inflamed public opinion nor instigated parliamentary action, and he had no alternative but to contemplate, with sullen resignation, the erection of a rival theatre scarcely a stone's throw from his own. During the summer of 1758 Macklin and Barry came over to supervise its construction and during their periodic inspections, so Cooke states, Macklin seized the opportunity to make use of his lectures on theatre history. On each visit to the site he regaled the workmen with a flow of observations on Greek and Roman masks and scenery and architectural features of the classical theatre

until, at length, a laborer remonstrated with him, pointing out that they were building "an Irish, not a Greek theatre." [10] Angered, from that time on Macklin refused to revisit it.

In all likelihood his visit to Ireland was a short one. His letters indicate that he was in London in March 1758 and had returned by autumn. According to the original plan, he and Mrs. Macklin were to join Barry as the mainstays of the new company. But Mrs. Macklin was not well and the actor was obliged to return to be with her. In the meantime, with characteristic finesse, Barry prevailed upon Henry Woodward, the comedian, to exchange his assured career at Drury Lane for a highly speculative future at Crow Street. In July they signed articles of partnership. One can see why Woodward succumbed. Without question they formed a powerful team, for the talents of the great Harlequin supplemented those of the great Othello-Romeo. Together they supervised the construction of the new theatre while Macklin, in London, undertook to assemble a supporting company for them. His interviews with hopeful aspirants inspired a good deal of gossip and Foote, as usual, found in them a rich source of humor.[11] Before long a series of fanciful stories had begun circulating about prospective members of the new company. A one-armed man, Foote vowed, proposed to play Othello; the candidate for the leading tragedienne turned out to be a blackamoor; still another candidate had auditioned to play the cock in *Hamlet*. While Macklin's Irish friends assured him that "all the geese in England are swans here," [12] he had no intention of hiring any such exotics, real or imaginary. Instead, he proposed that Barry and Woodward engage him at six hundred pounds a year, with the like amount for his wife and daughter. He further suggested that it would afford Irish audiences a pleasing variety if, in addition to his regular comic repertory, he occasionally played Hamlet, Richard III, and Macbeth.[13]

These propositions cooled Barry's enthusiasm noticeably,

and before long their correspondence had taken on an acrid tone. Each suspected the other of secretly intriguing with Garrick. Each accused the other of delays, excuses, and double-dealing.[14] Barry had reason to feel exasperated, but Macklin's evasiveness was largely justified. His wife's health was still uncertain and Maria, also, was loath to leave England. When on October 23, 1758, the Crow Street Theatre finally opened its doors, Macklin and Barry had not yet reached an agreement.

In disgust, Macklin began corresponding with Benjamin Victor, who had been delegated by Sheridan to manage the affairs of Smock Alley. To counter the defection of Mr. King, Mr. Dexter, and Mrs. Fitzhenry to Crow Street, he had engaged Theophilus Cibber and Mr. Maddox, the famous Harlequin and wire-dancer, to come over from London. By the time the season began, however, the preliminary skirmishing at Smock Alley and Crow Street had so wearied the town that Dublin playgoers were indifferent to the rivalry. Audiences were thin, and Victor's letter to Macklin, dated November 23, 1758, is a catalogue of disasters. Worst blow of all was the loss of his new recruits. "My aid from England was not only detained by contrary Winds, but, at last by a cruel Tempest, sent to the Bottom! poor Cibber! Maddox! and three others from the Wells! fatal catastrophe!" [15] Born during a raging storm, Theophilus Cibber contrived to die even more theatrically.

Victor had almost more problems, however, with a recruit who did arrive. Among the new members of his company was Howard Usher, recommended to him by Macklin. Stony-faced and singsong-voiced, he insisted upon making his debut as Archer, a role to which he was totally unsuited. A loss to the house of thirty pounds on this occasion did not endear him to the manager, who subsequently repudiated all financial agreements with him.[16] Mr. Usher, penniless

and in despair, wrote to Macklin bitterly protesting this treatment. To judge from other accounts, such tactics were common enough. Once arrived in Dublin, actors had little or no redress against managers who disregarded or denied all contractual obligations. Barry, as well, was no stranger to these sharp practices, Tate Wilkinson relates, recalling Rich's warnings against the seductive promises of "Barlymore." [17]

Though Usher and Victor deplored each other in their letters to Macklin, they agreed on the dismal state of the Irish theatre. With morose satisfaction, Victor relayed to him the news of Barry's distresses at Crow Street. Woodward, as Castalio, completely failed to draw. Mrs. Fitzhenry had played Lady Macbeth to a twelve-pound house, her teeth chattering in her head with cold. Pit and gallery tickets in Crow Street were given out as if in a country town, and ladies were feverishly urged to bespeak plays. Only Macklin's presence, Victor wrote, could bring the contest to an end and insure victory to Smock Alley. To tempt the actor, he submitted the receipts of the theatre and offered to engage Macklin and his daughter in April of the following year on a share basis. The bait was worth considering, but Macklin was forced to decline the offer.

By the time Victor's letter reached him, Mrs. Macklin was seriously ill. She had last appeared on stage in October as Mrs. Midnight in Farquhar's comedy, *The Twin Rivals*. On December 28, 1758, she died, and three days later she was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Her death caused Macklin to give up any idea of going to Ireland. Maria was unwell, and he had a young son to take care of. However brawling in his professional life, he was domestic by nature and evidently unhappy as a celibate. Before long he had formed an attachment to Elizabeth Jones, described by Kirkman as a virtuous young lady of "great elegance of form

. . . and many polite accomplishments." She is stated to have married him on September 10, 1759.[18] Their relation was perhaps an established one by this date, but Kirkman has clearly presented her in the most favorable light. For all her virtues, her background was probably not as genteel as Kirkman and Cooke imply.[19] More than one writer states that she was Macklin's cook or housekeeper, and no evidence has been found of their marriage in 1759. Rather, the register of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, records that they were married on February 13, 1778. The assumption seems likely that for some nineteen years she had the same dubious status which Ann Grace had had, that of his common-law wife. In such a case, the situation at home cannot have been an easy one. Elizabeth Jones was exactly of an age with Maria. If she was indeed a servant in the household, the situation must have been doubly uncomfortable, and one can understand Maria's increasingly tense relation with her father.

Macklin's straitened circumstances did not alleviate the situation. Even had he been able to accept an engagement from Victor it would have proved short-lived, for in April 1759, Smock Alley conceded the victory to Crow Street and, for the time being, closed its doors. Macklin was evidently disappointed, for he was itching to return to the stage, and neither Garrick nor Rich seemed eager to engage him. Even before his retirement his repertory had narrowed to a handful of parts. It now became apparent to him that his best chance of a successful return to the stage lay in writing an effective part for himself.

Early in 1758 he and Spranger Barry had met at a Covent Garden tavern an Irishman who had served for a time as a lieutenant in the Prussian Army.[20] They were impressed by his physique and captivated by his candid manner and engaging way of telling stories. Perhaps he reminded Macklin of that reckless soldier of fortune, Dick Surrige, who had

had a similarly hectic career abroad. In any event, he began to consider the possibility of dramatizing a new type of Irishman as a relief from the conventional Teagues and Captain O'Blunders. The Irish in general were at this time in considerable favor in England, and an agreeably comic, but recognizable Irishman, might prove an attractive novelty. Barry, Cooke states, approved his project, and Macklin, within a few weeks, had sketched a five-act play entitled *Love à la Mode*. Upon completing it, he called in his friend Arthur Murphy for his candid opinion of it. For two hours before dinner one afternoon the author read the play aloud to him. As usual on such occasions, his candid opinion, when offered, failed to please. Though Murphy approved the play, he found it too long and urged Macklin to reduce it to two acts, the conventional length of an afterpiece. In vain Macklin pleaded and remonstrated with him. Finally he agreed to submit it to their mutual friend, William Chetwynd, son of the licenser, and to abide by his judgment. His decision was the same. The slight action of the play, Chetwynd found, did not warrant five acts. Reluctantly, Macklin pruned the text and tightened the action, and in shortened form, submitted it to Garrick. The manager received it without enthusiasm. He had little reason to put himself out for Macklin and remembered clearly enough the failure of his last farce. Macklin, however, could take comfort in the recollection that Garrick's taste was far from infallible. The detractors of King David were still gloating over his recent refusal of Robert Dodsley's *Cleone*, and Garrick was never allowed to forget that he had rejected Home's *Douglas*. On November 28, 1759, Macklin finally prevailed upon him to accept *Love à la Mode*, but only after they had negotiated an agreement hedged with protective clauses.[21] For five performances Macklin, as actor-author, was to be entitled to one-fifth of the net profits after deducting sixty-

three pounds for house expenses. On the sixth night he was to have a benefit, subject to the same charges. A stop clause empowered the manager to cancel performances of the farce should the receipts on any night fall short of one hundred pounds. In early December the rehearsals began. Not since Fleetwood's revival of *The Merchant of Venice* had Macklin faced such hostility. His discipline and fastidious attention to detail did not endear him to the company who found him blunt and overbearing. Some of the actors had so poor an opinion of the play that they refused parts in it. Originally Macklin had intended to play Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, the Irish hero, but as the actor cast for Sir Archy did not satisfy him, he decided to play the role himself.[22]

On December 12, 1759, he returned to Drury Lane as Shylock, with *Love à la Mode* as the afterpiece. Such was its success that for the remainder of the season he stayed on at Drury Lane, alternating *The Merchant of Venice* with *The Refusal,* and playing Sir Archy in the afterpiece. Its success not only vindicated Murphy's and Chetwynd's judgment, but also Macklin's intensive preparations, and if Garrick the man had to endure the ignominy of being wrong, Garrick the manager had reason to rejoice. For over fifty years the comedy remained a favorite among actors. Though slight in plot — a jockey, a Jew, a Scotchman, and an Irishman vie for the hand of a young heiress — it afforded excellent opportunities for characterization and business, and more than one actor made his reputation in the play. John Moody, as Sir Callaghan, was warmly received, and subsequently appeared in many Irish roles.[23] Thomas King, as Squire Groom, found favor for his razor-sharp characterization. To the role of Charlotte, Maria Macklin brought an appropriately cool charm, and Macklin, as Sir Archy, provided himself with a role that he played with gusto for many years.

It was not to be expected that he could enjoy this success

without at least token opposition. He had too great a talent for making enemies. The Scotch, in particular, he disliked, and in the London of 1760 they were beginning to make their power felt. Though satire against Scotland was common enough,[24] they were quick to resent slights, and the portrait of Sir Archy understandably aroused some antagonism.

Soon after its production an anonymous Scotch pamphleteer publicized his objections to the play. The characterizations of Sir Callaghan and Sir Archy highly displeased him. Not only did he find the Scots slandered, but Macklin guilty of "a very tiresome, drawling, hesitating, repeating, and, on the whole, execrable imitation of the Scots accent, through which breaks out ever and anon the Irish brogue." [25] That Macklin disliked the Scots is indisputable, and even his most ardent admirers admitted that his accent was often at fault.[26] For this reason his successor, George Frederick Cooke, was often preferred to him as Sir Archy and Sir Pertinax.

The other objections made by the anonymous pamphleteer were equally severe, if less justified. He found the play's language coarse, in particular Squire Groom's dialogue, and the final scene, in which Sir Callaghan woos the lady as his concealed rivals look on, a shockingly vulgar one. "There are many courtesans would not consent to it in a brothel; nay, it is a brothel scene where some of the company retired into another room, see through holes out in the partition, the awkward addresses made to a woman." [27] His final charge, that the comedy was plagiarized from Thomas Sheridan's farce, *The Brave Irishman* (1755), has little substance. Indubitably the two have a common theme, the courting of a merchant's daughter by a variety of suitors and her acceptance of an Irishman who believes her penniless. But Sheridan's Captain O'Blunder, with his bulls, his oafish gullibility, and naive generosity, is a gross caricature compared to Macklin's creation. The further charge that his

play owes much to Theophilus Cibber's *The Lover* has still less foundation.

While the quibblings of a dyspeptic Scot were easily overlooked, Macklin had reason to be deeply interested in the reaction of another critic. Rumors of the play had reached the royal ear, and, piqued by curiosity, George II over a period of weeks had the play read aloud to him by a humorless "old Hanoverian officer." [28] The manuscript over which they pored, now in the Garrick Club, contains a number of passages not in the 1793 edition. A soldierly description of Sir Callaghan, later omitted, evidently appealed to them.

Sir Theodore. His manners, my dear, are a little unpolished; more of the old Roman than the modern French courtier, it must be confessed; but they are good natured and sincere: and though he can't give the language of the Toilet or the Drawing-Room, he can discipline a battalion of Marshals and lead them on to an Attack with as much Alacrity as any of our French bred Sparks can caper at a Ball, which let me tell you, Madam, is a quality that would not disgrace some of our modern Hero's; and would become them much better than Virtu, Dilletanti, soft Muffs, fine Complexions, and Italian effeminacy.

They took offense, however, at the following passage:

Sir Archy. [Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan] is quite out of his Element here, he says. But this very morning he told me that nothing kept him but tu seek an opportunity to break his affection to you, Madam.
Charlotte. O pray, Sir Archy, don't let him go today; at least not till he has given us some account of his Battles and Transactions in Germany.
Sir Archy. Dear Madam, you need yourself but ask him to favour you with a slight narrative of them, and whin you once set his tongue awagging, I'll engage he wool fight you as many battles as Quintus Curtius, and aw in as guid Meeletary style as ever came from the banks of the Shannon or the Boggs of Tipperary.

His Majesty proved sensitive as well to any allusions to "foreignized" Englishmen.

Sir Archy. Wherever I gang, I am awways taken for an Englishman.
Sir Callaghan. O be, bo, bo, boo! an Englishman! Ha! Ha! Upon my

honour, it must be such an Englishman as I am then.
Sir Archy. What mean ye by sik an Englishman as ye are then?
Sir Callaghan. Why an outlandish Englishman, Sir Archy.
Sir Archy. I do not understand you, sir.
Sir Callaghan. Why I am an Irish-englishman, and you are a Scotch-englishman, and so by the rule you know Sir Archy we are both outlandish Englishmen. Ha! ha! ha! [29]

While the king's displeasure accounts, perhaps, for the excision of these two passages, he is said, nonetheless, to have been highly satisfied by "the Irishman's getting the better of his rivals." [30]

Even Macklin's sourest critics acknowledged his performance as "exquisite" and almost on a par with his Shylock. Typical is Lichtenberg's tribute: "The play [*The Merchant of Venice*] was followed by an afterpiece, *Love à la Mode*, of which Macklin is the author. He plays, moreover, the part of Sir Harry Macfarcason [sic] quite inimitably, scarce ever going off the stage (probably because he is the author). It is most entertaining and abounds in witty sallies." [31]

So great was its success, in fact, that persistent rumors of plagiarism circulated through the coffeehouses and various wits hinted that they had had a hand in its writing. Finally, Macklin was compelled to take steps. Undaunted by his years, he penned a stiff note to one of these self-styled authors:

Sir I have been very creditably informed that you have in many companies assumed the credit of being the author of Love à la Mode — this assertion I think so highly derogatory to my reputation, I must insist on your immediately retracting it, by a letter addressed to me at the Bedford Coffee-House Covent Garden — or I shall expect that satisfaction due to an injured character — if you do not pay the proper attention to this letter I shall call on you at the Oxford Coffee House and if you are not there will come to your house in Beaufort buildings. I am, Sir, your Hble serv.[32]

As Macklin's favorite among his plays, he watched over it as jealously as an emperor his sultana. He consistently

championed the property rights of authors, and in his papers he periodically jotted down angry notes on the injustices they endured. Not least among his reasons for admiring Lord Mansfield was that the Chief Justice held similarly strong views on literary property.[33] To protect himself from piratical publishers and managers, Macklin guarded his manuscripts tenaciously. When *Love à la Mode* was produced at Drury Lane the scribe was allowed to write out only the players' sides and forbidden to make a copy.[34] During rehearsals Macklin would release his manuscript to Cross, the prompter, but at their conclusion he would carefully retrieve it and stuff it back under his greatcoat.

An examination of John Rich's account book for Covent Garden, where Macklin contracted to appear during the 1760–61 season, makes plain how valuable a property this manuscript was.[35] Between December 19, 1760, and April 2, 1761, the comedy was played twenty-one times. On three of these occasions Macklin, enjoying his author's benefit, paid the requisite house charges of 63 pounds and pocketed the remainder of the receipts. In three instances he allowed actors to perform the play at their own benefits — usually for the sum of 20 or 30 pounds. Fifteen other performances, for which he received one-fifth of the net receipts, brought him a total of 339 pounds, 16 shillings, 5 pence. For the last forty years of his life this play was his main source of income. No wonder that he took so fiercely protective an attitude toward it and that it proved the subject of so much correspondence and litigation. Again and again he haggled with managers over its performance and his share of the profits. Again and again he threatened court action against unauthorized publication or performance.

In 1766, without permission, the editors of *The Court Miscellany* published a pirated text of the first act, taken down by Joseph Gurney, the first official shorthand writer

at the Old Bailey.[36] Macklin at once replied with a Chancery suit. The publishers, Richardson and Urquhart, offered to call in the issue, to defray reasonable legal expenses, and to publish nothing of the sort in the future.[37] But such assurances did not satisfy Macklin, who pressed the suit to its conclusion and obtained a perpetual injunction restraining the defendants from printing the farce or any parts of it. In discouraging provincial managers from unauthorized performances, Macklin proved equally ruthless.

To Tate Wilkinson, whose views on literary property were conveniently vague, he wrote as follows:

> I have been informed and have evidence to prove, that you have frequently taken the liberty of acting my farce of Love à la Mode at York, Newcastle, which you must be sensible is an immoral act, and if you will consult any gentleman at the Bar he will inform you that it is an illegal one too, and a more offensive invasion of property than you perhaps may imagine, as the pirating Booksellers of Edinborough proved two days ago in Westminster Hall, when the court of the King's Bench finally determined the writings of an author to be his inherent and perpetual right.[38]

Perhaps he had heard rumors of Garrick's unsuccessful attempt to persuade Wilkinson to perform the play at Drury Lane and for that reason decided not to prosecute him.[39] He felt no such compulsion, however, to show leniency toward James Whitley,[40] the eccentric manager of another northern provincial company, nor did he hesitate to take action against Irish managers who ventured to produce the play without his permission. A Chancery bill filed on December 26, 1785, against Robert Owenson, manager of the theatre in Fishamble Street, shows how long and zealously he guarded *Love à la Mode*. Not only does it refer to previous injunctions against his performing it, but to earlier injunctions against Mossop as well, to prohibit him from playing it at Smock Alley. Again and again, in the course

of these squabbles, Macklin hammered away at the problem of authors' rights: "Is it not reasonable and just that all authors should have an exclusive right and property in such works free from the piracy and fraud of any other person or persons whatsoever and that no man should dare without your supplts consent to publish his said farce of Love à la Mode." [41] In his insistence upon this right Macklin anticipated the fight for a copyright law later waged by Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, and Dion Boucicault. Granted that he relished the drama of the law courts almost as much as that of the stage, he must be given credit for his attempt to protect the rights of authors in general, as well as his own.

In another respect he was no less determined. The standard of performance, he insisted, must be maintained at a high level. Like the modern stage manager, he kept a watchful eye on actors who showed the least inclination to tamper with the original conception. His letter to the actor Quick, whom he had carefully directed in the part of Beau Mordecai, is brutally direct. He had taught the actor how to dress, speak, and behave in the part, but little by little Quick had introduced substantial changes.

> I shall request of the manager that your scenes in Love à la Mode may be rehearsed before that farce is acted again, to the end that the character of Beau Mordecai may be restored to what it was intended to be. . . . The character is an egregious coxcomb, who is striving to be witty, at the top of dress, with an awkward fancy of his own. . . . His manner is very lively: — singing, conceited — dancing — throwing out himself. . . . Instead of which, Sir, you turn him into a fellow that neither sings, capers, nor flutters; his voice, his utterance, his action, his everything is shrunk into nothing but a dullness.[42]

His comments to Lee Lewes, who meddled with the part of Squire Groom, are no less brusque.[43] In every domain, in short, Macklin was determined to protect his rights or the rights which he felt a dramatic author *should* have.

From 1760 on he devoted much of his time to playwriting. In deserting Drury Lane for Covent Garden he had contracted with Rich for the production of his new comedy, *The Married Libertine*,[44] and on January 28, 1761, it received its first performance, before a hostile house. "We do not recollect any instance of stronger expressions of disapprobation from an English audience (short of an absolute riot) than those which were given on the first night of this piece." [45]

It is not difficult to account for this hostility. Primarily, the play is not a good one. Lord Belville, a notorious libertine, coaxed into making a rendezvous with a supposed country-girl, after a series of comic imbroglios is terrorized and humiliated into repentance. The action is far too slight to warrant five acts. Once again the author could have profited by consulting Arthur Murphy and William Chetwynd, but he was evidently determined to write a full-length play. The prologue proudly announces his purpose — to wed the morality of Steele and the wit of Congreve. His enemies were quick to point out how far short he fell of this aim. Only Angelica, the mistress of ceremonies in this imposture, has a touch of Congrevian resource, and the morality, though reminiscent of Steele's, is unleavened by his wit.

Even had it been a better play, Macklin would probably have encountered some opposition. A party of dissident Scots, still smarting at the characterization of Sir Archy Macsarcasm, came prepared to make trouble, and while they found no specific allusions to disturb them, they had ample grounds to dislike the play. Some apparently took offense because Lord Belville reputedly satirized a well-known nobleman.[46] But the characterization, if it resembles anyone, suggests the author himself. The description of the elderly reprobate pursuing the Dulcineas of the scullery, "walking about in a mean shabby dress and peeping into milliners' shops,"

may well, either consciously or unconsciously, describe Macklin's own courtship of Elizabeth Jones. The original title of his play, *The School for Husbands*, suggests an affinity to Molière, and as the great comic writer in his *École des Femmes* wryly modeled Arnolphe upon himself, so Macklin in *The Married Libertine* perhaps to some extent drew his own self-portrait.

Encouraged by the success of his previous play, he was unprepared for the disappointing reception given this one, and at the Rainbow Coffee House he speculated openly and angrily on the identities of those who had conspired to damn his play. At least one of the accused indignantly denied the charges.[47] Another made the eminently sensible suggestion that some modifications in the play might mollify his critics. "I shall speak freely the sentiments of the others, they say the Play is too long: the scenes wherein Lady Belville is solemn, grave, complaining, and Moral may be much abbreviated; this will, say they, take away that heavy, lazy, and sleepy (however just) part which makes your friends languish and grow cold." [48] Macklin at once set to work on its revision. In an improved and shortened version it survived eight more performances, assuring him his author's benefits. In addition he was able to salvage from it a speech for his later *Man of the World*. But its failure had considerably dampened his enthusiasm for London, and soon after, without much difficulty, he was persuaded to return to Dublin.

VIII

THE WARS OF THE THEATRES

While Macklin was in London the Dublin theatre was in its usual turbulent state.[1] The collapse of Smock Alley in April 1759 persuaded Barry and Woodward that they had carried the day, but they had won only a battle, not a campaign, still less, a war. With Mrs. Dancer as their leading lady, they remained at Crow Street until June. In the autumn they were joined by Foote and Henry Mossop. Ten years earlier the latter had made his debut at Smock Alley, but subsequently he had joined Garrick at Drury Lane. Vain, headstrong, and ambitious, he brought to the theatre a savage intensity that captivated audiences. As Richard III he had been acclaimed as second only to Garrick. But such praise exasperated more than gratified him, and after ten years he had tired of subservience to King David. Barry promptly engaged him. Mossop's range was a limited one. He had vainly tried to play young lovers, and he had no feeling for comedy, but he excelled in flamboyant roles, and as Zanga, in Dr. Young's tragedy of *The Revenge,* he was unmatched. The part became to him what Shylock was to Macklin, Othello to Barry, and Falstaff to Quin. As the curtain rose on a tempestuous seascape and darkened battlements he would stride forward in his Moorish dress, his voice ringing:

Whether first nature, or long want of peace
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me. (*Thunder*) (I, i)

In this stormy role he found himself. For a short time he was content to serve in Barry's and Woodward's company, but only a few months elapsed before he became restless. The stage of Crow Street was too small for both him and Barry.

Early in 1760 he took over the lease of Smock Alley. From the sidelines, Sheridan was enjoying the contest. Dublin theatre history had a curious way of repeating itself. He contemplated with satisfaction Barry's consternation as Mossop coldly rejected his offer of a thousand pounds plus two benefits. Instead, the rebel actor made a like offer to George Ann Bellamy, who readily agreed to join him. The Countess of Brandon, a leader of Dublin society, further bolstered his hopes by her promise of patronage, and by November the rival theatre at Smock Alley had been reopened.

Subsequent events would have discouraged a more prudent man. Dublin playgoers were jaded, and only novelties lured them from their cribbage and claret. The Countess' patronage proved capricious, and lovely Bellamy, haggard and wasted since her last Irish appearance, failed to draw. But Mossop was as obstinate as he was reckless. On the curtain of his theatre a painted ship adorned with the mottoes "For Public Favor" and "All's Well That Ends Well" hovered tantilizingly outside of port. Mossop was determined to prove himself the pilot who could successfully negotiate the hazardous shoals and currents.

Barry, in his own way, was equally obstinate and equally sanguine. Far from dismayed by the unlooked-for competition, he mortaged himself still more deeply to erect a theatre in Cork, contracting to appear there at least once a year. Mossop at once took up the challenge, and for the next few

years the history of the Irish theatre is almost inextricably entangled. As the tides of battle shifted, actors fluctuated between the rival theatres. "Changing sides was so much the fashion, and some gentlemen were so much in this mode of manoeuvering, that they were sometimes led into great mistakes, and have often been called to begin a play at one theatre, when they have been found dressing at another." [2]

Macklin was following this warfare with interest. In the autumn of 1760 he and Maria had deserted Drury Lane for Covent Garden, and throughout the season they had appeared there with some regularity, but Macklin was restless and dissatisfied. John Rich was ailing, and John Beard, his son-in-law, was increasingly featuring musical entertainments. The death of Rich precipitated Macklin's decision to leave Covent Garden, and he promptly accepted an offer from Barry to appear at Crow Street. He was to have six hundred English pounds a year and half the profits whenever a farce of his was played. Maria decided to stay on in London. Her father at once joined Barry and before long was writing exultantly to Frank Delaval:

> The Merchant of Venice hath brought in three nights above 450. Love à la Mode was played for the first time against the first of a Burletta, supported by subscription, and powerful Interest, extreamly exerted, to 160 the second time, and within three days of the first, to 170£ on Christmas Eve too and the house is taken over & over again to it. In short, it is in much higher reputation than ever it was in London.[3]

No wonder, with Barry as Sir Callaghan, Woodward as Squire Groom, and Messink as Beau Mordecai in the supporting cast! In still another letter to Delaval he writes:

> I get a great deal of money here, and a player's and an author's *summum bonum,* full houses and applause, but I have no Delaval. I live retired, quite sequestrated, and deep in the buskin. The subject is "The True Born Irishman"; it comes out the first week in March. The public expectation is high, I am fairly on my country to be tried

by my Peers. Mirth and Satire send me good deliverance! Sans puff, the stream is with us.[4]

As usual with him, the production was delayed, and only on May 14 did *The True Born Irishman* finally appear at Crow Street. A satire of Irish Anglophiles, it was well received and played six times before the end of the season. Its action is slight. Mrs. O'Doherty (played by Mrs. Dancer) longs for a title, Anglicizes her name to Diggerty, and accumulates gaming debts, all because she has succumbed to "London vertigo." Her clod of a husband (played by Macklin) is so patriotic and unfashionable as to think of nothing but "draining bogs, planting trees, establishing manufacturies, and getting the common people to work and saving money." Through an imagined tryst with her would-be lover, Counsellor Mushroom (a satire of Single-Speech Hamilton, then Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant), the fine lady's follies are exposed and cured.

This highly eclectic work, with its reminiscences of Molière, Ben Jonson, and Macklin's own *Married Libertine*, appealed to audiences because of its realism and topicality. At the first performance when Messink staggered on as Fitzmongrel, a drunken Irish beau, a gentleman in a box impulsively cried out, "Why that's me! But what sort of a rascally coat have they dressed me in?" Divesting himself of his own gold-laced one, he called out to Messink, "Here — I'll dress you!" and flung it to the startled actor amid loud applause.[5] The rest of the audience, it seems, also appreciated the applicability of Macklin's farce, and it remained a favorite on the Irish stage for many years.[6]

Macklin also continued to appear successfully as Iago, Ben, Lovegold, Peachum, and Polonius, while Mossop, with his usual audacity, undertook the role of Shylock. But as the year 1761 drew to a close, Crow Street was threatened by internal dissent as well as external competition. Their re-

ceipts had plummeted from 11,000 pounds in 1759 to 8,000 pounds in 1761, and though this still allowed the managers a margin of profit, the cautious Woodward had become seriously alarmed. He could not agree with the mercurial Barry on a common managerial policy, and by 1762 they had seriously fallen out. Their quarrel is lampooned in the pamphlet *Zanga's Triumph; or, Harlequin and Othello at War,* dubiously attributed to Macklin.[7] It describes in fairly straightforward fashion the disagreement between the spendthrift Othello (Barry) and the parsimonious Harlequin (Woodward). The break between them is precipitated when Othello seizes their joint theatrical goods and sends them off to Cork. Harlequin, outraged, takes action in chancery and slaps an injunction on Othello while the delighted Zanga (Mossop) stands by hoping to obtain all the custom of the town for himself.

Until July sock and buskin abused each other in lively broadsides. Woodward then decided to return to England and resigned himself to servitude in London rather than empire in Crow Street. But the value of his share in the Cork and Dublin theatres remained to be determined. Macklin, appointed joint arbiter, suggested the sum of 2,300 pounds as suitable compensation for his moiety, estimating the value of Crow Street at 3,800 pounds and the Cork theatre at 800 pounds, but proposed mitigating Barry's burden by assigning payment over a number of years.[8]

With this matter settled, Woodward returned to England and Barry took full charge of affairs. His company, in addition to Macklin, included Tottenham Heaphy, an experienced Irish stroller, and Samuel Reddish and Isaac Sparks, recruited from London. Mrs. Dancer and Mrs. Barry headed the female contingent which also included Elizabeth Roach, once Frank Delaval's mistress, but by then a drab provincial actress, engaged, most probably, through the kind-

ness of Macklin. Mossop, Ryder, and Mrs. Fitzhenry provided the opposition at Smock Alley, but Mossop was in increasing financial difficulties and his receipts, such as they were, often evaporated at the Countess of Brandon's soirées. The success of Macklin's farces angered him, and with his usual effrontery he boldly announced that he would perform all these pieces at his own theatre. The threat instantly aroused Macklin, and on December 2, 1762, he filed a bill against Mossop, John Johnson, and Matthew Williamson, patentees of Smock Alley.[9] Each side at once sought to retain the more eminent counsel and develop the more persuasive plea. When the case came up, early the next year, the Chancellor, with commendable patience, sat through nearly twelve hours of hearings. His decision gratified Macklin's most optimistic hopes, for his Lordship observed that he saw no difference between the work of an author and that of a silversmith or watchmaker, that the performance of a writer belonged equally to him and was equally secured to him through the protection of the law. A Daniel come to judgment! The verdict, while it put a stop to Mossop's plans, in no way lessened the rivalry, however, and the two theatres at once resumed their feud, each bent upon starving out the other.

The division of Dublin audiences between Barryists and Mossopians recalled the excitement of the earlier rivalry of the Romeos.[10] In general, Barry's easy manner, noble appearance, and exquisite voice carried the day. But Mossop, despite his unimpressive physique and harsh manner, had dynamic presence and a voice of remarkable range, and in the Countess of Brandon he had a fervent, if undependable, champion. For the rest of the year the contention continued, the actors courting comparison by playing each other's parts. In addition, each company strove to attract theatregoers by offering novelties. Inspired by his recent successes, Macklin

was hard at work to provide them. Brimming with confidence, he wrote to Garrick of his projects — a revised version of *Philaster* and three new farces. Offhandedly he suggested appearing once again at Drury Lane.[11] Garrick was not overly interested. Macklin had stipulated that he must be allowed some time in Dublin as his acting was "very necessary at this juncture." Let him stay there then. The letter was vague as to the three farces, and as for *Philaster,* he currently had in hand a version by George Colman which he proposed to produce at Drury Lane that autumn.

Of the proposed farces, one was unquestionably *The True Born Irishman.* The second was possibly *The True Born Scotchman.* The third was perhaps a revision of Charles Shadwell's *The Humours of the Army,* renamed by Macklin *The Female Captain* and curiously subtitled *The Roasted Alderman.*[12] Announced as in rehearsal in February 1763, it was never produced, the company presenting in its stead still another alteration of the same comedy.

So engrossed was Macklin in his playwriting that in April he failed to return to England for Maria's benefit, Shuter appearing in his stead as Sir Archy in *Love à la Mode.* Until July he remained at Crow Street, but at the conclusion of the season he abruptly broke with Barry whose delays and equivocations in money matters he could no longer stomach. Perhaps they quarreled as well over Barry's unwillingness to produce *The Female Captain.* Mossop, sensing his opportunity, at once made him an irresistible offer: two nights a week from October to April; a dressing room; a third and sixth night benefit for every new farce he might write; a further benefit as an actor, subject to the usual house charges of sixty pounds; and sole possession of his plays and farces.[13] Despite their earlier disagreement, Macklin capitulated and in the autumn joined the Smock Alley company.

With the beginning of the new season the contention between the two houses heightened. Barry at Crow Street made much of pantomimes featuring the talents of Saunders, the wire-dancer. At Smock Alley, Mossop retaliated by engaging Ann Catley who, the year before, had made a sensational debut in London's Vauxhall Gardens. The daughter of a hackney-coachman and a washerwoman, she was without beauty, vulgar in speech, amoral, and mercenary, but undeniably witty, with a graceful carriage and an exquisite voice. Macklin had arranged for her to appear at Covent Garden where on October 8, 1762, she had first appeared in the highly inappropriate role of a pastoral nymph in *Comus*. Subsequently she had become the mistress of Frank Delaval, and a sordid court action for her possession, disputed between Sir Francis and her father, had made her still more notorious. At Macklin's suggestion Mossop invited her to Dublin where she enjoyed an immediate success in musical entertainments despite the fact that she was in an advanced state of pregnancy.

Macklin, anxious to further both his own fortunes and those of Smock Alley, was busily laboring over his manuscripts. The success of Colman's *Philaster* at Drury Lane did not discourage him, and he insisted upon his own version going into rehearsal. Colman's, after all, did not substantially depart from the original except to omit scenes of ribaldry and low humor, while his own differed "not only in the disposition of the characters, but likewise in the catastrophes which are different in every respect." [14] But *Philaster*, like *The Female Captain,* failed to please. Though placed in rehearsal, it was never produced, nor has the manuscript survived. To judge from his revision of *The Lover's Melancholy* one would guess that Macklin probably minimized the romantic and lyric elements and stressed the more decadent aspects of court life in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragicomedy.

But if he had his failures, he was vexed as well by the problems of success. *The True Born Irishman* had been surreptitiously played during the summer by William Dawson and a provincial company and the prologue pirated by a country journal. Strengthened by the verdict in his case against Mossop, he threatened once again to go to law. "If they will invade property," he warned, "they must not take it ill if I defend it." [15] The threats, it seems, had their effect.

To compound his troubles, he was bothered by his health. His teeth, in particular, were giving him trouble. Stoically, he wrote Maria: "I do not know whether I told you in my last, that I am reduced in my sustenance, entirely to fish, herbage, puddings, or spoon meat, not being able to chew any meat harder than a French *bouillee*. And now I have told you, what am I the better? But old age, and invalids, think all their friends are obliged to attend to their infirmities." [16] Resigning himself to the inevitable, he had all his teeth extracted, but a comfortable set of dentures renewed his spirits, and he settled down once again to acting and writing.

He was living at the time in Drumcondra Lane. Tate Wilkinson, Foote's pupil, and himself a brilliant mimic, amusingly recalls a visit to this retreat. He arrived there early one morning to be told by a lazy servant that the actor was not at home. As he turned to leave, the dining-room window flew up and Macklin, his head thrust into a red nightcap, called him inside. He found the actor deep in conference with Mossop who was formally dressed, a sword at his side. Wilkinson was at once urged to join the Smock Alley company, but when he announced that he had been engaged by Barry, Mossop's mood changed. He began breathing hard, rolled his eyes threateningly, and put his hand to his sword. "I will run you through the body, sir," he announced hoarsely, "if you take the liberty to attempt my manner by any mimicry on the stage." When Wilkinson

coolly refused to make any such promise, Mossop began sputtering with rage. "You dare not take me off, sir! Or, if you do, dare not take me off more than a little. If you do more, sir, you shall die."

Such bluster had little effect. Wilkinson had already seen him perform Zanga. Not in the least intimidated, soon after, in Crow Street, he imitated not only Mossop but Macklin as well. Characteristically, it was Macklin who took action to put a stop to this. Armed with a sword, like an elderly Quixote, he rode up to Barry's house to complain. "I do not trouble myself about the boy," he announced, "for every affront or joke passed on your stage I shall look upon as authorized by you; and if such a thing is again repeated or attempted, I shall seriously expect you to answer for it." [17] Mollified by Barry's reassurances, he rode off, leaving the manager to coax Wilkinson into discontinuing his impersonation.

While it was Barry's hope that Macklin would soon come back to Crow Street, for the time being, at least, the uneasy alliance between Mossop and Macklin continued. Their association culminated in the production on July 10, 1764, of Macklin's three-act comedy, *The True Born Scotchman*, the first version of his later immensely successful *Man of the World*. As usual with Macklin's plays, it was lengthily rehearsed, with the author, Mossop, Usher, Dawson, Walker, Miss Ambrose, and Mrs. Kelf heading the cast. Its first performance is described in *Faulkner's Journal:*

> Last Tuesday night Mr. Macklin's new comedy called THE TRUE BORN SCOTCHMAN was performed at the Theatre in Smock Alley and received the unanimous approbation of a very numerous Audience. All people agree that this comedy is equal in merit to any production hitherto exhibited by Mr. Macklin, not excepting the celebrated piece Love à la Mode; and if we can form a judgment from the universal applause it received on its first representation, there is the greatest possibility that this Comedy will meet with the Success suitable to its Merit.[18]

At the conclusion of the season, on August 17, it had been played at Smock Alley seven times. By that time Mossop and Macklin had fallen out, and a serious quarrel over money led to Macklin's departure for England.[19]

When he returned to Ireland in November he was ready, as Barry had predicted, to come back to Crow Street. Mossop contemptuously reopened the hostilities by playing Shylock on November 10 at Smock Alley. Two days later Macklin was playing the same role at the rival theatre. As before, both sides competed to produce novelties and used every means to stimulate attendance. Smock Alley to an even greater extent than before relied on burlettas and the charms of Ann Catley. At Crow Street, Barry countered with a troupe of acrobatic dancers, a Venetian and his children, whose caperings were so sprightly that their father periodically reassured the public that their dances did not in any way impair their constitutions.

For the holidays Macklin devised a Christmas gambol called *The Whim*, in which he, Messink, Glenville, and Miss Ambrose took the leads. This two-act comedy, produced on December 26, for one performance only, is no longer extant, but we may infer its nature from an advertisement which, after chronicling the cast, goes on to state:

> The strolling players by the comedians
> And the part of the Waggon that carries the Strollers
> to be performed by
> A NEW WAGGON
> (being its first appearance on any stage)
> The parts of the tumblers by the celebrated
> Signor TERRA TUMBLERESCO
> Signor FLIPFLAPPINI
> and
> Signor BUFFOONINI
> To conclude with a new Burletta Dance called
> HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY [20]

Presumably Macklin was satirizing the stroller's life and

the current excesses of the managers. How close he stuck to the truth is evident from an advertisement which appeared three days later when he was to perform with Mrs. Abington in *The Merchant of Venice*. The evening was announced to conclude with:

> A Performance on the SLACK ROPE by the celebrated
> Signor COLPI
> who exhibited all last season in London with universal applause
> Particularly he will hang by his toe on the rope in full swing:
> He will also perform a continual somerset
> With the quickness equal to the Flier of a Jack
> he will hang by his teeth
> he will lie across the rope on his back
> he will turn himself into all the forms of a monkey
> and the rope all the while in full swing.
> He will do such things as are incredible. [21]

Against such competition, what chance did an actor have? Succumbing to the rage for musical entertainments, even Barry stooped to assuming a singing role, undertaking Macheath in *The Beggar's Opera* with great success, supported by Macklin as Peachum.

In April, as was his custom, Macklin returned to London to play at Maria's benefit in the unfailingly profitable bill of *The Merchant of Venice* and *Love à la Mode*, but he was back in Crow Street by autumn.[22] For all the financial uncertainties, it is easy to see why he preferred Dublin to London. The doors of Drury Lane were virtually closed to him, and Covent Garden, under the direction of John Beard, was preponderantly devoted to musical rather than dramatic entertainments. In Dublin he had a following both as an actor and as an author. His farces continued to prove popular, and such sturdy features of repertory as *Othello*, with himself and Barry in the leads, drew good houses. The season of 1765–66, while neither a distinguished one nor a creative one, was at least a profitable one, with Macklin's receipts

for ten performances amounting to the impressive total of 301 pounds, 8 shillings, 7 pence.[23] Once again, in the spring of 1766, he absented himself for his annual visit to Covent Garden, and during his absence Barry paid him the equivocal compliment of engaging in his stead a pack of Dutch dogs and a celebrated Italian monkey; but if the older actor minded, he gave no sign of it upon his return.

Life in Dublin was doubtless agreeable enough. His wife Bess was in London much of the time, with her step-son, John. Occasionally, however, she came to Ireland. In her absence Macklin found Dubliners warmly hospitable, and he could always find company enough in the Royal Hibernian Lodge of which he was a member. But a series of events during 1766 prompted him to consider a permanent return to England. On January 21 James Quin died. The great dictator of Covent Garden had retired some years before to become the social director of Bath. His death brought an era to a close. Almost simultaneously, John Beard began to weary of management. He was gaining weight and losing his voice. During his brief spring visit Macklin had sensed that changes were imminent. He had reason to believe also that Barry had tired of the Dublin theatre wars and was negotiating with Garrick for an engagement at Drury Lane.

By the end of the year his suspicions were confirmed. Barry had conceded to Mossop by relinquishing control of Crow Street, and the Covent Garden patent was once again changing hands. The new patentees were a curious quartet. Two were well-to-do businessmen, Thomas Harris, a soap manufacturer, and John Rutherford, a wine merchant. Both had even less practical knowledge of the theatre than Highmore and Fleetwood. The prospect of managing a patent theatre unassisted gave them pause, however, and before settling on articles with Beard, they approached William Powell, a rising young actor, and George Colman, the am-

bitious young playwright, both of whom had already made names for themselves at Drury Lane. Their slight acquaintance with Powell had not enlightened them to the fact that the actor, despite his easy manner, was strong-willed and independent. Nor had they properly taken the measure of George Colman. Well born, well educated, and well off, he was not overawed by two men of trade. In his opinion, managing a theatre was like stirring a fire. Each one thought himself best qualified to do so.

On May 14, 1767, the four men met and agreed upon a series of articles. The actual management of the theatre was to rest in Colman's hands. Harris and Rutherford were to supervise its finances and to exercise veto power on Colman's decisions. Powell, of course, was to assume the leading roles. A more ambiguous document can hardly be imagined, but the four went ahead with their plans and in July 1767 they purchased the patent of Covent Garden from Beard for the sizable sum of sixty thousand pounds.

The quarreling between them began almost at once. Because of Beard's stress on musical entertainments, the company was deficient in tragic actresses. Harris, for entirely unprofessional reasons, urged the engagement of Mrs. Lessingham, an actress as ambitious as she was inept. Rutherford urged the engagement of the rapidly fading Mrs. George Ann Bellamy, once famous, but by then merely notorious. Colman on the other hand, insisted on engaging Mrs. Yates, probably the most competent tragic actress of the day. Oblivious to his partners' protests, he went ahead and did so. The subsequent engagement of Mrs. Lessingham further aggravated the situation, as each side pressed the claims of the rival tragediennes.

During this skirmishing Colman was also negotiating with Macklin. The great interpreter of Shylock was more than willing to return to Covent Garden and he at once began

bombarding Colman with proposals. He urged Powell to ready himself to play Othello against Barry who, after a ten years' absence, was returning to Drury Lane.[24] He himself proposed to play Iago, while Maria would undertake Desdemona. He also suggested a Covent Garden production for his version of *Philaster*, determinedly oblivious, it would seem, to the success of Colman's own version three years earlier. Colman was understandably impatient with these proposals but reluctant to break off negotiations. Macklin had made a notable reputation for himself as an actor and, in recent years, as an author as well. He was, in a sense, already a legend. At sixty-eight his Shylock was still demonic in its intensity, almost hypnotic in its effect upon audiences. Besides this, *Love à la Mode* had proved extraordinarily lucrative. Colman was well aware of his prickly temperament, however, and he weighed his offer carefully before finally proposing that Macklin appear for twenty nights at twenty pounds per night. The proposition was not ungenerous. Mrs. Yates had been engaged for five hundred pounds, but she was to carry the burden of the repertory. The offer was accepted, and in the autumn of 1767 he was once again a member of the Covent Garden company.

Both Colman and Macklin, during the first few weeks, had reason for gratification. *The Merchant of Venice*, with Maria as Portia, proved the most profitable production of the season, and *Love à la Mode*, with Shuter and Woodward in support, drew excellent houses. These successes at least partially compensated for the failure on November 28 of *The True Born Irishman*. Retitled for London *The Irish Fine Lady*, its curious idiom, half-brogue and half-Cockney, puzzled the audience, as did its highly topical Irish allusions. With his usual candor, Macklin observed: "I believe the audience are right. There's a geography in humor as well as in morals, which I had not previously considered." [25]

Similarly, in his curtain speech he courageously admitted: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sensible that there are several passages in this play which deserve to be reprobated and I assure you that they shall never offend your ears again."[26] In consequence, *The Irish Fine Lady* vanished from Covent Garden after making only one appearance there.

Shortly after the demise of his play, the author reappeared as Iago to Powell's Othello and Mrs. Yates's Desdemona. Though the energetic Powell failed to topple Garrick from his throne, he was proving an actor of astonishing versatility, equally persuasive as the Moor of Venice, King Lear, or Young Honeywood in Goldsmith's *The Good Natured Man.* While the receipts were pleasing enough to all four of the patentees, they found more than enough other reasons to bicker. The casting of Imogen in a revival of *Cymbeline* precipitated a major quarrel. Rutherford and Harris insisted that Mrs. Lessingham should assume the role. Colman stood firm for Mrs. Yates. By February 1768 the four Kings of Brentford, as they were known, were feuding so continually that Harris filed proceedings in chancery against Colman for nonperformance of the articles of May 14, 1767.[27] By June the tension between them had mounted to such a peak that Harris, with a group of armed men, broke into the locked theatre and seized some of the properties.

As might be expected, Macklin was deeply embroiled in these quarrels. Resentful of Colman's authority and Powell's success, he sided strongly with Harris. Under the circumstances, it should hardly have surprised him that when he began negotiations for a new contract Colman seemed disinterested. During the season Macklin had acted only fourteen times instead of the twenty stipulated, and on nine of these occasions he had appeared as Shylock. The receipts were nonetheless impressive. No other performer of that sea-

son could boast a like total — 2,960 pounds — for fourteen nights. Macklin pressed him for an engagement on the same terms — 400 pounds plus a benefit. He guaranteed as well to produce a new farce. Colman was wary, however, of engaging him as he would other actors. He rejected altogether the suggestion that they work out a three-year agreement and coolly declined the actor's offer to debate the whole matter publicly at the Bedford Coffee House. Colman realized the value of his occasional performances, but he was a firm believer in the law of diminishing returns. There was little likelihood, moreover, of his being engaged elsewhere. Garrick distrusted the elderly firebrand. An Irish engagement seemed improbable. Mossop had made himself emperor of the Dublin theatre, but his victory had been a Pyrrhic one, and his empire was threatened with imminent collapse.

Throughout the summer the tactical manoeuvring went on.[28] Colman was willing enough to acquire Macklin's new plays, but he was much less anxious to acquire their author. In October, Macklin made a final effort to negotiate an agreement. This too proved useless. As a result, Macklin did not appear at Covent Garden during the 1768–69 season, except on the occasion of Maria's benefit.

He continued, however, to play an advisory role in the backstage wars. Rutherford, wearied of the contention, profitably disposed of his share of the patent to Messrs. Dagge and Leake, leaving Colman and Macklin to continue the campaign. As before, almost everything occasioned quarrels. Typical was the furore aroused by Colman's and Powell's decision to produce Hall Harston's tragedy, *The Countess of Salisbury*. Reporting on this, the gossipy *Theatrical Monitor* observed:

> Even this tragedy has been struck at by the comptrolling proprietors, in favor of Mr. MACKLIN, whose confessed abilities they prefer to

the united efforts of a Powell and Yates either of whom are in every respect greatly superior to the Hackneyed Jew — a thousand circumstances tend to prove that envy, under the disguise of Shilock [sic] has influenced the counsels of Mr. Colman's opponents in order that he might step forth adviser and *actor*, upon superior advantages to any other performer, with a very consequential addition under the character of Author, to produce annually new pieces, equal in merit to Married Libertines and Irish Fine Ladies.[29]

Appended to this venomous account was a document, purportedly signed by members of Covent Garden, supporting Colman and attacking Harris. Among the signatures was that of Maria Macklin.

The palpable fraudulence of the document did not mitigate Macklin's rage, and he plunged more deeply than before into the controversy. Even the mild-tempered Maria was inexorably drawn into it. She was ordered by Colman at short notice to assume the role of Aspatia in John Hoole's tragedy of *Cyrus*. For once, she rebelled. Colman fumed and threatened. Her father rushed to her support with letters to Garrick protesting Colman's behavior and pleading for her re-engagement at Drury Lane.[30] Garrick, while he was fond of Maria and appreciative of her former services, nevertheless had no wish to take sides. His reply was blandly sympathetic but noncommittal.[31] Maria stayed on at Covent Garden, her position made still more uncomfortable by her father's intemperate letters to Colman.

The disagreements among the Proprietors of Covent Garden have turned that Theatre into a den of faction, and a forge of falsehood. I do not suppose that the Manager or Actors of St. Stephen's Chapel, in the most factious and corrupt Era, ever produced more slander and falsehood than the Theatre of Covent Garden has caused during the short period of your management; or a more malignant spirit, or a greater liar than the person who writes *The Theatrical Monitor*, as I hope to prove in the course of this Inquiry; and I must add, that as far as positive evidence, and unforced deductions lead to truth, Mr. Colman and Mr. Powell, on this and on many occasions relative to me, have been the forgers and propagators of much untruth.[32]

Poor Maria! She had reason to be grateful to her father, but nature had not designed her to play the lion's cub. Throughout these disputes she suffered in silence. She stoically endured the animosity of *The Theatrical Monitor,* which complained that in musical entertainments she could not be heard above the orchestra, that her execution was very "la, la," and that her eyebrows were painted too high and too thick.[33] Only once, during a conversation with Garrick, an indiscreet reference to her as an "encumbrance" caused her to burst into tears.[34] Evidently she was as dismayed by her father's protective attitude as by Colman's smoldering hostility.

For a brief period, however, Macklin was forced to turn his attention to other matters. For some time it had been obvious that young John much preferred the distractions of Covent Garden to the disciplines of the school room. His father was in despair. Finally, perhaps through the Delavals, he succeeded in obtaining for him an appointment as a writer in the East India Company. In March 1769, he set sail for Fort St. George, Madras. On the same ship was Warren Hastings, who muttered a few civilities and promised to keep an eye on the boy.

With his son's career auspiciously launched, Macklin could once more devote himself to the wars of Covent Garden. But on July 3, 1769, an event occurred which sobered the rival factions. At the age of thirty-four, William Powell died, of a chill caught on the cricket field. Faced with this loss, the patentees realized the necessity of patching up their differences, and the tensions between them began to subside.

The theatre world had more than enough other sources of gossip, however. They chattered about Kitty Clive's retirement to Strawberry Hill, and there was endless speculation about Mossop's troubles in Ireland. But one item, above all, dominated conversation during the summer of 1769 — the Shakespeare Jubilee. It took place at Stratford,

in the beginning of September. For three days Garrick, white-gloved and wand in hand, presided over a round of festivities. Macklin did not attend. It would have galled him to see another Shylock in the pageant of characters. He would have found it intolerable to see Garrick apotheosized as the supreme interpreter of Shakespeare. He could, however, take some comfort in the accounts of the troubles which had befallen the celebration. Three days of torrential rain had nearly washed Stratford away. The cupidity of the townspeople had further dampened the enthusiasm of the celebrants. Had not Foote reported that he had been charged eight guineas for five hours sleep and two shillings for merely asking the time! Unable to resist this opportunity to snipe at Garrick, Macklin submitted to him a detailed critique of his *Jubilee Ode*. It was acknowledged by the great actor with his usual courtesy. One by one he answered the trifling objections, and only at the end, in a postscript to his own copy of his reply, did he betray his impatience: "I might have spent my time better than supporting a foolish business against a very foolish man." [35]

Macklin, too, had more than enough other things to keep him busy. After returning from a brief tour of the provinces,[36] he had taken it upon himself to further Harris' suit against Colman. Despite the improved relations between the patentees, Harris was still a litigant, and he made no objection when Macklin offered to help him collect depositions and affidavits. Certainly the brief in its final form suggests that the actor played a conspicuous part in its preparation. Its one hundred and seventeen folio pages echo his own complaints against Colman. Cited in particular, among the examples of managerial incompetence, is Colman's refusal to engage him.

Of some actors there is an estimate. It can be maintained that they draw. Macklin did draw at Covent Garden in 10 nights 4 or 500£

more than the rest of the company in any 10 nights. Macklin offered to be theirs for 400£ per annum for 3 years to produce a farce each year into the bargain. Colman would give 20£ per night 400£. H & R thought it better to have him for 40 or 50 or 100 nights at 400 than for 20 nights. Colman's answer is "I do not know how to employ you." A Manager of Genius would know how to employ a good actor.[37]

Among the depositions of disgruntled actors, Macklin's has a prominent place. In it he woefully recalls the halcyon days of the elder Cibber, Doggett, Booth, and Wilks — a period of unexampled prosperity in which they observed strict order, varied the repertory, and kept down expenses. "No mystery in managing!" — that is, if one consulted experienced men of the theatre! Among the catalogue of complaints is Macklin's recollection of Colman's boast that "he had a good annuity and would spend the last shilling of it in keeping them [Harris and Rutherford] out of the management." He took the occasion also to criticize some of his fellow actors, Mr. and Mrs. Yates in particular. The former's repertory impinged not only on his own, but on Woodward's and Shuter's as well. Mrs. Yates, whom he despised as an "insolent prostitute," he took still more sharply to task for usurping roles belonging to Mrs. Bellamy, Mrs. Mattocks, and his daughter, Maria.[38]

Some months later, in July 1770, the suit came up before the commissioners. Upon deliberation, they found no evidence of fraud on Colman's part, though they did allow Harris to press claims for damages sustained during the period between September 1767 and February 1768. By this time, however, both parties had cooled off, and they felt little desire to continue the suit, particularly since Harris had quarreled with Mrs. Lessingham, the chief source of friction between them.

The conclusion of the hearing left Macklin in an uncomfortable position. Colman, naturally enough, resented his

interference, and Harris was not anxious to give his partner renewed offense by urging the actor's engagement. In consequence, during the 1769–70 season he appeared at Covent Garden only once, at Maria's benefit. Nevertheless, he was plainly hankering to return to the stage and once more began soliciting Colman. Confidently he offered "180£ for the house as many nights as we shall agree upon," but he was unable to interest the diffident manager,[39] and when he received an offer to return to Ireland he reluctantly decided to accept it.

William Dawson, an industrious provincial manager, and Robert Mahon, an engaging young singer, had leased the little Capel Street Theatre which had been housing Stretch's Puppet Show. During most of the previous years it had remained empty, for Sheridan, to stifle opposition, had bought up the lease. Such competition as it offered was not formidable. The house held a mere seventy pounds. It had no dressing rooms, no inconvenience to puppets, but a decided one for actors, who were obliged to hire rooms in an adjoining building. Dawson and Mahon hoped, nonetheless, that this modest theatre, properly managed, might well bring about the downfall of Mossop.

Their offer to engage Macklin at twenty pounds a night was flattering in view of the theatre's limited capacity, and a balm to his vanity after his recent disappointments. He had other reasons also for accepting. He had been hard at work on a tragedy, and so sanguine were his hopes for its success that he had commissioned costumes for it from the dressmakers for the Haymarket Opera House.[40] The stage of the Capel Street Theatre, however small, would bring it to light. The varied repertory which Dawson and Mahon proposed further pleased him, and also their willingness to allow him a voice in selecting the company. Three of the players were recruited from among his Irish pupils — Philip Glenville, Miss Ambrose, and Miss Leeson. Two others he induced to

come from London. Miss Younge, a promising actress from Drury Lane, was persuaded to try her fortunes in Ireland.[41] Similarly, Thomas Holcroft, a fledgling actor, consented to join Dawson and Mahon's company.

Macklin's debut at Capel Street took place on November 26, 1770. As usual, he was playing Shakespeare's Jew, but during the next few months he had the satisfaction of playing a variety of parts, among them Tom, the sprightly valet of *The Conscious Lovers*, and Ben, Congreve's capering sailor — roles which less perceptive managers seemed to think unseemly for a septuagenarian. At Smock Alley, Mossop raged as Zanga and fulminated as Shylock, but Dublin audiences clearly preferred the company at Capel Street.

Macklin could take justifiable satisfaction in their success, but the season was not without disappointments as well. The tragedy over which he had for so long labored was finally put aside, unacted, and the costumes for it ignominiously put to use in a Stratford Jubilee pageant. He was further put out by Dawson's and Mahon's delays in settling their accounts with him, and when in March 1771 he made his annual migration to England, he was in a testy mood.

During the summer he appeared successfully in Leeds and Liverpool,[42] but all in all the visit was a distressing one. He became entangled in an angry correspondence with James Whitley, the provincial manager, who had presumed to perform *Love à la Mode* without permission.[43] The death of Frank Delaval saddened him. Gloomily he made his will, leaving all that he had to Bess.[44] Disquieting rumors reached him of John's behavior in India, and Maria seemed even more listless than usual. Worst of all, Bess was unwell and only beginning to recover from a "deep consumption."

The news from Ireland was no cheerier.[45] A strike of hackney coaches had crippled the theatres. Barry and his wife had played a brief season with Dawson, but so outrageous were their demands that a tour to Cork seemed out

of the question. Most talked about of all were the accounts of Mossop's ruinous debts. Before long it was confirmed that he had fled to England.

The news reached Macklin in November, while he was playing an engagement of five performances at Covent Garden as Shylock and Sir Archy. At once he began to make plans. There was little to detain him in England. Colman was as reluctant as ever to engage him on a permanent basis. John was away. Maria was independent. In Dublin he and Bess could live far more cheaply, and since Mossop's flight his prospects there had brightened considerably. Dawson had already taken over the Crow Street Theatre and intimated strongly that in partnership with Macklin he hoped to purchase the now deserted Smock Alley.[46]

To Bess fell the chore of packing his books and manuscripts and some of their furnishings. She agreed to join her husband later. By December he was back in Crow Street, appearing on the sixth of that month as Sir Francis Wronghead in *The Provoked Husband. The Refusal, The True Born Scotchman,* and *Love for Love* made up his repertory for the next few weeks. His mood was optimistic, to such an extent that he consented to appear for one performance with his former enemy Sheridan, playing Iago to his Othello.

But he was once again doomed to disappointment. The plans to take over Smock Alley failed to materialize. Instead, the young actor Thomas Ryder took over the lease and, much to everyone's surprise, proved himself briskly competent. A still worse blow was the loss of the greater part of Macklin's books and manuscripts in a shipwreck off the Irish coast. Fortunately, Bess had elected to sail on another ship. When March came he would ordinarily have been planning his annual trip to London. But in the spring of 1772 he was feeling indisposed and, being busy writing and teaching, decided to stay on in Dublin.

IX

THE SCIENCE OF ACTING

Despite the loss at sea of Macklin's manuscript on "The Science of Acting," we have enough references to him as a teacher and enough knowledge of the books in his library to give us some notion of his lost treatise. It is commonly assumed that he and Garrick initiated a naturalistic school of acting that spelled an end to the formalistic school of Quin. From then on, we are often told, actors avoided seesaw tones and the tragic gait. But the assumption that they effected either a total or a lasting revolution in style is a misleading one. The word "nature" then, as now, had multiple meanings. Nature, at least in principle, underlay all the schools of eighteenth-century acting.[1] Quin at his worst, in full-bottomed periwig, truncheon in hand, sawing the air and monotonously intoning, did not consider himself "unnatural." He had merely superimposed upon nature the resources of art. From the age of Betterton to the age of Kemble acting styles fluctuated between the two polarities of art and nature.[2] With Betterton nature had predominated. During the reign of Cibber and Quin art had prevailed. With Garrick and Macklin nature once again triumphed. At the close of the century John Philip Kemble and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, brought the more formal school of acting back into vogue.

Yet we must not overestimate the extent of these fluctuations. At no point was either school wholly suppressed. Acting styles, for the most part, varied in degree rather than in kind. Quin's much-quoted comment on Garrick: "If the young fellow is right, I and the rest of the players have all been wrong," must not be taken too literally. Riccoboni in his *Historical and Critical Account of the Theatres in Europe,* published in London in 1741, *the annus mirabilis,* observes of English actors in general: "If after forty-five years experience I may be entitled to give my Opinion, I dare advance that the best actors in *Italy* and *France* come far short of those in *England.* The *Italian* and *French* players, far from endeavoring at happy imitation of Nature and Justness which forms the Beauty of Action, effect a forced, stiff Manner of Acting, which never fails to mislead the Audience." [3] Anthony Aston confirms this. He describes Betterton's actions as few but just. He notes his quiet demeanor, his arms rarely lifted higher than his stomach. He commends Mrs. Barry for the absence of "tone" in her speaking. Verbruggen, he states, *was* Nature.[4]

In the succeeding generation the effects of this style had not worn off. Though mannered in tragic roles, Robert Wilks played his "fine gentlemen" with exemplary ease and good breeding. For all his study of the attitudes of classical statuary, Booth in his movements had a simple nobility, and his attention to pauses commanded Macklin's respect. Though he disapproved of Cibber's high nasal tragedy whine, Macklin revered him as a comedy actor and attributed his first real success as Justice Shallow to the fact that he had modeled his performance after Cibber's, "that great actor of Nature."[5]

When Macklin commanded his would-be students to unlearn all that they had previously learned, he did not mean to imply that he was teaching fundamentally new prin-

ciples. They were principles which had been perpetuated, to a greater or lesser extent, since the Restoration. Rather, he was protesting against the rigid, formalistic school of second-rate actors. Much information as to his ideas can be quarried from John Hill's *The Actor*. Its author had made his stage debut at Lodovico in Macklin's ill-fated production of *Othello* at the little theatre in the Haymarket. Hill, not unnaturally, often cites this performance and echoes his teacher's ideas. Many of these are echoed as well in Thomas Wilkes's *A General View of the Stage* (1759), listed first among the theatrical books in Macklin's library.

Wilkes, like Macklin, believed acting a science, founded upon nature. Like him he stressed the same principles: the importance of a thorough knowledge of one's role, of propriety of dress, and of attention to the business of the scene; the necessity of avoiding extraneous business and monotony of tone. In this book and in John Hill's *The Actor* virtually all of Macklin's ideas can be found. Such pseudo-scientific works as Aaron Hill's analysis of the ten passions and the methods of evoking them through mechanical stimuli, did not appeal to him. In his commonplace book he noted: "Acting the art of it. The Eye is the Judge of Painting, the Ear and the Eye of Acting — the Criterion or Standard they both are to be tried by is Nature." [6] Aaron Hill's dictum that "Art itself is Nature" seemed to him no more valid than the concept that "Nature itself is Art." Like Sir Joshua Reynolds he rejected pure inspiration and pure science as twin heresies. It was the essence of the actor's art, as John Hill pointed out, to conceal the art by which nature was improved. Hours of study underlay Garrick's Hamlet, which seemed so "natural" to Mr. Partridge. As Dr. Johnson put it in *The Rambler:* "The [artist's] first task is to search books, the next to contemplate nature. . . . The mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study, contempt

of the great masters of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely wholly upon unassisted genius and natural sagacity." [7] Sir Joshua Reynolds in his *Sixth Discourse* expressed a similar distrust of inspiration and urged exercise and imitation as the way to invention and nature.

Garrick and Macklin concurred in these views. They further realized that to give the illusion of life their acting had to be larger than life. Among the subjects debated at The British Inquisition had been "Whether Epic or Dramatic Poets Painters Statuaries or Actors ought to exaggerate or be exact in their imitation of human nature." Macklin's own opinion may be inferred from the comments of his pupil, John Hill.

> People who mark things weakly, are not fit for the stage. The paintings shewn there are seen from a distance, and they are to be proportioned for that view. An expression of countenance that does very well in conversation, is lost on the stage. A Saint Paul of the natural size might have done for the choir; but that which was to be exalted to the dome, needed to be a Colossus. The actor is to consider his pictures in this light. His looks and gestures are so many paintings made to be seen at a distance, and they must often be extravagant in themselves, that they may not soften into nothing. All this must be done, but it must be done with judgment. False apprehension may exaggerate, but in the strict adherence to nature's rules, tho' in an enlarged scale, lies this *truth*.[8]

In elaborating the analogy between the arts, Reynolds made much the same point.

> In theatric representations, great allowances must always be made for the place in which the exhibition is represented. . . . Many of these allowed deviations from nature arise from the necessity which there is, that everything should be raised and enlarged beyond its natural state; that the full effect may come home to the spectator, which otherwise would be lost in the comparatively extensive space of the theatre.[9]

While low comedy, it was generally conceded, allowed the

actor to perform with some literal truth to life, all acting involved a distortion of reality, and only through distortion could the actor achieve the effect of nature. Clearly the actor had to act rather than behave.

From 1743 on Macklin was teaching the science of acting, basing his instruction on these principles. Frank Delaval, it may be recalled, had been among his earliest pupils. Following the fashion set by the Prince of Wales, society had enthusiastically taken to amateur theatricals. The majestic Quin condescended to impart to Prince Frederick the fundamentals of his art, and at Leicester House the younger members of the royal family solemnly intoned Addison's *Cato,* sawing the air with commanding gestures. When told of the Prince's successful delivery of his maiden speech in Parliament, Quin justifiably boasted, "Aye! I taught the boy to speak!" Through his friendship with the theatre-mad Delavals, Macklin, in later years, could preen himself on no less eminent a pupil, Frederick's son, Edward Augustus, Duke of York.[10] Though often engaged in diplomatic affairs on the Continent, the Duke during his visits to England enjoyed taking part in the amateur theatricals in the Privy Gardens, and on April 8, 1767, he appeared with the Delavals in a performance of *The Fair Penitent* at their private theatre in James Street.[11] But Macklin basked only briefly in the royal patronage, for the Duke died soon after, during a trip to Monaco, of a chill induced by overexerting himself at a ball.

Doubtless Macklin enjoyed enlightening his socially exalted pupils, but the greater part of his teaching was pedestrian. During the eighteenth century interest in elocution and acting was widespread. At the oratories young lawyers and incipient divines sharpened their wits and polished their delivery. At the spouting clubs would-be actors rhapsodized and raged in preparation for the greater stages

of Drury Lane and Covent Garden.[12] Actors and managers were, on the whole, remarkably indulgent towards these unfledged amateurs. Since the days of the Restoration leading men of the theatre had paid close attention to the training of young actors. Betterton and Cibber both gave instruction. Thomas Sheridan regularly taught elocution. ("See the absurdity of his instruction," Macklin noted.)[13] The great David Garrick condescended to give lessons, although his pupils proved singularly undistinguished, only Charles Holland achieving some distinction. "He is something like the famous racing-horse, Childers," observed Foote, "the best racer in England *himself*, but could never get a colt."[14]

Even John Rich occasionally consented to "larn" young ladies the secrets of acting. Evidently he was far less interested in imparting them to the other sex, for he lost no opportunity to humiliate would-be Romeos and Iagos. He received them in his study, littered with books and papers and populated by a tribe of overfed and overprivileged cats, some "staring him in the face, some eating the toast and butter out of his mouth, some licking the cream out of a cup, some frisking about, some lying down, some perched on his knee, some upon his head."[15] At first he would pay no attention to his visitors, then, in leisurely fashion, insolently observe them, like biological specimens, through a large reading glass. Between pinches of snuff he would mispronounce their names and recite snatches of *Richard III* in burlesque tragedy fashion. Next he would invite them to show their quality. His subsequent observations were calculated to discourage all but the most persistent and the interviews, more often than not, concluded with an indignant slam of the door while Rich returned contentedly to stroking his cats.

As a teacher Macklin was almost equally intimidating in his eagerness to further the science of acting. He himself

had once been compelled to endure the mortifying observations of Rich, but since 1741 times had changed. Cibber's and Quin's monotonous declamations had gone out of fashion, though the hoity-toity style persisted in the oratories and spouting clubs. When Thomas Holcroft called upon him, hoping to receive instruction, Macklin remarked that he had never in his life heard a spouter speak naturally,[16] and during his first meeting with John Henderson he advised him to unlearn all that he had learned.[17] He made this a preliminary condition for all his pupils. To hesitate was to be instantly dismissed and denounced as a blockhead. But once this essential condition had been agreed to, and once the student had placed himself entirely in his hands, Macklin proved a dedicated teacher, willing to take infinite pains, and often willing to instruct them for nothing.

Above all he insisted upon his pupils speaking a passage as they would in ordinary life and then heightening it to suit the stage.[18] John O'Keeffe in his *Recollections* has left us a delightful picture of Macklin drilling his pupils in this exercise. In the garden of his Dublin house two of his pupils, Philip Glenville and Miss Ambrose, would stroll down two parallel walks while the actor walked in the middle. Their spines stiffened by backboards, they would promenade gracefully for ten paces, then turn, pause, and exchange fatuous bits of conversation. "How do you do, Miss Ambrose?" "Very well, I thank you, Mr. Glenville. . . . Do you not think it is very fine day, Mr. Glenville?" "A very fine day indeed, Miss Ambrose." Then they would resume their strolling, pausing to exchange banalities once again till Macklin was satisfied in every particular.[19] Rants from *Richard III*, the usual touchstone, had no importance for him. Instead he concentrated on the actions and language of life, drilling his students until they acquired an ease of speech and manner. Later they could vary these exercises and learn by judicious heighten-

ing to accommodate their techniques to the requirements of the play and the playhouse.

One needed such painstaking exercises to cope with the visual and aural problems of the increasingly large theatres. As an exercise in projection Macklin enjoyed reciting from *Paradise Lost,* particularly the Exordium and the lines on Pandemonium. Reciting Milton was not only an excellent rhetorical practice, it was a polite accomplishment as well. (Karl Moritz, the German traveler, records that his landlady's husband fell in love with her because she read Milton with such proper emphasis.) Soliloquies from *Macbeth* and *Othello* were also among the set pieces that Macklin made use of to demonstrate the problems of articulation.

While he concentrated primarily on achieving clear and natural diction, he stressed as well the importance of mastering variety of tone and pause to indicate transitions of thought and associations of ideas. His three pauses — moderate, longer, and grand — were fundamentals of his art. On a notable occasion one of his long psychological silences was suddenly broken short by a prompter who assumed that he had had a lapse of memory. Given his cue, Macklin cried out angrily, "The fellow interrupted me in my grand pause!" [20]

In his action also he paid much attention to the silent eloquence of looks and gestures. While fully aware of the importance of "finesses" (original strokes of business) [21] he tended to minimize gesture, as the scant notations in his part-books indicate.[22] "He abhorred all trick, all start and ingenious attitude" [23] and, particularly in his later years, stubbornly refused to court applause by resorting to them. He bitterly criticized Garrick's incessant "bustle" and his habit of "squeezing his hat, thumping his breast, strutting up and down the stage, and pawing the characters that he acted with." [24] Truth and nature were for him the essentials

of the actor's art, but they were achieved only through relentless discipline.

Many failed to appreciate this paradox, particularly the admirers of Garrick. They resented criticism of their idol and consequently they exalted Garrick's inspiration and decried Macklin's studied art.

> He seems to move, to speak, to think by rule,
> The rigid pedagogue of system's school.[25]

Yet both men were, essentially, rigid disciplinarians, distrustful of "natural genius." [26] Each in his way used the disciplines of art to achieve "natural" effects, though of different orders. Macklin was limited by his physique, voice and temperament. He could not submerge his personality, and while he could play many types of role acceptably, he excelled only in those of a dark, saturnine cast. For this reason, paradoxically, his art remains today more alive than that of Garrick. So protean were the latter's gifts, and so transcendent his capacity to transform himself, either in comedy or tragedy, that no dominant impression of him as an actor has survived. Many stories attest to his ability to lose himself completely in a part. On one occasion, we are told, leaving Mrs. Garrick in her box, he slipped away unnoticed behind the scenes. Minutes later he appeared on stage as a country bumpkin, unrecognized by his wife until their spaniel began ecstatically waving its tail. That Macklin envied this gift we know from his admiration for Ben Johnson, a minor actor who, to a lesser degree, possessed a similar chameleon talent. His bitter dislike of Garrick prevented him, however, from properly evaluating the superb artistry of that consummate actor.

He did, however, share many of Garrick's views on needed stage reforms. Above all, they were in agreement on the necessity to regularize rehearsals. Actors, compelled by the repertory system to know scores of parts, generally relied on

conventional attitudes, gestures, and tones to carry them through a performance and felt little enthusiasm for this discipline. Sometimes they were absent from rehearsals. Often they arrived late, stumbled through their lines and drifted away.

> Everyone acquainted with modern rehearsals, must know how loosely, and how much under the par of their abilities the generality of the performers go through their parts, and except it is a capital actor, or actress, that has a new one to get studied in, the rest are little better than a *theatrical muster*, who are called together to be in readiness for the night's review, without little more preparation than their bare appearances.[27]

Genest records an occasion on which no one was left on stage to speak the concluding lines of the play, and more than once he inserts from the playbills the morose comment, "The character will be read, none of the actors being yet studied in the part."

Macklin had no patience with such unscientific proceedings. He was concerned not only with individual performances but, to an even greater degree than Garrick, with the *totality* of a production. Whether in London or in Dublin, he meticulously supervised rehearsals, sometimes even drilling the managers in their scenes. He insisted on propriety of dress. Mrs. Macklin, it may be recalled, had paid strict attention to the niceties of costume, and Macklin himself dressed his parts with the greatest care. He would have none of the usual dirty-shirted mutes, their mouths open, ogling the boxes. At rehearsals of his own plays he demanded close adherence to his direction and resented the least interpolation by any player. As might be expected, the temper of the actors during these sessions sometimes reached the boiling point. "Why this is worse than the Prussian exercise!" one exclaimed after a particularly trying morning. "Suppose we all go and sit down a little in the Green Room,"

Macklin calmly suggested. After they had seated themselves, he took out his watch and with great deliberation laid it on a table. "Now," he proposed, "we'll just sit here for one hour." In ominous silence they sat there, but after sixty minutes tempers had cooled and the rehearsal was resumed.[28]

Needless to say, these ideas and methods often exposed him to ridicule and attack. In his *Diversions of the Morning*, played at Drury Lane in 1758, Foote (as Puzzle) parodied Macklin instructing Barry (Bounce, played by Wilkinson) in the delivery of a passage from Othello.

Puzzle. Begin at "Othello's occupation's gone." Now catch at me, as you would tear the very strings and all — keep your voice low — loudness is no mark of passion — mind your attitude.

Bounce. "Villain!"

Puzzle. Very well! (imitating Macklin). Sir, do you consider the mode of the mind — that a man's soul is tost, and lost, and crost, and his entrails broiling on a gridiron — bring it from the bottom of your stomach, Sir — with a grind as "To—R—R—R—R—"

Bounce. "Tor—r—torture me!"

Puzzle. That's my meaning.

Bounce. "Never pray more — abandon all remorse."

Puzzle. Now — out with your arm and show your chest — there's a figure.

Bounce. "On horror's head —"

Puzzle. Now out with your voice.

Bounce. "Horrors accumulate."

Puzzle. Now tender.

Bounce. "Do deeds to make heaven weep."

Puzzle. Now terror.

Bounce. "All earth amazed! For nothing canst thou to damna —"

Puzzle. Grind "na—na—na—nation."

Bounce. "Na—na—nation add, greater than that."

Puzzle. Now throw me from you and I'll yield — very well! Keep that attitude — your eyes fixed — there's a figure! There's a contrast! His majestic rage — and my timorous droop — um — "Are you a man — have you a soul of sense?" Stay

> — stay — this will never do — we must think of some mechanical means to keep your fire alive — such as whispering to yourself — "Oh! hah! — bitch! hell!" &c. &c.[29]

Poor Macklin! To be baited for practices which he so vigorously disapproved! But even kinder critics found humor in his pedagogy, Cooke observing that it was laughable to see him, during his lectures on deportment, "gravely attempting to wave his neck in all the undulating forms of elegance." [30]

Above all, however, critics took exception to his overbearing and dogmatic manner. Without question his intensity often terrified his protégés and fellow actors. But his was the overriding passion of the artist bent on the achievement of his ideals. To the end of his life his door was open to any would-be students. If they could survive the shock of the first encounter, they could profit enormously by his knowledge and experience, for despite his harsh manner and cruelly uninhibited criticism, he was passionately dedicated to teaching and to furthering his students' careers. Ultimately, through them, he made an important contribution to the English theatre. Often acclaimed with Garrick as a founder of modern naturalistic acting, he had in some respects, more importance. As an individual Garrick unquestionably had more impact, but genius has few followers, and Macklin, as a teacher, in the long run perhaps had still more affect on acting style.

During his stay in Ireland he was almost continually busy giving lessons. Ann Catley, the charming singer who had captivated London, gratefully submitted to his instructions during her stay in Dublin.[31] It was perhaps natural, since Frank Delaval and the Duke of York, the fathers of her two illegitimate children, had both been his pupils. Miss Younge, later Mrs. Pope, imported from Drury Lane to Capel Street, was another who took advantage of his instructions and, as a result, enjoyed a triumph as Lady Rodolpha in *The True*

Born Scotchman.[32] Philip Glenville, Miss Ambrose, and her sister, Mrs. Kelf, were among the others who had reason to be grateful to him. Unhappily, however, not all of his associations were as gratifying.

Among his Irish pupils was a young and inexperienced girl, Henrietta Leeson. Macklin had confidence in her, nevertheless, and signed articles with her guaranteeing her sixty pounds annually. After some instruction, she made her debut at Crow Street on December 6, 1771. From the start their relations were troubled ones. Miss Leeson was lighthearted about study and rehearsals, plagued him for money, and her mother was a termagant. Her crudely scrawled notes to Macklin are a tissue of apologies and complaints. Her wardrobe, it seems, was perpetually in disrepair. In her first letter she complains that in its present state she is too ashamed to go out on the street and attend rehearsals. Three shillings and sixpence for "making fashionable a dress hoop" temporarily alleviate her problems, but before long she is complaining that her silk gown, her stockings, and her linen are ruined. The bearer of these depressing missives, her mother, had the singular faculty of reducing Macklin to silence. "I would visit you," he writes Henrietta, "but you know your mother's tongue is not an agreeable instrument to the ear, nor her presence a pleasing object to my eye." [33]

Yet he endured these irritations. Henrietta, it appears, was as "fair and handsome" as her mother was repellent, and evidently she had some sparks of talent. Throughout the winter of 1771 she remained at Crow Street and in the following summer set off with the company on their tour of Limerick and Cork where she played opposite Macklin as Portia and Lady Rodolpha.[34] Occasionally she played Desdemona to his Iago, with William Lewis, the juvenile of Dawson's company, as Othello. From all accounts he was

an exceptionally attractive young man. Short, athletic, and lively, he delighted even Macklin, who often teased him by trying to snatch away his fashionable little three-cornered hat and threatening to parade with it through the streets of Dublin. But despite his liking for Lewis, Macklin evidently felt a twinge of jealousy unseemly in a man of his age. His relations with his pupils were ordinarily business-like, but in later years he was not always capable of this detachment.

A mutilated fragment from a lost correspondence gives us a tantalizing glimpse of him seen through the eyes of an attractive young protégé. Wearied of Mossop's management of Smock Alley, his correspondent decided to tour the Continent. From Bordeaux, in not-yet-mastered French, she writes to tell him of her plans. "Je conte de passer la Carnival a Venise & je vous porterai de Rome quelque antiques, peut —— etre un morceau de l'ongle du nouveau pape." She asks for theatrical gossip and tells him of her new admirer, a charming "compagnon de voyage." "Vous voulez que je vous aime en ideé & sur papier," she reminds him. "Je vais vous dire que j'ai pour vous une tendre amitie que le tems ne peut jamais effacer." She teasingly reproves him for sending her only one kiss when she sends twenty in return and in conclusion, as a Platonic mistress should, sends her compliments to Mrs. Macklin.[35]

The genuine affection in this letter and its playful allusions suggest that Macklin, under his bristling manner, was sometimes strongly attached to his students. Despite Miss Leeson's sartorial problems, her reluctance to rehearse, and her dreadful mother, she evidently aroused in him some real feeling. His discovery that she was strongly attracted to Mr. Lewis greatly disturbed him. Racked by suspicions and unseemly jealousy, during the Cork engagement he burst into her room and discovered Mr. Lewis hiding in the closet. The redoubtable Mrs. Leeson rushed in to the de-

fense of her daughter, stoutly denying any impropriety, but Macklin preferred to believe the evidence of his own eyes. His notes refer stingingly to Lewis as "the man in the closet" [36] and his distraught jottings for an unfinished play, *Kill or Be Killed,* seems to relate to this episode. "Old man — kill or be killed — it is very strange the Folly of old age — why I had no business with a young woman . . . I had given up the thought of such a thing. . . . I did not understand it myself until I felt the consequences of it at my heart!" [37] His irritation may perhaps explain the advertisement which appeared in the *Cork Hibernian Chronicle* on October 12, 1772.

A young woman possessed of theatrical talents and personal requisites, who is inclined to try her fortune as an actress or singer, and who has no impediment from family, or any other circumstance, may hear of something very advantageous to her, in either of these pursuits, by communicating her thoughts by letter on that subject to Z.Q. to be left with the printer of the Hibernian Chronicle.

Despite the advertisement, Miss Leeson returned with the company to Crow Street in November. Macklin was busy with a new farce, *A Lick at the Buckeens; or, A Looking-Glass for the Lawyers.*[38] It was put into rehearsal in December but never produced. He had other disappointments as well. Ryder in the course of the year had worked a transformation at Smock Alley, converting it from a dungeon to a remarkably agreeable theatre. Still more amazingly, he had somehow or other acquired new scenery and costumes. Worse still, abetted by Sheridan, he had the effrontery to appear occasionally as Shylock.

The Crow Street company had not anticipated this competition. As audiences dwindled, they had recourse to such dreary expedients as *Henry IV* "played by a gentleman of Trinity" and *The Padlock* "played by a real black." Dawson and Mahon were soon hard pressed, and Macklin grew

increasingly concerned about the money which they owed him. Almost a year before he had sold them his tragedy costumes for their Stratford Jubilee pageant. No money had been forthcoming and, as the days passed, Macklin adopted a grimly bantering tone in discussing the matter with Mahon.

"Bob, I intend to have you arrested for this debt you owe me," he remarked, "but I am considering whether to arrest you before or after your benefit."

"Oh, sir, don't arrest me at all!"

"Yes, yes, Bob, you know I must. I must send you to prison."

"Oh no, sir, there's no occasion."

"Oh, yes, I must."

"Well then, sir, if you must," Mahon protested, "wait till my benefit is over."

"Why no, Bob," Macklin explained. "Then you take the money and knock it about no one knows where or how, and I shall never see a shilling of it; but if I arrest you before your benefit, some of those lords that you sing for in your clubs, and taverns, and jovial bowls, may come forward and pay this money for you. No, no, I'll have you touched on the shoulder before your benefit — yes, yes." [39]

Although he never acted upon this threat, he was nonetheless pressing in his demands for payment. Mahon, unable to find any of his lordly friends to guarantee his credit, hopefully offered his clothes as security. Macklin was not so easily satisfied. He had already made up his mind to return to London, and his resignation as an officer of the Royal Hibernian Lodge had been regretfully accepted by John Plunkett, but he did not want to leave before reaching some sort of agreement with Dawson and Mahon. While waiting, he was at work on another comedy and vainly trying to persuade Miss Leeson to come and rehearse with him.

Madam The three months last past you have been making excuses

for not coming to me to rehearse your parts according to my requests — first your cloaths were so damaged by the rain in travelling that you were ashamed to appear in them at my lodging that excuse lasted you two months. . . . Then you were ill and could not stir out and now by your note of the seventh instant you say you have gotten a most severe cold and therefore cannot stir out, and yet it is notorious that you have been almost every night at the playhouse in Crow Street. These answers Madam are trifling and invidious. I look upon them as a breach of your contract as an apprentice & I believe the Law and every honest man must interpret them in the same manner. Once more I insist upon your coming to rehearse the part of Celia in my new play at my lodgings in Bolton Street this afternoon at four o'clock. . . . I am madam your humble servant

Charles Macklin Feb 9th 1773 three o'clock

If you may take a chair, I will pay for it.[40]

Miss Leeson's reply, requesting a release from her articles, occasioned still more acrimony, culminating in their dispute over the ownership of a pair of earrings. The tenor of these letters perhaps explains a bitter observation in his commonplace book. Of his students he writes: "Never had one that did not return Ingratitude for my Tuition. Ingratitude hates the Patron and the Friend." [41]

Despite their differences, the two appeared together at Crow Street on March 22, 1773, in *The True Born Scotchman* and four days later in *The Merchant of Venice*. It was the end of their association. Soon afterwards, Miss Leeson obtained her release. Subsequently, she married "the man in the closet," and from all accounts found the role of Mrs. William Lewis thoroughly congenial. For Macklin these two performances marked the conclusion of still another association. He had wearied of Dawson and Mahon and in all probability consented to appear only when they offered him the receipts in payment of their debt. When the embittered Shylock stalked off the Crow Street stage, it was to be his last Dublin appearance for twelve years.

X

RIOT AND CONSPIRACY

On December 22, 1772, Macklin wrote to Colman informing him that he would shortly be in London to play at Maria's benefit. Could Covent Garden make further use of him? Colman's reply was courteous but evasive, and during the next two months they exchanged letters worthy of two diplomats engaged in negotiating a delicate treaty.[1] Macklin hesitated to antagonize him, but clearly he was nettled by Colman's refusal to deal with him as he would with other actors. With as much tact as he possessed, he urged his re-engagement at a regular weekly salary, promised to play any parts assigned to him, and pleaded with Colman to make plain the reasons for his reluctance. Far too adroit to allude either to the actor's age or temperament, Colman suggested instead that he draw up his own proposals for consideration.

In a letter of unconscionable length, dated Dublin, February 17, 1773, Macklin did so. He began by pointing out that many of the comic parts which he had formerly played at Covent Garden had become the property of other actors, leaving him with a greatly diminished repertory. He felt strongly that he could not limit himself to three or four plays and *Love à la Mode.* He proposed, therefore, as he had proposed some years earlier to Barry, that Richard III, Macbeth, and possibly Lear, might make suitable and novel

additions to his repertory. He suggested further that during the season he should appear in a new play and two new farces of his own composition, to which he should retain all rights. "Without this number of new pieces, my power of attracting would be so abated as to render me useless another year," he admitted candidly. *Love à la Mode,* his favorite feather, "the best in my cap," he wished to limit to a stipulated number of performances. As before, he offered to perform twenty times, over a period of twenty weeks, at twenty pounds per night, with a February benefit at the usual house charges of sixty-three pounds. As an afterthought, and more in hope than expectation, he suggested once again that Colman might wish to sign a three-year agreement with him.

The manager's guarded answer was not encouraging. In a letter of stupendous length Macklin replied in detail to his objections. One would like to have seen the manager's face as he broke open this extraordinary communication. Its aggressive tone made him more cautious than ever, and in March, when Macklin was about to leave Ireland, matters were still unsettled though the manager was cheerfully writing, "I shall rejoice to see you on your arrival here and doubt not but we shall be able to arrange matters to our mutual satisfaction." [2] Upon reaching London, Macklin at once made further proposals to Colman who was then in Bath.[3] On April 10 Colman replied, tentatively agreeing to Macklin's terms. He hedged his acceptance with so many restrictions and subtleties, however, that the actor refused to sign the agreement. Instead, he began negotiations with Harris and the other patentees who, in general terms, agreed to his proposals.

From every point of view the situation was a prickly one. Articles had not been signed. Even the matter of repertory had not been settled.[4] For some years the parts of

Richard III and Macbeth had belonged to William "Gentleman" Smith, so-called because of his passion for racing, his marriage to the sister of the Earl of Sandwich, and his boast that never during his career had he stooped to wearing a stage beard or disappearing through a trap door. Early in 1773 he and Mrs. Yates had left Covent Garden, hoping to recruit a company of their own and perform at the Opera House in the Haymarket. Their hopes foundered when the Lord Chamberlain refused them a license. Smith then appealed to Garrick for an engagement at Drury Lane, but once again he was disappointed, and by summer he was reluctantly pleading for reinstatement at Covent Garden. Macklin's return complicated an already awkward problem. Fully aware that the parts of Richard III and Macbeth had previously belonged to Smith, he suggested that during the forthcoming season they should perform them alternately as, on occasion, Garrick did with Barry and with Holland. Smith agreed, without enthusiasm. For years he had suffered the discomfiture of playing against Garrick at Drury Lane. In only one part, as Kitely in *Every Man in his Humor*, could he claim the advantage. But to be Garrick's rival, however vainly, was a form of compliment. To compete with a lumbering Irish septuagenarian was another matter. He was further ruffled by the news that William Lewis, Macklin's Irish protégé, had also been engaged to appear during the coming season and was reputedly being groomed to play some of his other parts.

As the summer of 1773 drew to a close, Macklin had not yet signed formal articles, but his engagement was tacitly assumed, and plans went forward for his appearance. The hostility to him was not, however, confined to Covent Garden. In proposing to play Richard III, Macbeth, and Lear, he was also challenging Garrick's supremacy. As the jottings in his commonplace book indicate, his resentment against King

David had smoldered for many years. He had never forgotten the actors' strike and the part that Garrick had played in its settlement. But as the time came for the opening of the new season, Macklin pondered his challenge more soberly. He had little hope of matching, let alone surpassing, Garrick's fiery performance as Richard III. Even Gentleman Smith had received uncomfortably high praise in the role. Surprisingly, he rejected the notion of playing Lear, though his age, physique, and temperament ideally suited him to the part. Instead, he decided to devote his full energies to preparing *Macbeth*. His concern was not, however, confined to his own part. In a manner quite uncharacteristic of the eighteenth-century actor, he considered as well the problems of sets, costumes, and music, and began jotting down notes for the forthcoming production. In attempting to impose upon it a conceptual unity, he anticipated the function of the director in the modern theatre, and the pained reactions of manager, actors, and backstage crew indicate how novel was this supervision.

His notes, though often muddled and stenographic, show his interest in every aspect of the production. His primary aim was to re-create the barbaric splendors of early Scottish history. In lieu of a timidly Gothic Dunsinane he visualized a castle whose halls were adorned with helmets, swords, dirks, stuffed boars and wolves' heads. Typical of his notations on setting are the following:

Act 2d the scenery of the murdering scene must be considered. there should be an opening in the flat I think —— the play should have a set of new scenes, all newly disposed — in the manner of the roman scenes — should not scene be dark

dagger scene. . . . In this scene the Servant comes on with two candles, he goes off and leaves his master in the dark that is a breach of manners even to absurdity. to remedy this the scene must lie in a Hall, or antichamber in which there must be a table in the appartment and

when the servant goes off he must leave the candles on the Table, on which I think Macbeth must put them out. this scene must [be] reconsidered for the absurdity must not remain.

Macbeth act 3d Banquet scene the shape of the Table should be horseshoe. the whole scope of the stage — a man & a woman all around. the Queen then can come to Macbeth down in the centre of the stage. Macbeth can address & prepare better too for the Ghost.

Cave scene in the 4th act there must be high rooms all around so as to form the stage into a deep cave, & down the back part must be a winding way for Macbeth's to come down to the witches.[5]

Problems of costumes, as always, deeply interested him. The notion of producing *Macbeth* in Scottish dress had perhaps been suggested to him by a 1757 Edinburgh production of the play, though the vogue for "ancient dresses" had also led to the vaguely historical productions at Drury Lane of *Henry IV, Richard III,* and *Henry VIII.* His main preoccupation was, of course, with his own costume. For as long as anyone could remember, the play had begun with a crew of burly male witches, in black hats and blue aprons, confronting a periwigged Macbeth in regimental uniform. The inadequacies of such costuming are vividly suggested in a satirical description of Garrick's appearance in the cave scene of Act IV. "[He] looked like a Beau who had unfortunately slipped his Foot, and tumbled into a Night Cellar, where a Parcel of old Women were boiling Tripe for their Supper." [6] Macklin refused to adopt such a dress, nor would he wear a costume like that worn by young Norval in Home's *Douglas,* with black plumes and tartan draped *à la romaine.* Macbeth, he wrote, "must be booted in russet, broadsword pistols at his girdle, dirk a cap imitating a Bonnet, a ruff — hair tied behind but short. — soldiers half-stockinged." [7]

As an appropriate musical background he envisioned

Duncan's approach to Dunsinane heralded by "fife, tabor, pipe, trumpet and all the unison of domestic and royal music." The entrance into the castle itself was to be proclaimed by bagpipe, fife, and drum. Even more detailed are his directions for Act IV, Scene 1. "In the cauldron scene when the cauldron sinks — in the act there be a great crash of screaming discordant musick — at — an eternal fall on you — and after Mac says why sinks that cauldron & what noise is this there must be a local flourish or prelude of music to introduce the eight visions." [8]

By contrast, he paid far less attention to textual problems. The version which he adopted was the corrupt one currently in use in the Theatres Royal. Characteristically enough, the first words of his part, "Command they make a halt upon the heath," are not Shakespeare's but Davenant's. But in the eighteenth century, texts of Shakespeare were not noted for their purity. One recalls Quin's astonishment on reading of Garrick's forthcoming appearance in *Macbeth* "as written by Shakespeare." "Don't I play *Macbeth* as written by Shakespeare?" [9] he had asked in genuine surprise. Davenant's version had for so long held the stage that he was unaware that any other version existed. Even Garrick's emended version was still conspicuously "improved," notably by a long speech of his own invention, inserted in the final scene to allow him to flounce and agonize. Macklin was not disposed, however, to accept all of these traditional improvements. Years of playing the First Witch caused him to minimize their transvestite fooleries. Feeling that in Davenant's version Lady Macduff usurped too much attention, he eliminated her altogether. The text which he finally adopted, though truncated in some respects and "improved" in others, is at least closer to Shakespeare than Davenant's version.

To its interpretation he gave the same attention that he

had earlier devoted to *The Merchant of Venice*. He scribbled notes and observations on longer passages and scenes. One is of particular interest. Convention required the actor to stand during soliloquies, but Macklin, in at least one instance, saw fit to violate this tradition.

> Scene the last of the first act — *If it were done*. In this scene there should be tables & chairs, Macbeth should sit down sometimes in this soliloquy — then start up, traverse — it would diversify the actors positions — & better mark his perturbation. he should be discovered in deep rumination — & perplexity either sitting or standing — not walking on — the scene must be a chamber.[10]

He pondered minor matters as well, weighing individual lines and debating their proper inflection. To the reading of "making the green one red" he devoted much thought. Many of these observations were not, of course, set down on paper. We know, for example, that he spent considerable time in coaching the titian-haired Mrs. Hartley, his Lady Macbeth, though we have no indications of her specific readings or business. Contemporary accounts make it clear that he had pondered every aspect of the production. Like Garrick he was disinclined to leave anything to chance. But Garrick, for all his genius, tended to think of a play, above all, as a vehicle for his own talents. Though he himself far outshone Mills who had earlier played Macbeth at Drury Lane, his production, as a whole, fell short of the earlier one in which Robert Wilks and Booth had appeared in supporting roles.

As October drew near, Macklin became increasingly absorbed in his preparations. He found it difficult, however, to communicate his enthusiasm to Colman who was growing daily more alarmed and urged Macklin to give up his project and appear instead in his time-tested roles. His pleas had no effect. The rehearsals continued, though Macklin's uncertain status in the company and Colman's evident dis-

approval made it difficult for him to impose his ideas on the other actors. Some resented his undertaking Macbeth as an affront to Smith. Others feared his whiplash tongue and grumbled at his demands. Rehearsals began, as usual, at ten, but continued until the unconscionable hour of three in the afternoon — far longer than ordinarily. But if the actors were compelled to make concessions, Macklin as well was forced to do so.

In the course of rehearsals, his original conception was undergoing modifications. In some cases he doubtless accepted certain stage traditions. In other instances, he was probably forced to give ground. Dunsinane, for all its savage accoutrements was, finally, anachronistically adorned with cannon and a long gallery. In his own costuming he also, to some extent, complied with tradition. The Darly caricature of him as Macbeth indicates that in many respects his wishes were realized. It depicts him wearing broguelike shoes, calf-length tartan stockings, a basket-hilted sword, tunic, and plaid Balmoral bonnet.[11] The caricature fails to indicate that he wore a kilt, though he is often credited with introducing this in the part. On the other hand, an engraving published in *The London Magazine* shows him in the same role wearing a draped cloak, breeches, and buskins. Presumably he wore the modified Scottish dress of the caricature in the opening and closing acts and the more conventional court dress shown in the engraving in Acts III and IV. Evidently his revolution in the costume of Macbeth was far from a total one, but until the end of the century his notion of Scottish dress was generally accepted as authentic, and Garrick himself expressed interest in his ideas.[12]

There were other modifications as well. Duncan's powdered queue and Macbeth's curly peruke did not accord with the original concept. The witches wore "Caledonian garments," whatever they may be, and Lady

Macbeth, the traditional black velvet of tragedy.[13] One wonders if Macklin knew that some years before, Mrs. Bellamy had broken tradition by playing this role in white satin.[14] A fire in a Glasgow theatre had destroyed all her costumes, and the emergency wardrobe donated by her admirers had not included the black velvet dress essential to tragedy. Told that the ghost of Lady Macbeth habitually walked the ramparts of Dunsinane in white satin, she consented to play that character in a similar dress. In any event, Macklin would have frowned on such evidence as "unhistorical." Presumably he was not troubled by the contrast between Mrs. Hartley's costume and his own.

He acceded to tradition in other matters as well. Whether his initial musical conceptions were realized or not we do not know, but John Taylor tells us Macklin's own entrance was heralded by the Coldstream March. His notes indicate no such gaudy intention, and one surmises that in this matter, as in others, he was probably overruled by the less historically-minded Colman.

The actors themselves were evidently no less reluctant to accept his ideas. An exception was the young and beautiful Mrs. Hartley, fifty years his junior. She had earlier played Lady Macbeth opposite Smith, to whom she was strongly attracted, but good-natured curiosity induced her to pay attention to the older actor. Others were not so tractable, however. Dunstall and Quick, both low comedians, had been cast as witches, and they were prepared to play them in the accepted fashion as figures of fun rather than the dark embodiments of man's fate. The tension at rehearsals was not lessened by Macklin's constant interruptions and anguished exclamations. "Sir, Sir!" he would cry. "Do you know what you are about? None of your hackneyed turns and practises with me! Throw Garrick to the dogs! I'll have none of him. He is for Nature and Shakespeare; I am for Shakespeare

and Nature! Hark you, ye witches! Manage your broomsticks with dignity and be damned to you! Ride through the air like gentlewomen, and as if mounted on so many Pegasuses!" [15]

Even bit players proved recalcitrant. Approaching one, Macklin asked, "You are the first muderer, eh?" He received the sullen reply, "No, Sir, you are." The comedian Shuter, a bibulous spectator at rehearsals, grumbled audibly, "Time was when brains were out the man would die." Overhearing him, Macklin barked back, "Ay, Ned, and the time was that when the liquor was in the wit was out, but it is not so with thee." "Now, now, thou art a man again," Shuter muttered jovially, and the two, reconciled, went off to dine together.[16] But the clashes were not always so easily resolved. There was friction with the backstage crew as well. The carpenters were constantly shouting, hauling timber across the stage, and hammering and sawing during rehearsals — all at Colman's instigation, the actor suspected. Still more exasperating was the fact that in spite of such activity the production was delayed.

On September 20 the season was launched with Woodward as Marplot in *The Busybody*. Two weeks later, Gentleman Smith made his first appearance as Richard III. The following evening, in deference to Colman's wishes, Macklin appeared as Shylock and Sir Archy. Ten days later the sparkling debut of William Lewis in *The West Indian* inaugurated his long and successful career, first as an actor and later as deputy manager of Covent Garden. But it was the forthcoming production of *Macbeth* which excited the London theatre world. Over a bowl of turtle soup at the Bedford, or a tumbler of ale at the Cocoa Tree, the partisans of Garrick and Smith initiated their campaign. The admirers of King David had long since perfected the techniques of squib warfare. Smith, as well, had friends in the

fourth estate, notably Henry Bate, a pugnacious writer on *The Morning Post*. In consequence, flurries of abusive paragraphs soon began to appear in the newspapers.

By the time of Macklin's first performance, on October 23, interest had reached such a height that the theatre was packed to suffocation. Promptly at six, the curtain rose. The witches began their familiar incantations, and moments later Macklin strode on. He was received with a loud hiss. It originated in the two-shilling gallery where, as it happened, Mrs. Macklin was seated with two friends, Mr. Skinner and Mr. Vivian. Turning in the direction of the hissing, they saw James Sparks, son of Luke Sparks, the comedian, and with him Samuel Reddish, who had played Macbeth at Drury Lane the year before. The latter, in particular, had no reason to feel friendly towards the rival actor, for during his days in Dublin he had felt the sting of Macklin's tongue.[17] Under the circumstances it was perhaps natural that Mrs. Macklin and her friends assumed them guilty. Mr. Skinner angrily asked Sparks whom he hissed, to which the young man abruptly replied, "What is that to you?" Mrs. Macklin, no less heatedly, took it upon herself to reprove Reddish, pointing out to him the indiscretion of hissing a fellow player since "the same compliment might be returned to him at the expense of a shilling." [18]

After this brief exchange the dispute subsided. Although sporadic hissing continued to break out during the remainder of the performance, when the curtain fell Macklin was warmly applauded. The subsequent critical reaction was, on the whole, gratifying.[19] The novel sets and costumes were generally praised. Mrs. Hartley was commended for her greatly improved performance as Lady Macbeth, the critic of *The London Evening Post* attributing this to "the effects of some intelligence she had received from Mr. Macklin." [20] The actor himself was highly praised for the *judgment* he

had shown in his interpretation though his voice, age, and physique were deplored as unsuited to the part. Fairly typical was the reaction of the critic of *The Morning Chronicle* who, although taking exception to his "monotony of rage" and "want of an occasionally varied tone," nonetheless found much to commend: "Upon the whole he seemed to have studied the character with peculiar and profound attention; and had his age and abilities coincided with his judgment, we verily believe he would have performed it with a degree of skill unequalled in the theatrical annals. . . . The attempt, even if unsuccessful," he concluded generously, "is of infinite consequence to our national drama." [21] *The Public Advertiser* and *The Westminster Magazine* similarly applauded the production, and the critic of *The London Evening Post* found "more thinking in Macklin's acting, more *sense* in his emphasis . . . than in any other actor I had ever seen." [22] The opening scenes, the dagger scene, the banquet scene, and the final scenes were singled out for particular praise.

A handful of critics, to be sure, were less kind, inevitably measuring his performance against Garrick's, though Macklin had specifically disclaimed any attempt to rival him, announcing that he sought "*only to please*, not to *conquer* or *defeat*." [23] Nevertheless, critics insisted on making comparisons. Of particular interest is Arthur Murphy's account of Macklin's "black letter" *Macbeth* and Garrick's "white and glossy" version. Of the former, he observed: "The text is as good in general; the punctuation is more exact, and the reading in many places improved." He commended particularly Macklin's shift of the action in the scenes immediately preceding Duncan's murder to an inner quadrangle in the castle as opposed to Garrick's staging of this scene in a castle room. He also preferred Macklin's broken action in the dagger scene to Garrick's fixed and hypnotic stare. Various readings, he likewise felt, might profitably be

adopted by Garrick.[24] The emperor of Drury Lane refused, however, to be drawn into the controversy. Instead, he nonchalantly revived *Much Ado About Nothing*, leaving his admirers to spring to his defense. At once they revived a jest which had gone the rounds some twenty-five years earlier when Garrick had first played Shakespeare's tragic hero: "Macbeth hath murdered Garrick." They amplified it to read: "In act the second, scene the first, Shakespeare has made Macbeth murder Duncan; now Mr. Macklin, being determined to copy from no man, reversed this incident and in the very first act, scene the second, murdered Macbeth." [25] They attacked Macklin as an "old toothless dotard, with the voice of a tired boatswain." [26] George Steevens, writing to Garrick, maliciously reported that the old man's sepulchral tones sounded as though they had been pumped up from the depths of Dover Castle. Others complained that they could not distinguish Macbeth from the witches, and a rash of impromptus broke out.

> The witches while living deluded Macbeth,
> And the devil laid hold of his soul after death,
> But to punish the tyrant this would not content him,
> So Macklin he sent on the stage to present him.
>
> I learned tonight what ne'er before I knew,
> That a Scotch monarch's like an Irish Jew.[27]

Macklin himself was not surprised by these reactions. "The fact is," he wrote to a friend, "the manner of acting many parts of *Macbeth*, & of shaping and shading the passions of the characters was then a common conversation." [28] For all his disclaimers of rivaling Garrick, he was enjoying the comparisons and the compliment of a rumor that Garrick planned to take the initiative and play Shylock later that winter. But he was not disposed to tolerate unruly audiences, whether openly provoked by Smith or more subtly inspired

by Garrick. Never a man to avoid a fight, he was determined to make an issue of the hissing, and after interrogating his wife, Mr. Skinner, and Mr. Vivian, he made public the charge that Reddish and Sparks had hissed his performance. Categorical denials from the two in no way shook his assurance, and for a week after the first performance the columns of *The Morning Chronicle* abounded with indignant charges and countercharges.[29]

By the time of the second performance, on October 30, he had acquired a fresh set of enemies. Once again the audience was tense and expectant. Forewarned, Macklin made his appearance before the curtain went up, and clutching a sheaf of papers he confidently promised to prove his charges within a week. From the gallery Reddish repeatedly called out, "Why did you on Saturday — " but his shouts were drowned by the applause of the audience, and on that evening the play was performed without interruption.

At the third performance, a week later, his enemies had gathered in such force that Colman, fearful of the possible consequences, persuaded Smith to remain in readiness behind the scenes. When the actor strode out, brandishing papers and affidavits relating to Reddish and Sparks, he could not be heard above the volley of hisses and catcalls. A prolonged demonstration failed, however, to halt the performance and the play was heard through.

Only a man as stubborn and pugnacious as Macklin would have persisted in the face of such opposition. On November 13 he played Macbeth for the fourth time. On this occasion the theatre was like a bear garden, with the two-shilling gallery the scene of the greatest confusion. Led by John James and Ralph Aldus, later identified by Macklin as friends of Smith's, the rioters shouted insistently for proof of the charges. But Macklin was not without friends of his own. Taking advantage of the confusion, an unknown lady

struck Mr. James, and two gentlemen, inspired by her example, threw him down between the gallery benches and began pommeling him. His pock-marked face suffused with rage, he started up and ran around the gallery like a madman, challenging men and women alike. Encountering Mr. Skinner, he demanded instant satisfaction. He then rushed into the lobby, tore off his cape, red coat, and striped flannel waistcoat and assumed a fighting stance. Unable to provoke the astonished Mr. Skinner, he stormed up to a Mrs. McDonnell, then in an advanced state of pregnancy, and under the impression that she was Mrs. Macklin roundly abused her. His companion, Mr. Aldus, oddly enough, suffered similar violence at the hands of an unknown woman who, in addition to tearing his hair shirt, relieved him of his pocket handkerchief and his money as well. Soon afterwards the most conspicuous of the rioters were ejected, and the actors gallantly struggled through the performance, but the tumult throughout the evening was such that the play might as well have been a pantomime.

The events of the night convinced the managers that to allow another performance of *Macbeth* was to court disaster. They consequently proposed that at his next performance Macklin should play in his staples of repertory, *The Merchant of Venice* and *Love à la Mode*. The actor himself suggested that Smith should act Macbeth to appease his friends. But however conciliatory backstage, in his study he was drafting anonymous communications of an altogether different character. In a letter published on November 15, he charged that while at the Epsom races Smith had recruited friends to come and hiss him. Smith, outraged, at once set out with his friend Henry Bate for Macklin's lodgings. They burst in upon him and demanded to know whether he had written the letter. Without waiting for an answer, Smith began shouting "Liar! Villain!" and calling

Collection of the author.

Harvard Theatre Collection, Harvard University.

Courtesy of the Trustees, National Gallery, Dublin.

Charles Macklin as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. By De Wilde.

for satisfaction. To his shocked surprise the old actor immediately offered to accommodate him. A lecture on his want of breeding further deflated Smith, who left James Street a considerably chastened man. The next day, in conspicuously altered tones, he wrote to Macklin in the character of a challenged man rather than a challenger.[30]

The duel, needless to say, did not come to pass. Gentleman Smith sulked. Macklin busied himself drafting further letters, vigorously denying that he was "a malicious, vain, malevolent wretch, of a turbulent nature." [31] Mr. Aldus and Mr. James nursed their bruises and wounded egos. James Sparks, however, decided on a more active course. Determined to protest Macklin's forthcoming appearance, he appealed to his brother-in-law, Thomas Leigh, a master tailor of Great Suffolk Street, in whose house, coincidentally, Samuel Reddish had lodgings. Contentious by nature, Leigh agreed to help him, and the day before *The Merchant of Venice* was to be performed, he went to the Antelope Ale House in Drury Lane and there collected all the idle journeymen tailors he could find. Inviting them to go to Covent Garden the next evening at his expense, he urged them to bring along as many friends as they could.

The next day, November 18, his foreman, John Archer, went to the Sun and Apple Tree in White Hart Yard and made a similar offer to treat the tailors there to an evening at the playhouse. Still another tailor, one Le Gravier, recruited others at the Phoenix Ale House. Shortly before the performance, the three groups convened in a cellar in Great Suffolk Street. Primed with porter and provided with a shilling apiece for entrance into the gallery, they clamored indignantly as Leigh described to them the affront his brother-in-law had received from a murderous old player. Charging them to hiss the actor until he begged for pardon, Leigh demonstrated how he would signal them from the pit by

holding up a paper and crying "Off! Off! No play! No play!" [32]

By curtain time such cues were entirely unnecessary. The porter had had its effect, and the theatre was a scene of tense expectancy. Rumor had magnified Mr. Aldus' injuries to such an extent that he was believed at the point of death. His sudden appearance in a side box, from which he sprang into the pit, provoked a burst of applause. Even strangers succumbed to the excitement. A Surrey gentleman, Joseph Clarke, attired in a scarlet waistcoat and blue coat, took a prominent seat in a stage box. Startled by a storm of huzzas, he reciprocated by wildly waving his hat.

When the curtain rose, Leigh and James slipped into their places in the pit. "In sooth I know not why I am so sad," Mr. Bensley intoned, but the audience heard not a word. The rioters had begun calling in unison for Macklin. As he made his appearance, the tailors rose, shook their sticks at him, and shouted, "Down on your knees! Ask pardon! Ask pardon!" [33] Eighteenth-century audiences had humiliated other actors in this fashion, but Macklin was not easily intimidated. Perhaps he recalled Tom Sheridan's refusal to capitulate to a rowdy audience and his subsequent vindication in court. Clad in his Jewish dress he strode angrily towards the orchestra pit and stamped his feet for silence. Turning towards James, evidently a leader of the rioters, he attempted to appeal to him, but renewed cries of "Off! Off! Off!" forced him to retreat backstage. William Miles, a ship's purser, began shouting "Hoary villain!" and others in the audience took up the cry.

Colman, distraught, urged the actor to change into his own dress and subsequently persuaded him once more to go on stage, hoping that he could conciliate the audience. He had "all but kneeled" when he was struck full in the face by an apple. Intoxicated by the tumult, Mr. Clarke stood up

in his box and tore off a piece of the railing. Brandishing it like a club, he lunged vainly in the direction of the retreating actor.

Backstage, actors and managers were aghast. They recalled only too vividly the ruinous *Chinese Festival* and *Artaxerxes* riots. Much against his will, they prevailed upon Henry Woodward, a popular favorite, to go on stage and find out what the rioters wanted. By way of answer, the ringleaders in the pit hastily circulated a note, then passed it up to him. Woodward at once disappeared backstage. Seconds later, another actor, Robert Owenson, appeared. He carried a blackboard on which was written in bold chalk letters: "At the command of the public, Mr. Macklin is discharged." [34] But even this capitulation failed to satisfy the rioters. Renewing the tumult, they began shouting for Colman, and while they waited for him to appear, they diverted themselves by tearing up the benches of the boxes and smashing a chandelier.

The manager, who had until then never confronted an audience, was visibly shaken. Coming forward, he hurriedly explained that he had always been eager to consult their wishes and obey their commands. "Is it your pleasure," he asked, "that Mr. Macklin should be discharged?" [35] Scarcely waiting for an answer, he confirmed the dismissal. In the subsequent uproar it was impossible to differentiate those who approved from those who disapproved. Bursts of applause were broken by cries of "No! No! No! Macklin! Shylock! Shylock!" Brushing aside all protests, Colman announced that he would substitute for performance that evening *She Stoops to Conquer*. Twice the unfortunate actors, led by Shuter, attempted to begin it. Twice they were pelted off the stage. It was clearly no time for comedy. The triumphant rioters then swarmed out of the theatre and demanded the return of their money. Since many in the pit

clambered out through the boxes, they caused the management a further loss of some hundred pounds in addition to that which they had already sustained through damage to the theatre.

For a few days afterwards the controversy went on, an occasional indignant paragraph erupting in the columns of *The Morning Chronicle,* but in the opinion of most theatregoers the affair was ended. It seemed probable that the actor's career was over. To the actor's mind, however, this was far from the case. The events of the following week stiffened his determination to punish those responsible for the demonstrations. On November 20, Mr. Garth, the treasurer of Covent Garden, who had until then been paying him his weekly salary, refused to pay him beyond the seventeenth of November. His explanation was simple. Mr. Colman had discharged him as of that date, consequently the management was under no further obligation to him.

Macklin's reaction was immediate. On the evening of Monday the twenty-second his friends circulated in the greenroom and in the theatre itself a handbill which read:

> Mr. Macklin has been pursued by a malicious party to such a pitch of rancor, that at last they have succeeded so far in their cursed designs as to get him discharged from this Theatre, and thereby have deprived him of the means of all livelihood. Therefore, if the Public have any spirit, they will not suffer the new Play to begin till Mr. Colman promises that Mr. Macklin shall be engaged again.[36]

Perhaps not entirely by coincidence, the leading actor in the new play, William Kenrick's *The Duellist,* was Gentleman Smith. During the performance he was roundly hissed, and when, at its conclusion, it was given out for performance the following Monday, the audience rioted till another play was substituted. The demonstration, however, fell short of the previous ones, for with the aid of a brace of Bow Street constables, the chief rioter was seized, brought before a

justice, and bound over to keep the peace. It failed, moreover, to alter Colman's decision. Swallowing his pride, Macklin then decided to call upon James and Aldus. The interview, as might be anticipated, was not a success. Unable to suppress his anger, Macklin bitterly protested their behavior. James and Aldus no less angrily observed that he had refused to ask pardon and that hereafter no manager would dare to engage him. He threatened to go to law. They urged him to do so, confidently pointing out that even in the event of his re-engagement, no audience would tolerate him.

Soon afterwards a catchpenny pamphlet appeared entitled *An Apology . . . which it is hoped will have some effect in favor of an aged Player.*[37] While not wholly sympathetic to Macklin — it reprints, for example, both favorable and unfavorable critical reaction to his performance — it clearly suggests that he was victimized by Garrick's machinations. The crude cartoon facing the title page shows King David, on the shoulders of the Muses, triumphing over the fallen Shylock. The author makes plain his belief that Reddish was accused on insufficient evidence and alludes to a shadowy, malevolent figure in the background.

Macklin was evidently not alone in suspecting that Garrick had master-minded the demonstrations, and persistent rumors to this effect soon circulated. Determined to dispel them, Garrick summoned William Woodfall, editor of *The Morning Chronicle,* to a backstage conference with his brother George, Hopkins, the prompter, and Samuel Reddish. In a severe manner he interrogated Reddish on the charge of hissing. He then lectured the actor at length, vowing that he would never forgive him if the charge were proved. Reddish repeatedly protested his innocence. He admitted, however, that Sparks had hissed, to which Garrick replied that he "would have thrown himself into the pit" rather than associate with such a companion.[38] The news

of Garrick's indignation failed to allay Macklin's suspicions. Doubtless he thought that the scene had been staged for his benefit. When Leigh later tried to dissuade him from prosecuting, he was still brooding over the matter. "I know who is at the bottom, and, if you give them up, I will do it," he observed darkly. "Sir, I know your meaning," Leigh answered. "It is Mr. Garrick you allude to; I never spoke to him in my life." [39] But the suspicion obsessed him still. He hinted at sensational disclosures to show that the case had not yet been bottomed, and later, in the course of his suit against Colman, he repeatedly tried to serve Garrick with a subpoena.

Much as he suspected the manager of Drury Lane, the evidence against him was maddeningly elusive. He had reason to believe, however, that he could obtain an information against six of the rioters — James, Clarke, Aldus, Leigh, Miles, and Sparks. He was by then ready to concede that Reddish had perhaps been unjustly accused. Before taking action against the others, he approached them to discuss a possible settlement of their differences. Of the group, Leigh was at once the most eager to arbitrate and the most intractable. More than once he applied to Macklin at the Antelope to ask what compensation would persuade him not to prosecute. He agreed to discuss terms with William Jones, a friend of Macklin's, and Henry Bate, Smith's friend. But the mercurial Leigh had no sooner agreed than he changed his mind. He failed to appear at the appointed time and reverted to his original stand — that Macklin could be reinstated only if he asked pardon. In his more sanguine moments he publicly boasted that he would "sooner idle in a gaol or go to France and carry a brown musket, rather than Macklin should get a shilling costs or damages." [40] He was less confident in private, and calling upon Thomas Clegg, master of the Antelope, offered him a guinea a man to send hostile witnesses out of town, hinting broadly that he would never

again call up journeymen tailors at that establishment unless the landlord cooperated. Miles felt a like trepidation. Accidentally meeting Macklin in Bridges Street, he confessed that he had acted rashly and begged him to believe that Garrick had had no part in the affair. Such a protest further inflamed the suspicions of the actor who contented himself by grimly remarking that the matter would be later resolved.

His request for an information against the six was at first rejected on the grounds that the audience had a right to applaud or condemn, and the actor was urged to make his peace with the Town. But subsequent events renewed his determination to prosecute. Colman continued to disregard his weekly requests for his salary. In March, Maria requested him, as usual, to play at her benefit, but Colman refused to allow him to appear.[41] In vain she pointed that it was a time-honored practice for actors and actresses to appoint whom they pleased to act at their benefits. The manager obdurately refused. Maria's extraordinary difficulty in fixing a date for her benefit further angered Macklin,[42] and on May 12, 1774, his solicitor, Mr. Dunning, persuaded the Court of the King's Bench to allow an information to be filed against the six for "riotous conspiracy to deprive Mr. Macklin of his livelihood." [43]

On Saturday, June 11, the case came up for hearing before Lord Mansfield.[44] Macklin's prominence and the notorious riots alone would have guaranteed a packed courtroom, but the presiding Lord Chief Justice was a remarkable attraction in his own right. During his career on the King's Bench he had presided over various *causes célèbres,* among them the Cock Lane Ghost trial in 1762 and, six years later, John Wilkes's suit to reverse the sentence of outlawry imposed on him during his exile. As elegant in his manners as in his opinion, he was "not a mere lawyer," as Dr. Johnson had observed. "He drank champagne with the wits." [45]

From the outset there was little doubt in anyone's mind

that the defendants were guilty of the charge of riot. The real interest of the case lay in proving the secondary charge of conspiracy. Coolly dilating on the nature of this offense, his Lordship cited a memorable precedent: "Now, as to conspiracy, it is not necessary to prove a parole, or written agreement, in order to make a conspiracy, that is evidence to be left to a Jury, whether it is or is not a conspiracy. You all remember the case of the Ghost." [46] Doubtless every spectator did. Eleven years earlier all of London had been agog with stories of the little house in Cock Lane. A luminous apparition, believed to be the ghost of Mrs. Fanny Kent, nightly visited the bedchamber of eleven-year-old Elizabeth Parsons, manifesting herself through scratching noises and violently shaking the bed. For weeks the surrounding streets had been choked with the carriages of those curious to witness these demonstrations by "Scratching Fanny," as she was popularly called. When the imposture was unmasked, various persons had been found guilty of conspiracy and condemned to the pillory. As Lord Mansfield pointed out, each, for individual reasons, had abetted the others in compounding the fraud.

> Several persons were then convicted of a conspiracy. I believe that they themselves said, when they moved the Court for a new Trial, that they had not a parole communication, much less a written agreement, but they all concurred in the same imposition upon the Public, *by setting up the Ghost*. I said, upon the Trial, if the Jury thought they all concurred towards the same end, and, upon any bad or improper principles, took part in setting up the Ghost, that it was not necessary to prove either a parole or written agreement to do it; and upon the motion of a new trial, the Court was of that opinion.[47]

On the mountainous evidence of some seventy-four affidavits submitted by Macklin's counsel, Mr. Dunning, Lord Mansfield allowed the charges against all but one of the defendants, James Sparks, against whom he found insufficient

evidence. The others were remanded for trial at a later date.

During the next few months Macklin energetically prepared his case. He drew up a *dramatis personae* of the rioters. He outlined a scenario for the trial — points to be proved and witnesses to be called — and harried Mr. Dunning with suggestions for his role as prosecutor. He had always been interested in staging and this scene, after all, was the most important which he had ever directed. Finally, on February 24, 1775, after infinite rehearsals, he and Mr. Dunning appeared before Justice Aston and a specially convened jury. Equipped with armloads of affidavits, they were followed by a parade of witnesses.[48] Mr. Dunning, as a pupil, proved gratifyingly apt. He described to the court in masterful detail Leigh's stratagems on the evening of November 17 and the disposal of his forces inside the theatre. He found occasion for satiric allusions to Mr. Aldus' torn hair shirt and his Harlequin-like leap from box to pit. With appropriate irony he described the "candid" and "independent" audience before which his client had appeared. He rejected with icy contempt Mr. James's plea that he was a gentleman of "small fortune and large family." Taking his cue from Lord Mansfield, he noted that "these gentlemen, when they met in different parts of this theatre, formed one body, scattered and disposed as that body was, throughout the different regions of that theatre." [49]

As the witnesses, one by one, took the stand, the defense crumbled. The remarks of Justice Aston at the close of the interrogation left little doubt as to the outcome. The facts were incontrovertible. The defendants had been riotous and disorderly during a performance of *The Merchant of Venice* in which Macklin was celebrated. "You will observe here," Justice Aston noted, "that if the ground was only to prohibit his acting *Macbeth,* there was no sort of necessity for all

this violence and outrage when he was to act Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice* and to act another character in *Love à la Mode.*" [50] Why had the defendants attended Covent Garden several times to see Macklin's *Macbeth,* though they vigorously disliked his performance? For what reason could they have attended on these subsequent occasions? At the conclusion of his charge, the jury withdrew to consider the evidence. Twenty minutes later they returned their verdict. Clarke they found guilty of riot only, the others guilty of both riot and conspiracy.

Three months later, on May 11, the defendants reappeared at the Court of King's Bench for sentencing.[51] They were evidently agitated and apprehensive, for when Justice Aston had concluded reading through the minutes of the trial to Lord Mansfield, Mr. Cooper, the counsel for Leigh, hurriedly rose. Pleading for his client, he stated that Leigh regretted his actions and wished to make all possible amends. His Lordship was not greatly impressed. Somewhat tartly he pointed out that almost a year earlier he had proposed an immediate settlement. Wearily, he suggested that it was not yet too late to lay the case before the Master for arbitration. Otherwise, he commented, the court would proceed to sentence, which would be composed of fine and imprisonment. He observed further that notwithstanding the court's action, Macklin could still bring action for damages, which would doubtless be substantial. In the hope of arbitrating their differences, he began roughly computing the extent of Macklin's losses: a two-year period of unemployment at four hundred pounds a year, plus the loss of two benefits valued at two hundred and thirty pounds each, without taking into account the loss sustained by Miss Macklin through her father's inability to appear at her benefits. In the midst of his calculations he paused and looked hopefully in Colman's direction. But Colman who, some months before, had finally disassociated himself from Covent Gar-

den, refused to be drawn into the controversy. "Thank God I have nothing to do with it!" he exclaimed fervently. His Lordship, with masterful understatement, merely observed, "Perhaps you are tired of it," and went on with his calculations.[52]

The courtroom was buzzing with the chatter of attorneys when Macklin rose to speak. His career had been built around a courtroom scene. For over thirty years he had been playing the relentless Shylock. For over thirty years he had turned a deaf ear to Portia's plea. At last he had an opportunity to play Shylock with a difference. He began:

My Lord, I shall always be happy in obeying any advice that comes from this court, but there is one circumstance that I think demands an explanation. Whatever falls from the tongue of an advocate is easily transferred to the report, and the credulity of the public. A gentleman has thrown out that I want revenge. My Lord, I have no such idea. I never had. If this matter had been submitted to me, they would have found me a far different kind of man. Not a man of revenge. In every stage of this business, my Lord, from the first to the last, I have felt a resentment, but I have always felt a compassion, even for the people I was prosecuting.[53]

His prosecution, he stated, was merely "self defence and a public example." Toward one of the defendants, he admitted, he felt continuing animosity. Only a few days before, Leigh, in the presence of a group of onlookers, had insolently remarked to him: "Ah! You will send me to gaol then. It may be against the law to hiss, but it is not against the law to laugh; for depend upon it, when you play tragedy, you will have a merry audience — ah! ah! ah!" [54]

Denying that money was his object, he suggested that in compensation the defendants pay his legal fees, take a hundred pounds worth of tickets for his daughter's benefit, the like amount for his own, and a hundred pounds more on some night when he played, as a compensation for the management's losses.

Lord Mansfield brought the scene to an appropriate end.

Undertaking to guarantee Leigh's good behavior, he commended Macklin for his generous proposals. "I think you have done yourself great credit and great honour by what you have said; and I think your conduct is wise, too; and I think it will support you, with the public, against any man that shall attack you. . . . You will do more good by this, in the eyes of the public, than if you had received all the money you had a right to receive." In conclusion he observed, "You have met with great applause today. You never acted better." [55] The remark was offered without a trace of irony. It was a superb, well-merited compliment, and for once Shylock walked out of the courtroom triumphant.

XI

THE MAN OF THE WORLD

Within a week Macklin was back at Covent Garden playing Shylock and Sir Archy at Maria's benefit.[1] Elated by his triumph, a few days later he defiantly performed Richard III. At his own benefit, on June 1, he played the same role for a second time, though the public evidently felt little enthusiasm for his interpretation of Shakespeare's spider-king. Undaunted, he was eager to play the same part in the provinces, and at the close of the season he was weighing a number of offers. Tottenham Heaphy urged him to undertake a summer tour in Cork and Limerick.[2] The prospect was tempting, particularly since he was considering a permanent retirement to Ireland. He received other gratifying offers from York and Edinburgh. Much as he disliked the Scots, he remembered with gratitude that soon after his dismissal from Covent Garden he had received a cordial invitation to appear with Digges's company in Edinburgh.[3] Tate Wilkinson once again was strongly urging him to travel north. The prospect of appearing at Leeds did not much tempt him, however. It had "too much methodism to be pleased with the passions of a Shylock or a Richard." [4] To perform in York or Edinburgh, before the "purest audience of the empire," was a more alluring proposal. For a while he and Wilkinson haggled over terms, but they were unable

to agree, and Macklin instead finally accepted engagements in Liverpool and Birmingham where during the summer months he appeared as Shylock, Richard III, and Macbeth.[5]

His widely publicized victory had indubitably revived interest in him and restored him to favor. To some extent, it had also benefited his entire profession. Since the building of The Theatre actors had been at the mercy of their audiences. The great Burbage had been forced to endure the humors of the groundlings, and the incomparable Betterton the sneers of the wits. Even Garrick feared the displeasure of the footmen in the gallery and the cabal in the pit. If Georgian audiences showed a healthy independence, they were capable also of inflicting grave injustices. For all his confidence in the ultimate judgment of the public, Macklin knew only too well the power of a hostile party and the calamitous effects of a well-timed hiss. In bringing action against the rioters he had struck a blow for all actors and playwrights by insisting upon their right to a fair hearing.

Without a doubt his courtroom victory, like Thomas Sheridan's, helped to confer some measure of dignity upon his profession. Paradoxically, not all of his fellow actors were pleased. Some feared that chastened theatregoers could no longer effectively influence managerial policy. Audiences, after all, could not only break but make an actor. If the drama's patrons were no longer to dictate theatre policy, audiences, actors, and playwrights alike were at the mercy of managerial caprice. There was, however, little justification for such misgivings. Macklin's victory, while it did much to discourage small cliques from attempting to impose their wishes on the rest of the audience, was in no sense sweeping enough seriously to inhibit Georgian playgoers.

As a result of his vindication Macklin had become, if possible, more dogmatic and assured than ever. His passion for the law rose to new heights. The shelves of his library

groaned under the weight of Coke and Littleton, and his son John, on his return from India, was summarily enrolled in the Middle Temple. It would be useful to have a lawyer in the family. His victory, it appears, had even affected him physically. He seemed harder than ever, "as rough and husky as a cocoanut." Broad-chested, sturdily erect, he moved with an astonishing vigor which he attributed to his temperate habits and daily sweats. Only his bald head and increasingly Punch-like nose and chin betrayed his age. Under shaggy brows his eyes blazed as bright as ever, "like a tiger peeping out of the bush." To complement his formidable appearance he had adopted a dictatorial manner that permitted no differences of opinion. At any contradiction he would snort, "You think so, do you? All I can say is, that when you've lived in the world as long as I have, you'll think differently." [6]

In manner, consciously or not, he had modeled himself on Dr. Johnson.[7] It was only too easy to copy his superficial peculiarities — the surly deference, the ursine bearing. But like other imitators of the Great Cham, he had little real sense of what made Johnson unique — the dramatic contrast between the flashing, rapier-like mind and the grotesque, lumbering carcass in which it was imprisoned.

Yet in his genuine devotion to learning Macklin clearly resembled the great man. Both had struggled against ignorance and poverty. Both were self-educated, proudly independent. Not least of all, they shared an aversion for Scotland. They had become acquainted by 1761, and during his visit to London four years later Macklin called upon him at his lodgings in Inner Temple Lane.[8] The interplay of two such dominant personalities cannot have been without interest. Macklin, for all his admiration of Dr. Johnson, was not idolatrous. Of *The Lives of the Poets* he noted: "He is very absurd in his judgments upon them." [9] The great literary

dictator was inclined to be contemptuous of players. Although Johnson's diary records their 1765 meeting without commenting upon it, the nature of this interview may perhaps be inferred from John Bernard's gossipy account of a subsequent meeting. The Ursa Major of literature, he tells us, called upon the Ursa Major of the theatre and was at once invited to inspect the actor's library. For a while they conversed superficially on a variety of subjects, the doctor seeming not unimpressed by the general knowledge of his host.

> The Doctor, nevertheless, was desirous of overthrowing him before they parted, and touched on the scope of his classic attainments. Greek and Latin the actor knew as intimately as French and Italian, and defended himself grammatically and colloquially, from every thrust of the lexicographer. Johnson, growing more determined from the failure of his attempts, at length addressed him with a string of sounds perfectly unintelligible. "What's that, Sir?" inquired Macklin. "Hebrew!" answered Johnson. — "And what do I know of Hebrew?" — "But a man of your understanding, Mr. Macklin, ought to be acquainted with every language!" The doctor's face glowed with a smile of triumph. "*Och neil en deigen vonshet hom boge vaureen!*" exclaimed Macklin. Johnson was now dumbfounded, and inquired the name of the lingua. "Irish, Sir!" "Irish!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Do you think I ever studied that?" "But a man of your understanding, Doctor Johnson, ought to be acquainted with every language!" [10]

Since the source of this anecdote was probably Macklin himself, one suspects that he embellished it to his own advantage. Dr. Johnson's description of Macklin's conversation as "a constant renovation of hope, and an unvaried succession of disappointments" hardly substantiates this account.[11] The actor's eagerness to impress often exposed the superficiality of his knowledge. Sometimes he would go to ludicrous lengths to divert the conversation onto subjects which he had carefully studied beforehand in the hopes of dazzling the company.[12] Yet Dr. Johnson felt a grudging respect for

a man who, as he told Bishop Percy, "was 2 or 3 & 20 before he learnt to read," and his friend Boswell was clearly impressed by his "extensive reading, strong and clear judgment." [13]

Physically strong, at seventy-six, he was still vigorously playing Lovegold, Ben, and Iago, but increasingly he felt the truth of Dr. Johnson's gloomy observation in *The Vanity of Human Wishes:* "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage." One by one, his stage companions were going to their graves. During the trial of the rioters his fellow Irishman, the proud, reckless Henry Mossop, had died in the obscurity of Chelsea, poverty-stricken and almost forgotten, at forty-five. On November 1, 1776, Edward Shuter died. Despite his enthusiasm for Whitfield's tabernacle, he had finally succumbed to his still greater enthusiasm for the bottle. In the following year Henry Woodward and Spranger Barry were laid to rest. Lingering at the graveside of the latter, Macklin mournfully observed that he was rehearsing for his own funeral.

To some extent, at least, these melancholy occasions were obliterated by other events. The year 1776 was a tumultuous one, not only in politics, but in the theatre as well. Samuel Foote stood trial for sodomy. Garrick, after a thirty-years reign, retired from Drury Lane to his villa in Hampton. Macklin, during the same year, on the advice of Arthur Murphy, decided to bring legal action against the managers of Covent Garden to recover one thousand pounds in salary arrears for the period from November 1773 to May 1775.[14] While he was on good terms with Harris, he had never forgiven Colman for his capitulation to the rioters and his subsequent refusal to re-engage him. On May 11, 1776, the first of an almost interminable series of bills of complaint was filed in the Court of Chancery. Macklin, as before, outlined a vast legal scenario. He meticulously recorded every detail of his correspondence with Colman and their disagreements

over articles. Once again he began to collect affidavits, hoping to subpoena Samuel Foote and David Garrick to bear witness to Colman's reputed boast that he could in no way be implicated in the riots "since he had or would burn all the papers relating to such a transaction." [15]

However, Fate dictated some changes in the *dramatis personae*. Foote was wholly engrossed in his own trial, and though triumphantly acquitted, died soon afterwards.[16] Garrick, still reluctant to be drawn into the controversy, continued to evade all efforts to implicate him. Even minor members of the cast proved recalcitrant. From the time of Macklin's dismissal from Covent Garden, his Irish manservant, James Shone, had once a week delivered to Colman at his house in the Piazza the following reminder:

James St.

Sir According to my agreement with you and the other proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre there was a week's salary due to me last Saturday. There is one likewise due this day, both of which I now demand.

At the same time I give you notice that I am ready to play & to perform any part that you shall appoint me to play & to perform my engagement in every part of it with you and the other Proprietors of your Theatre whenever you shall call upon me for that Purpose.

I am, Sir, Yr humble servt

To George Colman Esq. Charles Macklin

Delivered a true copy of this Letter at the house of George Colman Esq. in the Piazza Covent Garden. James Shone [17]

But finally even the patient James Shone had had enough.

Sir at your request I intend to leave you tho with reluctance as I lived with you so long it is not to be wondred at I believe it is now nine years since I first came to you during which time I served you more because I lived quietly with you than for interest for I am very little better either in money or cloths then I was when I came to you for when you have payd me I shall be but one guine the better for my nine years service

James Shone [18]

The letter is undated. That he should have "lived quietly" through the events of 1773 speaks a settled nature, and since after 1776 we find no further reference to him, we can conclude only that his employer's disposition and passion for litigation finally proved too much for him.

The years were darkened not only by legal disputes, but by serious family problems as well. Macklin's possessive and overbearing manner finally alienated his daughter Maria and had a still more disastrous effect on his son John. Though Maria had achieved a modest success on the stage, her contemporaries, without exception, found her chilly and remote.[19] She was somewhat small, like her mother, with a good figure, an agreeable, light voice, and her father's expressive eyes. Yet she was evidently colorless, almost cataleptic in manner, both on and off stage.

> Thro' MACKLIN'S form such elegance we trace,
> Each step is breeding, and each action grace;
> Yet, a meer mass of amiable snow,
> She never bids us generously glow;
> Nor, tho' with sense her periods always roll,
> E'er sends an accent nobly to the soul;
> But freezes still intensely on the mind,
> Politely cold, and languidly refined.[20]

However competent, a "mass of amiable snow" is not apt to inspire much applause. But her neutrality and indifference to theatrical politics probably account for the regularity of her engagements. Garrick found her a relief from the more volatile comediennes, and a useful substitute when less reliable members of his company were indisposed.[21] Until 1759 she remained an exemplary member of Drury Lane, but from the time of her transfer to Covent Garden until her retirement in 1776 she became increasingly languid and diffident.

Over the years a rift had developed between her and her father, though on the surface they were careful to keep

up appearances. Her home life was unquestionably an uncomfortable one. Her father ruled the household with an iron hand. Only her old nurse, Jane Drewe, who had been with her since infancy, screened her from the violence of his temper. She disliked her brother and resented having a step-mother her own age. Furthermore, she was deeply pious [22] and doubtless resented her father's casual domestic arrangements. For all of Elizabeth Jones's good qualities ("the best of Besses," "the most active most clever most diligent and most deserving of wives" [23]) she was not legally Macklin's wife until February 13, 1778,[24] though the actor some years before gave her his power of attorney and made her his sole legatee.

Under the circumstances, home life did not appeal to Maria, yet so completely did her father dominate her that for years she was unable to escape. She was disinclined to marry, though she was not without admirers. Cooke tells an amusing but perhaps apocryphal story of a baronet who called upon Macklin at breakfast and coolly suggested paying four hundred pounds a year to her and two hundred to her father provided she would honor him as her "friend for life." Outraged by this proposal, Macklin, knife in hand, pursued him down the stairs.[25] Perhaps her coldness or her father's intractable temper discouraged more honorable proposals. Only once does Macklin refer to her marital chances when he writes to his son in India: "There has been an idle report spread here, of your sister being married to a French dancing-master, but without the least foundation. I mention it while I think of it, that you may not be surprised, and that you may contradict it, should it reach your part of the world." [26]

During her father's prolonged engagements in Ireland, she took separate lodgings in Great Queen's Street. At last independent, she could afford to keep on polite, if not intimate

terms with him. Her letters to him are coolly solicitous but, as usual with her, detached.[27] He, in his turn, wrote affectionately to her, but he was perpetually unable to resist lecturing her, whether on matters of theatrical policy or her poor orthography. He lost no opportunity to rebuke her for misaddressing his letters, using contractions, or scrawling too hastily.[28] But if he was sternly demanding, he was also unselfishly devoted to furthering her career in every possible way. He had painstakingly educated her, staunchly defended her from the tyranny of managers, and promoted her career by creating parts especially for her. Maria, well aware of this, could not break openly with him, yet toward the end of her life they had evidently fallen out. John Bernard, who met her at Needham in 1774, attributes their disagreement to a domestic occurrence but states that their quarrel had its origin in a dispute over the proper reading of a line in *The Merchant of Venice*.[29] John Taylor, as well, writes of her almost pathological fear of her father, stating that when he came from Dublin to play at her benefits he so terrorized her that she gave her gold watch to a friend for safe-keeping lest he demand it.[30]

She died at Brompton on July 3, 1781, at forty-eight, of a tumor occasioned by "buckling her garter too tightly."[31] The tenor of her will bears out the story of their quarrel, for though she possessed a considerable property, some two thousand pounds — perhaps the result of a large lottery winning — she left her estate to her friends.[32] Her father is mentioned only as a residuary legatee, her brother and stepmother not at all. Doubtless this deeply hurt her father, and doubtless he interpreted it as yet another example of the world's ingratitude. But if his last years were embittered by his unhappy relations with Maria, they were still more darkened by his relations with his son John.[33]

In 1769, at the time of John's departure for Madras, his

father's hopes had soared. In a flood of letters, so crammed with aphorisms as to make Polonius' counsels seem laconic, he outlined the steps to commercial success. He exhorted his son to devote himself fully to business and to take Mr. Hastings as his inspiration. He devised detailed plans of study for him, larding them with such discouraging injunctions as, "Make yourself master of the Oriental languages immediately!" [34] Occasionally he interrupted the torrent of advice to bombard him with questions.

> I am informed that you have a theatre at Madras; pray send me a minute account of it, and let me have the answers to the following questions. How wide and how deep is the theatre? What plays have been acted in it? Who acted the parts? . . . Where does the Nabob of the Carnatic reside? Does he ever visit Fort St. George, or go see your plays? Have the natives drama of any kind? Give me a journal of one of your days. . . . Where do you lodge? Describe the establishment of your household minutely. Have you got servants that speak the Persian language, and a master to instruct you? Can you read the different hands in the Persic? [35]

Poor John! As the months passed, the queries and injunctions multiplied. Voluminous letters poured in, filled with details of current events — the election of Wilkes and Lord Camden's sagacious parliamentary manœuvres. The fact that Macklin carefully preserved the drafts of these letters shows the pride which he felt in them, yet they failed to impress his son, stylistically or otherwise.

At last, in June 1770, a letter from John finally arrived. From his father's point of view it was most unsatisfactory. John's orthography, like his sister's, left a good deal to be desired. Dr. Louth's *Grammar* was immediately dispatched for instant memorization, notes and all. Worse still, the letter from Madras left a good deal unsaid. Bare references to a "tedious passage" and a "disagreeable voyage" merely whetted Macklin's curiosity. Had he not kept a journal? Why had he found it necessary to request money? Mr. Corbet's son,

who had made the voyage with him, had written his father that though the allowance from the company was small, he would make it do. Young Mr. Corbet, furthermore, wrote so fine a hand that he had already had the honor of copying the general letter sent by the president and council of the East India Company to the directors.

The arrival of Dr. Louth's *Grammar,* followed by Blackstone's *Commentaries* and a life of Christ, had no noticeably beneficial effects. John regrettably showed no more inclination to profit by them than to model himself upon Mr. Hastings and Mr. Corbet. His demands for money swelled from fifty to a hundred to a hundred and seventy pounds, and before long the rumor had traveled from Fort St. George to Leadenhall Street that young Macklin was an idle young wastrel. Soon afterward, Macklin received still more disquieting intelligence, the long-awaited explanation of what had made the voyage out so "disagreeable." His son had whiled away the dull hours gambling, and he had arrived in India penniless.

Though only the elder Macklin's letters survive, John's silences are eloquent. Dr. Louth remained unmemorized, the Oriental languages unmastered. He was bored with the routine of a clerk's life in the East India Company. He loathed most of his colleagues, one suspects, particularly that paragon, young Mr. Corbet. His father's efforts to promote his fortunes by sending Hastings a bolt of cloth further exasperated him. Such tactless interference made John more evasive than ever. His interests did not lie in bills of lading and double-entry bookkeeping, nor did his taste run to grammars, either Persic or English. Evidently Maria took pity on him, for she sent on to him more congenial presents such as a flute, "some music, some drawing materials, some very good prints, and a book of macaronys." [36] One wonders, however, if he had much chance to enjoy them, for soon

after they were dispatched he had returned to England, to the consternation of his father.

My son unexpectedly, unprofitably, and unwelcome, returned from the East Indies, in disgrace, and justly, for being a *bon vivant*, and guilty of all the idle consequences of that unmercantile, and indeed, as he managed it, ungentleman-like character. I was proud of his employment in that honourable service, as it is capable, by an assiduous and faithful discharge of that trust, of furnishing great knowledge and dignity of mind, and of rewarding the man with wealth and honour. I was proud of the parts nature had given him, and of the cultivation I bestowed upon them; I was confident of his assiduity and success, and loved him to a paternal pitch of zeal — now judge my state of mind. I was the happiest, I am now the most perturbed father in this land. I cannot eat, I have not slept this week, I cannot read nor remember; and though justice has disgraced him, still he is mine; and I think I shall still be happy in him; for he has a fine understanding, and is sick in bed with self-disgrace and penitence, which must reform, or kill him, which is my only comfort.[37]

Far from making his fortune, young Macklin had had to apply to his father for ten pounds for his passage home. The nature of his disgrace is not known. Cooke attributes it to a duel which he describes in highly colored terms.

When Macklin came upon the [duel] ground, he appeared wrapped from head to foot in a loose great coat, so that no part of his figure could be distinguished but his head. This was thought an odd dress for a man to fight a duel. However, it passed without notice till the ground was measured, and the antagonists were desired to take their different stands; when, to the surprise of all, Macklin, throwing off his great coat, appeared in a perfect state of nature, without any article of dress about him than a pair of morocco slippers. His antagonist, alarmed, asked him the cause of so odd an appearance. "Why, Sir (says Macklin very coolly), I will tell you with great candour, that, in order, if you please, you may take the same advantage yourself. It is this — I am told, that most of the wounds which prove mortal in India, arise from some part of the woollen, or linen, which a man generally carries about him in these encounters, being forced into the flesh along with the ball, and which occasions, in this very hot climate, a speedy mortification. Now in order to avoid this, I am determined to

fight quite naked, just as you see, that if I should have the misfortune of being wounded, I shall, at least, have a better chance of recovery."

The firmness of this declaration, and the savage figure which presented itself before him deterred his antagonist from proceeding any further.[38]

Once more under his father's roof, young Macklin returned to his idle London life. He frequented the theatre. He amused himself. Finally, on October 25, 1775, he was admitted to the Middle Temple, but his career there proved no more illustrious or prolonged than his stay in India. Before long he had sold his law books to provide for his pleasures in Covent Garden. When we next hear of him, two years later, he is serving with the British forces in America. Leonard McNally, an Irish friend of his father, on the twelfth of March 1777, writes: "Though I wish my friend John every happiness, and every acquisition that can tend to his promotion, yet I should be better pleased if his experience was to be formed upon French or Spanish carcasses than the bodies of poor Americans. But he must obey." [39] His subsequent career as a soldier is unknown. An obituary writer suggests that he resigned his commission in the artillery to avoid an inquiry. At all events, before long he was once more back in London, again in disgrace.

But for all these disappointments, the years were not without some compensations. In 1781, after an eleven-year struggle with the Lord Chamberlain, Macklin at last won approval for his comedy, *The Man of the World,* and on May 10 it was produced at Covent Garden. In its original form, as *The True Born Scotchman,* it had delighted Dublin audiences in 1764. Since that time it had undergone three revisions.[40] Without question Macklin's best comedy, it offered him a superb part, and the brilliance of its final success more than justified his persistence and industry.

He had long had the notion, as he told Boswell, of

dramatizing "a trueborn Scotsman, a trueborn Englishman, a trueborn Irishman, and a trueborn Welshman."[41] In *Love à la Mode* he had sketched preliminary cartoons of national types and in *The True Born Irishman* portrayed one in somewhat more detail. The trueborn Scot was next in the line of succession. That he was a popular satiric butt is evident from an anonymous satire published in Dublin shortly before Macklin's comedy was first produced (1764). Typical of its anti-Scottish passages are the following lines:

> Riches from Scotland flow, if they flow not
> They pour alone upon the TRUE BORN SCOT;
> O Heaven! Why was I born of English birth?
> Sink me again into my native earth. . . .
> Virtue's not Virtue, born in Southern Air,
> Scotland alone that Virgin can bring forth,
> The daughter of chaste Snow, and of the North.[42]

But the genesis of the political satire in his comedy may be found in his own early work. His satirical bent is evident in his first play, and his subsequent one-act farces show an increasing interest in public affairs. Perhaps the clearest premonition of *The Man of the World* is to be found in the harsh denunciation of the gentry which suddenly interrupts the conventional foolery of *The Married Libertine* (1761).

> I know the gentry . . . their doctrine is present pleasure at any expense. . . . Fortune and Pleasure are the deities they sacrifice to. The temple of virtue is quite erased. Give them but a fine equipage, deep play, & an admired wanton, & a Minister of State may convert the honour of every man of them into a Vote, that would sell the nation to Prester John & their boasted Liberties to the Great Mogul.[43]

Lord Belville, the occasion of this diatribe, strongly resembles Lord Lumbercourt, the decadent and corrupt pocket-borough owner in *The Man of the World*, ready to agree to anything provided he can have his nags, his bottle, and his doxy.

During Macklin's later years his interest in politics had deepened. His commonplace book and papers abound with stinging observations on the reign of George III. The appointment of Lord Bute as Secretary of State and First Lord of the Treasury particularly incensed him. Bute's control of patronage, of civil lists, and pensions, gave him enormous power which he consolidated by filling offices with fellow Scots who had followed him to London. The steady influx of career men from the north, intent on getting ahead, aroused wide resentment, and in 1763 smoldering public indignation was fanned into a blaze when John Wilkes, the outstanding critic of the administration, was arrested for publishing the famous forty-fifth issue of *The North Briton.* His confinement in the Tower touched off a series of riots which over the next eleven years periodically flared up. These public outbreaks heightened Macklin's antipathy to the Scotch. Although during this period he was absent in Ireland much of the time, he followed the political developments avidly. A friend of Wilkes in later years, Macklin may well have met him in the sixties, for at the Bedford Head, near Covent Garden, political dissidents regularly gathered to discuss the enormities of Bute's ministry. The Delavals, as well, were ardent Wilkesites, and with them Macklin could commiserate on the source of all the woes that currently afflicted England — the Scotch Union.

> They [the Scotch] mix in every part of society, from the cabinet council, the king's closet, the senate, down to the lowest dregs of the people; — coffee-houses, taverns, beer-houses, private families, clubs, and every kind of public meeting, in which they first flatter, and then betray to the ministry every sentiment that passes respecting politics, religion, morality, and all the human dealings. They seize on the press as printers and scribblers, on the theatre as authors, on literature as historians, which they falsify by pretended manuscripts from foreign libraries by various forgeries and falsehoods. They write quires of paper on government, torturing it to tyrannical tory principles. The

English tories join with them in this policy, and, by that, work their own and this country's ruin.[44]

Even the lack of royal patronage for actors Macklin attributed to them since, in his view, "a certain Scot" abetted by Garrick was "not above making use of the policy of the court withdrawing their favour from the actors." [45]

Faced with such a satanic combination, Macklin saw himself forced to play the fatiguing but gratifying role of a contemporary Aretine, castigating venality and corruption. In pondering *The True Born Scotchman* he began to consider various possible types that epitomized the decadence of the times.

A Scotchman, a soldier — a freespeaker says what he pleases, some think him rude — but under the mode of Bluntness he finds fault with every man & woman in the use of their virtues — and under the rude blunt manner he administers the greatest Flattery to every mortal *above* him or his equal — even to a servant — it is wonderful what access he has to all society — every place is open to him but the Cabinet. . . . The honest Scotchman is the honest man of the times.[46]

His "rude blunt manner" and his use of flattery clearly relate him to Sir Pertinax, who has made his way in the world by judicious "bowing." In still another entry Macklin sketched a preliminary Character of *The Man of the World.*

Morality, patriotism, rectitude, and the good of one's country are fine-sounding words — and courtier, and Place and Pension and Minister are odious terms, no doubt unpopular appelations in the ears of the mob — but I believe the world is as full of morality, patriotism, virtue and honesty as ever.

There is not a man amongst the Patriots that would not be a courtier, nor a man that would not be a Pensioner a Place-man & majority a ministerial man — all they want is opportunity — he that is out will pout — he that is in will grin.[47]

The success of his comedy inspired Macklin to polish and enlarge it. Evidently he had hopes of seeing the play presented in London, for during his negotiations with Colman

in 1767 he alluded to a new comedy, "The Man of the Times," almost certainly a revision of the earlier play.[48] The political developments of the next three years made the play seem even more pointed in its topicality but at the same time less likely to be licensed for production. Early in 1768 Wilkes returned from exile on the Continent, and in March he stood as a candidate for Middlesex in the General Election. To cries of "Wilkes and Liberty!" his blue-cockaded followers swept him and other Wilkesites into office, among them John Delaval, who was returned from Berwick. The government's decision to contest his election, Wilkes's imprisonment, and the subsequent Massacre of St. George's Fields, inflamed public opinion and only with Wilkes's release in April 1770 did tempers cool. Macklin once again hoped for a London production, and he entrusted the manuscript to Samuel Foote who on August 20 applied for permission to perform *The Man of the World* at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

This first extant version of Macklin's comedy is in plot almost identical to the later versions. Sir Hector Mackcrafty (later Sir Pertinax Macsycophant), a greedy and hypocritical Scot, attempts to marry off his son to Lady Rodolpha, daughter of the dissolute Lord Lumbercourt, in exchange for political and social advantages. The text substantially differs, however, from the later versions. Satire of the Scotch, and of borough-jobbing and the court party in general, abounds in this first draft. Typical of the passages distasteful to the Lord Chamberlain is the following observation, omitted in the later texts: "Scotchmen, Sir, wherever they meet throughout the globe should unite and stick together as it were in a political phalanx — For, Sir, the whole world hates us, and therefore we should love one another."[49] Passages on Methodism and "enthusiasm," debts of honor, political candour, and so on, also disappear from later texts.

So severely is Macklin's disaffection expressed, that the Chamberlain's office had no choice but to disallow the version.[50] To attribute this disapproval to the whims of Edward Capell is to overlook political realities. The matter of the play was palpably objectionable. Foote was notorious for his razor-sharp satirical impersonations, and George III not infrequently attended the theatre. Such a combination of circumstances left Capell with no alternative.

Nine years later a second version of the play was submitted by Thomas Harris of Covent Garden. It is prefaced by a letter from the author in which he takes the occasion to clarify his purpose in writing the play.

> The Author's chief end in writing The Man of the World was to ridicule and by that means to explode the reciprocal national prejudices that equally soured and disgraced the minds of both English and Scotch men. Mr. Macklin flattered himself that the Exposing of an absurd Scotch Father's Obstinacy in national Prejudices would be such a lesson to such kind of men as to make them less frequent in the indulgence of those offensive unsocial Humours. — On the other side he fancied that the character of an amiable Scotch son who from his Manners & Principles might be justly deemed an Honour to his Country & stand a fair example of the highest public and private Esteem — such a character he thought might win the affection of Englishmen & by that cure or at least abate their national Prejudices against their fellow subjects. This, my Lord, is the true state of my design in this Piece.[51]

The chief interest of this second version lies in the changes of characterization. Sir Hector, rechristened Sir Pertinax, is no longer merely a topical sketch of a self-seeking follower of Bute, but a perennial portrait of a greedy and hypocritical politician. Lord Lumbercourt, as well, undergoes a transformation. Whatever the political expedience of reducing the part played by the boisterous, drunken, ignorant lord, such cutting has an even greater artistic justification and the play greatly benefits by his reduced importance.

In making these changes Macklin perhaps had in mind Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts,* a play which he had in his library. Though he never performed in it, nor was it popular in the eighteenth century, it has striking affinities to *The Man of the World.* Sir Giles Overreach and Sir Pertinax Macsycophant are blood brothers, stamped with a passionate intensity that does not permit them the luxury of fifth-act repentances. Defying sentimental optimism, Macklin shared Massinger's harsh moral outlook, and his hatred of Lord Bute and the court circle parallels the earlier playwright's detestation of Sir Giles Mompesson and the dissolute followers of James I. Not least of all, as Massinger in Frank Wellborn depicted a true representative of the old aristocracy, so Macklin in Egerton, Sir Pertinax' son, depicted the ideal "Man of the World."

Despite the diminished topicality of this second version, these alterations failed to satisfy the Lord Chamberlain. The fervor of the Wilkesites had by then perceptibly cooled, but in 1779 political tempers still ran high because of the recent passage of the Catholic Relief Act. Once again his play was rejected. Macklin accepted the refusal stoically, merely remarking, "The Lord Chamberlain has refused to license a comedy of mine, being seasoned too high respecting venality." [52]

Undaunted, two years later, through Harris, he submitted a third version, a trifle less highly seasoned. By then the Gordon Riots were over, Wilkes had begun his decline into respectable conservatism, parliamentary legislation to reform borough-jobbing was under consideration, and references to the Scots had lost much of their sting because of shifts in political power. Under the circumstances, the Lord Chamberlain felt more kindly disposed. Permission was at last granted, and the play announced for performance at Covent Garden on May 10, 1781.

Sir Pertinax was, of course, to be played by the author, and Lady Rodolpha by Miss Younge, who had earlier appeared in the play in Dublin. In the hands of two such seasoned actors it could hardly fail, but Macklin, recalling earlier experiences, felt understandable misgivings. Appearing on the stage before the curtain went up, he candidly appealed to the audience: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I stand here in a predicament somewhat unusual as an author and an actor. If it be but in compliment to the feelings of the former, I entreat, that, as the latter I may be heard before I am condemned." [53] The plea proved unnecessary. Macklin and Miss Younge were warmly applauded, and the "bowing scene" was received with particular enthusiasm. While the supporters of Lord North's government resented the portrait of Sir Pertinax, they were outnumbered by the supporters of the opposition party who relished the characterization and saw in Egerton, Sir Pertinax' idealistic son, a happy likeness to the newly elected younger Pitt. Almost unanimously, however, the critics complained of the play's length.[54]

With his usual attack, Macklin at once set out to remedy this. By the time of the second performance he had pruned the text and removed altogether two or three minor passages which had given offense. The battle had been won, and though on the second night a handful of Scots in the gallery attempted to oppose it, they were quickly expelled, and their leader, one James Stewart, subsequently apologized in *The Morning Herald*.[55] For more than fifty years the play remained in repertory.

Macklin had reason to feel gratified. The earlier failure of *The Irish Fine Lady* had taught him the danger of "geography in humor." Time and the Lord Chamberlain's office had taught him the danger of topicality in humor. Over the years he had painstakingly revised the text, tightening the play's construction, reluctantly striking out offensive pas-

sages, but increasingly aware that by sacrificing topical to more general satire the play gained enormously. In its final form it is an admirably unified comedy of which he could justifiably feel proud.

With it Macklin enjoyed a still greater success than he had with *Love à la Mode*. Even among the Scots he found admirers, though Walpole suspected such enthusiasm, finding Sir Pertinax an all-too-accurate portrait of some "twenty thousand Scots." [56] The peppery James Boswell professed himself "much entertained" [57] and he and Tom Davies feted the Nestor of the Stage with a supper of sweetbreads and claret at the Shakespeare. Warming to the occasion, Macklin began to recall the long-past days of his youth. Boswell teased him on his anti-Scotch views and wrung from him the unwilling admission that the McLaughlins were originally of Scotch extraction. Stating that he liked him none the less because his "highland steel had been tempered in the fire of Ireland," he playfully urged him to come to Scotland. "Will you insure me?" [58] Macklin shot back. Till after one they sat drinking together, Macklin saluting Boswell as *Aurora Borealis*. Over a final bottle of claret he jovially promised to consider a visit to the land of Sir Pertinax.

To bring forth such a play at eighty-two was a *tour de force* all the more gratifying since it provided him with a much-needed part. De Wilde's portrait of him in the role catches to perfection the fire of his performance as the irascible Sir Pertinax, the high priest of hypocrisy and opportunism. Despite the gentility of his powdered wig and gold-laced coat, he steps forward menacingly, his fists clenched, ready to assault the spectator.[59]

Until his retirement, nearly ten years later, he continued to play this role. After Macklin's death George Frederick Cooke enjoyed a like success in the part, not only in England but in America as well.[60] His performance as Sir Pertinax,

in George III's opinion, was the most brilliant of the age.[61] Kemble, however, felt less enthusiasm for it, finding it noisier and less supple than Macklin's.[62] Still later, Edmund Kean briefly undertook the role.[63] But as Sir Giles had in some measure inspired Sir Pertinax, he was also, to some extent, his destruction, for so blazingly did Kean play Massinger's creation that he displaced Sir Pertinax in the gallery of stage villains. In America he survived in James Hackett's repertory until 1862.[64] In recent years the play has not been performed, but the vigor of its central character, the spirted comedy of Lady Rodolpha, its taut construction, and timeless satire of hypocrisy and greed warrant its revival. Next to those of Sheridan and Goldsmith, his is the most stageworthy of the late eighteenth-century comedies.

XII

LAST YEARS

Around 1777 Macklin and his wife moved into modest second-story lodgings at number 6 Tavistock Row, the former site of the Duke of Bedford's gardens, on the south side of the Piazza. For nearly twenty years he held court there, his door always open to friends, visitors, and would-be actors. In 1779 David Garrick died, bringing an age to a close, and attended by a train of grieving peers he was interred in the Abbey with almost regal splendor. The last great player from a vanished era, Macklin enjoyed his role as the Nestor of the Stage, though he was apt to become peevish when asked if he had known Elizabeth Barry or if he had first come to England after the Restoration. Despite his years, he moved with the assurance of a battle-scarred man-of-war. He seemed likely, indeed, to outlive Marmaduke Conway, an earlier resident of Covent Garden, who until three months before his death, at the age of 108, still rode out hawking, his merlin on his wrist.

Despite his lawsuit with the proprietors of Covent Garden he was on amiable terms with Harris, and each season appeared there for a few special performances. On November 6, 1780, he played Shylock and Sir Archy before Their Majesties. On another occasion he performed Sir Pertinax before "some foreigners of distinction, in order to shew them

a dramatic sketch of the domestic policies of the present times and the reigning manners that result from them." [1] He still had a virtual monopoly on the role of Shylock, though John Henderson, who had earlier played it at the Haymarket, occasionally undertook it at Covent Garden as well.

But after more than fifty years on the stage, Macklin had begun to tire. While he had earlier considered settling down in Ireland, the idea of retiring to the West of England increasingly appealed to him. If only he could find a small house in a place where coal and fish were plentiful and inexpensive. Financially he was in straightened circumstances. His suit against the rioters had hardly benefited him at all, particularly since Miles had absconded without paying his share of the damages. His son was a tax not only on his patience but on his purse as well. A still greater drain was his suit against Colman. After years of litigation the lawyers had not yet determined whether in 1773 he had been legally engaged at Covent Garden — let alone legally dismissed.

Finally, on the advice of counsel, Macklin transferred the case from Chancery to the King's Bench. On February 24, 1784, plaintiff and defendant, accompanied by batteries of attorneys, at last had the opportunity to settle their differences.[2] The scene was oddly reminiscent of the earlier trial for riot and conspiracy. Once again actor and manager confronted each other. Once again Lord Mansfield gazed down on them from the bench, and once again he opened the proceedings by urging them to compromise. Macklin, who remembered his earlier role, at once rose to his feet and offered to do so, observing that he had long ago agreed to abide by the decision of any lawyer or juryman. His Lordship, as before, commended him on his candor and fairness. Colman, not to be outdone, hastily explained that he had

retired from the management of Covent Garden in 1774 and would be more than happy to reach a settlement. It was pointed out to him that in disassociating himself from the management he could not thereby renounce obligations which he had previously incurred. Lord Mansfield suggested, however, that since a theatre riot was a calamity for both managers and actors, the two parties might agree to settle for five hundred pounds damages, half the amount for which Macklin had brought suit. Both sides consented. They also agreed to take no further legal action, and the hearing concluded with an exchange of compliments. Macklin's final observation, "That he had never known what justice or equity was before," [3] as a curtain line was, however, less felicitous than Lord Mansfield's closing remarks in the previous trial. But with this suit Macklin's rage for litigation had run its course, and during the remainder of his life he was content to play his courtroom scenes upon the stage.

As before, the conclusion of the case had a tonic effect upon him. He was eighty-five years old, but as eager as ever to obtain engagements. Unable to reach an agreement with Tate Wilkinson, he accepted instead an offer to appear at Smock Alley.[4] Somewhat grudgingly, Richard Daly, the manager, met his demands — fifty pounds per night, plus a clear benefit. The terms were steep, but on the other hand, Macklin had always drawn good houses in Dublin, he had not appeared there for over ten years, and an actor in his late eighties was something of a novelty. Well satisfied by their agreement, Macklin made arrangements with his banker, Thomas Coutts, to take care of Bess during his absence.[5] Despite his outward manner, he was evidently devoted to her, and she, like the first Mrs. Macklin, had long since learned to bear with him.

On May 5, 1785, he began his last Irish engagement, appearing as Shylock before a packed and enthusiastic

house.[6] Nine days later he appeared in the same role at a command performance before the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. Professionally speaking, the stay was highly gratifying. Socially, it was hardly less so. He was feted by Dublin society. He was also seeing old friends who were so little awed by his presence that they jovially addressed him as a "Bog-Trotter." [7] Their good humor was evidently infectious, for he was soon writing to his "dear, dear Bess" in a similarly jocular vein to tell her of his triumphs:

I have been very naughty in not writing to you sooner in answer to your kind letter. But [I am busy] visiting, returning visits and juncketing with the great — I have taken your advise and that just in time — I was ill but now I am well and be assured I will keep myself well — for my Bessy's sake — I have as yet played but five times, Shylock twice, the man of the world three times — never was a play in so high esteem here — crammed houses, warmest applause. The Lord Lieutenant commanded it on the second night — the political stroaks went off with roaring uncommon applause encoring speeches — my Lord Lieutenant was as good an actor in his place and character as ever I saw — he applauded & laughed, again & again at the popular political stroaks, — which pleased the audience highly — as did his amiable, beautiful, graceful partner the duchess — never sure did I see so merry, so decent, so friendly, so happy an audience — I wanted nothing to compleat the happiness of my vanity as an author & an actor but my Bessy to share with me — but I know she will do it by the help of Fancy & her sweet affection. My next night is the man of the world again — the house is all taken — well I do name the great Folks who have honoured me with Dinner, Invitation, & Invitation to their Seats in the Country — you would say I have cause to be vain — and I own I am vain of their attention to me — but not a jot above "that sober knowledge that knows the danger & folly of that vanity that rises above the modesty and prudence of guarded humility." [8]

Evidently he enjoyed being lionized by the gentry, though he had to share the attention with Richard Crosbie, whose balloon ascents had captivated the imagination of the Irish. Attempting to fly to England, he plunged into the Irish Sea

and was ignominiously rescued by barge. Nonetheless, he returned a hero, feted by all Dublin, including Macklin's patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. But whatever twinges of jealousy the old actor may have felt, they were of little consequence.

He was, however, deeply disturbed about another matter. His son had come to Dublin with him. He was as restless as ever, drinking heavily, and at his father's suggestion listlessly engaged in translating *Le Monde Primitif*. His sarcastic wit frightened even Macklin who wrote sadly to his wife:

> My dear Bess, at once I must tell you that Jack is not what he ought to be — I shall only say that I have again & again begged, requested, insisted that he would return to London, how he has behaved & how he has used me & perplexed me I will say no more — I have withheld [money] from him in order to distress him so as to oblige him to quit this town. . . . I do not speak to him, nor will I, but what needs must.[9]

Two weeks later, after his son's enforced departure, he wrote again:

> By this time you have seen him, and before this time, since his arrival at Covent Garden. I am sure he has made you feel him. I will not trouble you with an account of his conduct to me in Dublin — I say to *me* — but it was such as I never can forget . . . pray let me know how my son behaves but on second thought you need not — he is no changeling — so you may save yourself the trouble. I know how he behaves as well as if I were a spectator to his sobriety, his early hours at night; his sobriety at morning & at noon. I am sorry I mentioned him — I gave him seven guineas to bear his charges to London — I suppose he might spend on the road four or five, so he has two or three less for his evening drains, his morning purl — well, as you say, God mend him — for we cannot.[10]

Reassuring his wife of his own temperance he added, "I do not drink half a pint of wine wherever I go." His own health had been moderately good, but he was clearly driving himself. He had announced that he would play at his bene-

fit in August both Sir Pertinax and Sir Archy, but the strain of playing both roles proved too much for him.[11] After one act he was forced to retire, and his substitute, George Dawson, completed the performance. Macklin's indisposition marked the beginning of his decline. He complained of dizziness and of shivering — a return perhaps of the ague which had bothered him on previous visits to Ireland.

At the end of August he returned to England. He felt sufficiently recovered to stop over en route for a few performances at Manchester, Waterford, and Liverpool.[12] But his career as a stroller was at last over. Once back in Tavistock Row, he settled there for good. Occasionally he agreed to perform at Covent Garden in the triptych of roles so familiar to him, but more and more he remained at home, scribbling notes for a projected history of the stage and struggling to complete various projected comedies. Given the slightest encouragement, he regaled visitors with three-hour readings of these unfinished plays, liberally embellishing them with asides. His memory was often vague — to such an extent that he revised a translation of Diderot's *Père de Famille* under the impression that it was a comedy of his own [13] — yet to the end of his life he enjoyed lucid intervals in which his mind was as clear and active as ever. Calling upon him on such an occasion, Boswell found him busily engaged on a comedy which he animatedly described. "Here sat I," Boswell writes, "forty years younger than him, listless and desponding." [14]

Not infrequently Johnson's biographer dropped in at 6 Tavistock Row.[15] Dr. Johnson was dead. Tom Davies was gone, and Boswell enjoyed reminiscing with the veteran actor and coaxing him into telling stories of his youth. Young Jamie, as well, relished the old man's conversation and manner. He badgered his father into taking him to see Macklin play Sir Archy, and some years later he acted the same

part himself when the play was performed by the Westminster Boys. On a number of occasions Macklin and Boswell dined together. The Scot's lively manner delighted the actor and inspired in him an unexpected playfulness. Disappointed by Boswell's failure to confirm a dinner engagement, Macklin wrote: "Relieve me from doubt directly or I shall make an immediate Excursion with a Nymph that waits my answer, whose Person would charm man's age in its debility, and ravish a miser's purse in the very rage of his avarice." [16]

Not infrequently they met at Edmond Malone's. The great editor of Shakespeare had not forgotten *Old Ben's Heart Made Heavy*, but his opinion of the actor had improved. To make use of a fraudulent pamphlet was a minor offense compared to the enormities perpetrated by Chatterton and Macpherson. John Courtenay, the politician, frequently joined them, as did Richard Brocklesby, the distinguished physician.

With these men Macklin found his greatest social satisfactions, but, like Dr. Johnson, he also relished the company of younger people. It was always a pleasure to go to the Boswells or to the Tate Wilkinsons. Much as he disapproved of Wilkinson's piracy of his plays, he found him an irresistible companion. So little resentment did he feel, in fact, that he took particular pains to ingratiate himself with Mrs. Wilkinson, who had dreaded meeting him, but subsequently became one of his staunchest admirers.[17]

Without question the years had tempered him, though as a counselor and critic to aspiring young actors he was as gruff and uncompromising as ever. John Bernard, the elder Macready, Thomas Holcroft, and Charles Mathews have all left vivid accounts of him in this role.[18]

When visitors appeared at the top of the stairs, Mrs. Macklin would deferentially usher them in, then disappear into

the kitchen. Such callers usually found the old man seated at his desk, surrounded by piles of correspondence, unfinished dramas, and notebooks.

"Come nearer!" he would growl as they timidly entered. "What do you stand there for? You can't act in the gap of the door!"

Next he would rise and throw himself on the couch. Turning towards his visitor, he would lift a saurian eye and abruptly ask what had put it into his head to turn actor. Without waiting for a reply, he would shout to his wife to bring in some tea and toast.

For a few minutes he would air his opinions, interspersing them with a flow of observations on the inadequacies of Bess's tea. Finally, the disconcerted visitor would be invited to recite. More often than not he began in the cadenced style once again made fashionable by the Kembles. The old man would listen, his eyes blazing, his leathern lips contracting angrily. When he could contain himself no longer, he would suddenly bark, "Bow! wow! wow!" Then he would explain, as he had been doing for fifty years, that he had never heard an aspiring actor speak naturally.

His method of instruction had not changed, nor his brutal candor. "I [have] always found the shortest and surest doctrine," he wrote to a pupil, "is to treat the patient as an infant — accordingly, I got you a spelling book and practised with you uttering consonants, vowels and syllables daily and formed a written plan of all words in which your utterance was vicious . . . in order to perfect your utterance in them." He still felt for his work the contagious enthusiasm of a dedicated teacher. "I have known a man of ninety angle for ten days to outwit a trout. Where men are fond of an art their industry and love of working towards excellence are incredible."[19] When disappointed, he was likely to shower his students with abuse.

By and large, however, his relations with them were amiable enough. He predicted a glowing future for them if they proved willing to learn, and volunteered to use his influence with the managers. Seated on the couch by the fire, over the fumes of the teakettle, he clearly enjoyed playing their theatrical oracle:

> Revere sturdy Macklin, the dramatic sire,
> For nor age nor disease can extinguish his fire . . .
> For pygmies in knowledge this Nestor will deem us,
> And roars and corrects like a stage Polyphemus;
> Tells the youngsters how Roscius excelled but by rule,
> Checks the outlines of truth, and defends the old school . . .
> Surrounded by shrubs on the theatric bed,
> The veteran raises his laurel-bound head;
> Like the oak of the forest, he lifts his stern form,
> With the brow of a monarch, and smiles at the storm.[20]

Occasionally, of course, he still acted. On May 5, 1787, in the presence of the King and Queen and five princesses, he performed Sir Archy and Sir Pertinax with astonishing fire and vigor. Afterwards, when His Majesty asked him his age, Macklin proudly replied that he had been born in the last century, served His Majesty in this one, and hoped to do so in the next. It was a well-turned compliment, hardly to be expected from one who had spent so much time abusing the House of Hanover. On the other hand, it was perhaps no less surprising that George III should so warmly applaud *The Man of the World*.[21]

Gratifying as such recognition was, the shadows were lengthening. On January 8, 1788, shortly before he was to act Shylock, Macklin wrote, in deep agitation, to an Irish friend:

> I was about to write you just as your letter arrived. . . . Be assured my seeming neglect of you was not partial — it seized even myself — which no mood or contingency ever did before. Reflection & common sense, that great and true assistant, and nothing else, relieved me.

You are not eighty-eight. I never knew nor suspected the power of it before my illness — now I do — & I defie it — for that, & its master & creator, Time, never shall again predominate over the heart or common sense while it holds its power called Life. When it loses that — why then Insanity is a sort of Passion, a Governor, a Disease, or what Philosophy pleases to call it — that from my observation defies Reason Wealth Power — for it is itself the Lord of all — Insanity I mean — that is left — & but a poor Butterfly called Life that flutters its breath as the other does its wings and then all is over.

Your good sense must guess at my meaning intended in this rhapsody — & it can but guess — for were I to read it, I am sure I could not define the intended Philosophy of it — but it is the nature of Friendship not to be afraid of showing its weakness, because Friendship in its nature always endeavours to hide defects & even to turn them to things of value.[22]

The following night a raging fire broke out in the Covent Garden district. Despite his advanced age, Macklin was on fire watch, and took part in fighting the blaze. It was understandably too much for him. When he arrived at the theatre the next evening, he was exhausted. Somehow he managed to get through the first act, but during the scene with Jessica he broke down. His memory failed him, and after a few moments he stepped forward and addressed the audience:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Within these very few hours I have been seized with a terror of mind I never in my life felt before; it has totally destroyed my corporeal as well as mental faculties. I must therefore request your patience this night, a request which an old man of eighty-nine years may hope is not unreasonable. Should it be granted you may depend, that this will be the last night, unless my health shall be entirely re-established, of my ever appearing before you in so ridiculous a situation.[23]

Roused by the elixir of the audience's applause, he recovered sufficiently to finish the performance. Under ordinary circumstances it should have been his last, but his finances were such that he was compelled to go on acting. He struggled through his benefit on April 28, and on October 18 he played Shylock and Sir Archy without incident, but

on November 28 a lapse of memory compelled him to withdraw during a performance of *The Man of the World.* Though announced to play Shylock on February 10, 1789, he was indisposed on that date. His last appearance took place three months later, on May 7. Cooke, an eyewitness on this occasion, gives an account which is worth while quoting:

His last attempt on the stage was on the 7th of May following, in the character of Shylock, for his own benefit. Here his imbecilities were previously foreseen, or at least dreaded, by the manager; but who, knowing the state of Macklin's finances, gave, with his usual liberality, this indulgence to his age and necessities, and, to prevent the disappointment of the audience (who, he knew, from long experience, were always ready to assist in those liberal indulgences to an old and meritorious servant), he had the late Mr. Ryder understudied in the part, ready dressed to supply Macklin's deficiencies if necessary. The precaution afterwards proved so.

When Macklin had dressed himself for the part, which he did with his usual accuracy, he went into the Green Room, but with such a "lack-lustre looking eye" as plainly indicated his inability to perform; and coming up to the late Mrs. Pope, said, "My dear, are you to play tonight?" "Good God! To be sure I am, Sir. Why, don't you see I am dressed for Portia?" "Ah! Very true; I had forgot. But who is to play Shylock?" The imbecile tone of his voice and the inanity of the look, with which the last question was asked, caused a melancholy sensation in all who heard it. At last Mrs. Pope, rousing herself, said, "Why you, to be sure; are you not dressed for the part?" He then seemed to recollect himself, and, putting his hand to his forehead pathetically exclaimed, "God help me — my memory, I am afraid, has left me."

He, however, after this, went upon the Stage, and delivered two or three speeches of Shylock in a manner that evidently proved he did not understand what he was repeating. After a while he recovered himself a little, and seemed to make an effort to rouse himself; but in vain — Nature could assist him no further; and, after pausing some time as if considering what to do, he then came forward, and informed the audience, "That he now found he was unable to proceed in the part, and hoped they would accept Mr. Ryder as his substitute, who was already prepared to finish it." The audience accepted his apology with a mixed applause of indulgence and commiseration, and he retired from the stage forever.[24]

After his retirement, Macklin only fitfully enjoyed good health. At times he was confined to his rooms by rheumatism. At other times, thanks to Dr. Brocklesby, he recovered sufficiently to go out once more among his friends. He had lost all of his teeth, but none of his relish for food. Invited out to dine, he would calmly take out his dentures, wash them ceremoniously in a glass of water, and unconcernedly divert the company with recitations from Shakespeare and his own comedies.[25] He did not admire the new leading actor, John Philip Kemble, but this did not deter him from accepting his invitations to dine. His conversation on these occasions was punctuated by a series of polite comments: "This is supernaculum, Mr. Kemble. You must have had it from Dublin; it has the true *haut gout*. . . . Where do you buy your fish? I like its firmness. . . . Shall we take another glass of your East India Madeira? . . . Indeed, Mr. Kemble, you have an excellent cook. Your soup is rich and glutinous."[26] He delighted increasingly in nourishing concoctions of this sort, his favorite consisting of white wine, water, sugar, milk, and mashed potatoes stirred to a smooth consistency.[27] Such a mixture, he found, soothed the stomach, while Anderson's Scotch Pill guaranteed a clear head the morning after.

At the Antelope they had learned to cater to his curious tastes. Heartened by his sillabubs, he would suddenly recall the days of The British Inquisition and begin to lecture. On one such occasion he called out, "Silence! Let us start a general topic! Let that topic be, the origins of the drama. I shall speak second. No — I will be first. Silence! Hem — I say it is understood that, from the days of Nebuchadnezzar to The Beggar's Opera — "

Interrupted by a burst of laughter from an unknown young man, Macklin growled angrily, "Who is he?" Informed that the interrupter was Frederick Reynolds, a young playwright, the veteran beckoned to him.

"Come here, young man. Sit next to me. Now. Are you writing another piece?" Told that this was the case, Macklin at once offered him a plot.

Love, sir, love. Observe. A young lady, whose parents reside at Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire, comes to town. She goes immediately to the Festino rooms, and on leaving them a rejected lover attempts forcibly to carry her off, when, she is rescued by a strange, gallant, young officer. Now, Sir, how do you think she returns the obligation? Not in the old hacknied way, by writing him silly *billets doux,* or by making him common assignations and then giving him her hand. No, Sir, no. She at once gives him a *brace of Rickmansworth trout,* and the matter ends, where it began. There, that is original, I think; and though in this school of love, the oldest scholars are not generally considered the greatest proficients, you will allow, young man, that I am capable of treating an *old* passion in a *new* way.[28]

His life in his nineties had become a curious one.[29] He no longer removed his clothes except to change his linen and sponge himself in warm gin. He ate when it pleased him to do so and slept at odd hours, almost bolt upright, on the couch in the middle of the front parlor. During the day he would stroll across the Piazza to the Antelope or the Bedford. Occasionally, in his more querulous moments, he called upon the Bow Street constables to complain of imaginary wrongs. In the evenings, if he felt up to it, he would visit Covent Garden, where a place was reserved for him in the front row. Often he was not sure what the play was. Sometimes he would suddenly address himself to those on stage: "Speak louder, sir!" he would cry. "I cannot hear you!" Sometimes he would angrily silence chattering spectators in the pit.

At times his mind clouded over almost entirely. When the elder Macready called to pay his respects, Mrs. Macklin introduced him into the front room saying, "My dear, here is Mr. Macready to see you."

"Who?"

"Mr. Macready, my dear."

"Ha! Who is he?"
"Mr. Macready, you know, who went to Dublin to act for your benefit."
"Ha! My play! What was it?"
"I acted Egerton, Sir . . . in your own play."
"Ha! My play! What was it?"
"*The Man of the World,* sir."
"Ha! *The Man of the World!* Devilish good title! Who wrote it?"
"You did, sir."
"Did I? What was it about?"
"Why, sir, there was a Scotchman —"
"Ah! Damn them!" [30]

And the interview was over.

On April 14, 1790, his son died of lockjaw, his health undermined by drinking. Only a few days before Macklin had told Boswell, "I am happier than I ever was was in my life." [31] He had these moments of euphoria, but increasingly he was retreating into the twilight world of old age. Perhaps he was mercifully unaware of his son's death. Perhaps he had long since ceased to care.

In his last years his poverty became acute. To relieve his distress, Arthur Murphy generously undertook the publication of *The Man of the World* and *Love à la Mode.*[32] For thirty years Macklin had zealously guarded them, but now they were no longer a source of income to him. A well-wrought dedication to Earl Camden was devised. A portrait of the actor by Opie provided an appropriate frontispiece, and in 1793 the handsome quarto edition of the two plays was published by Bell. The Prince of Wales headed a distinguished list of subscribers concluding with the improbably-named Count Zenobio. The total realized amounted to 1,582 pounds, 11 shillings, with which the trustees, Dr. Brocklesby, John Palmer, and Thomas Longman purchased an annuity worth 200 pounds, with 75 guaranteed to Elizabeth Macklin if she survived him.[33] The balance they made available to relieve Macklin's immediate needs. The gift of

an annuity of 20 pounds from a former pupil, Lord Loughborough, further alleviated his needs, and Mr. Harris of Covent Garden periodically assisted him, but until the day he died Macklin was dogged by poverty.

The final years were a sad coda to a tempestuous lifetime. Occasionally some incident revived in him a trace of his former vigor. In 1795, soon after the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the royal couple agreed to make an appearance at Covent Garden. As part of the occasion a masque had been devised featuring Time, Hymen, and Cupid, with Macklin to play himself, but the actor's memory proved so treacherous that the notion was discarded. He did, however, attend the performance, during which he was observed by the Prince. A slight indication of His Highness's head and an obeisance from Her Majesty momentarily lifted his spirits, but his last days were, on the whole, mercifully darkened.

As the century drew to a close, his own troubles were reflected in England's deepening crisis. There were mutinies among the fleet and rumors of Dutch and Spanish invasions. The long shadow of Napoleon was lengthening across Europe. On the eleventh of July 1797, at his home in Tavistock Row, Macklin, at ninety-seven, died quietly between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. Five days later, at noon, the mourners assembled there. It had always been the actor's wish to avoid useless pomp and, accordingly, only three coaches followed the hearse. But at St. Paul's a great number of spectators had gathered, and a delegation of friends from the Antelope. Prayers were recited by an ex-pupil, the Reverend Mr. Ambrose, "in an impressive and pathetic manner" which would no doubt have displeased him. He was buried in the vault beside his son.

Mrs. Macklin lived eleven years longer. They were anything but easy ones for her.[34] Her husband had died bankrupt, and soon after his death she disposed of his library and

the greater part of their furniture.[35] Under the auctioneer's hammer went his books and manuscripts, and most of the effects of the front room in which he had passed his last years — the bookcases, the backgammon board, the worn Wilton carpet, the terrestrial globe, and the mahogany writing desk with the twenty drawers. Subsequently she moved into smaller quarters in the same street. She was eligible for the provisions for widows in the Covent Garden Theatrical Relief Act, but by 1805 so straitened were her circumstances that Kemble granted her a benefit in which he and Mrs. Jordan played *The Wonder* and George Frederick Cooke *Love à la Mode*. Though it realized nearly 400 pounds, her financial woes were still acute, for soon afterwards she wrote pleadingly to the Duke of Devonshire, imploring him to pay for the box he had taken at her benefit. During the same year she applied under the property acts for relief. The following year she died. She was buried next to her husband.

St. Paul's is a fitting church for Macklin to lie in, the actors' church, in the heart of the district in which he lived for most of his life. His world had centered around the Covent Garden Piazza. He would have been pleased to know that he would subsequently take his place among that illustrious company of actors who have given their names to the streets of London — Betterton, Kemble, and Garrick. The dimensions of Garrick Street might have distressed him, but he would have been gratified, one suspects, by his vain search for Quin Street. Not least of all, he would have been pleased by the simplicity and directness of the last lines written for him, the inscription on his coffin plate:

MR. CHARLES MACKLIN
COMEDIAN
Died the 11th of July, 1797
Aged 97 Years

APPENDIX
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APPENDIX

MACKLIN'S LOST PLAYS

A week after Macklin's death a writer in *The Morning Herald* noted: "Mr. Macklin has left behind him near Forty Dramatic Pieces, many of them finished, and some of them in a state of great forwardness. It is well known to have been Mr. MACKLIN's opinion, that, after a Play *was finished,* the author should let it lie by for at least five years." The editors of *The Morning Mirror* in November of the same year observed that they had in their possession a collection of skeletons of plays and character sketches by him. Many of his visitors during the last years of his life noted that he was occupied with unfinished dramas. Arthur Murphy told Henry Mackenzie of a seven-act play of great excellence. Boswell's London Journal for May 31, 1781, refers to a comedy entitled *The True-Born Englishman* to which Macklin also refers in his commonplace book (Diary, f. 18). A letter from William Ballantyne inserted in the extra-illustrated Cooke *Macklin* (Folger) describes a play which the actor was writing about Dr. John Armstrong, a Scotch physician whom he much admired. At the auction of Macklin's library on November 21–25, 1797, included among the final lots were the following:

1107. *Mr. Macklin's Case, and a large collection of various Mss.*
1112. *Miscellaneous Mss. a bundle of*
1113. *Man of the World; the True born Scotchman; Love-a-la-mode; Lysander, the Generous Courtesan; a Will and no Will, or a Bone for the Lawyers, Mss; and a large parcel of Characters in Various Plays, also Mss.*
1114. *Two Mss. Plays — Love is the Conqueror, or The Irish Hero,* morocco, gilt leaves. [*Perhaps an early version of* Love à la Mode?] *Arbanes, or the Enamoured Prince, a Pastoral.*

The Folger Library's marked copy of the auction catalogue (PN 2598 M2 A3) indicates that lot 1107 was not sold. No buyer is specified for lot 1114. Lots 1112 and 1113 were bought by Thomas Hill,

the eccentric collector. In March 1841 Hill's library was auctioned off by Evans. Lot 1514 is described as a large collection of Macklin Mss. It was bought by [George?] Sismey. Lot 1515, "The Irish Example and other Dramatic Sketches, Sir Francis Wronghead, with Macklin's memoranda for the costume" was bought by [Frederick?] Naghten. I have been unable to trace the provenance of either of these lots.

At least four plays of Macklin's were announced for production but apparently never produced:

1. "Philaster" (revised from Beaumont and Fletcher) (*c.* 1763.)

2. "The Female Captain" (a revision of Charles Shadwell's *The Humours of the Army.* On April 23, 1746, Macklin and his wife appeared in the Shadwell play at Drury Lane. It was played for Mrs. Macklin's benefit along with *A Will and No Will.* Macklin's revision was in rehearsal in Crow Street in the spring of 1763.)

3. "A Lick at the Buckeens" (in rehearsal in Crow Street in 1772.)

4. "A Rhapsody" (a clipping in the Harvard extra-illustrated Kirkman states that Covent Garden will inaugurate the 1781–1782 season on September 17 with " A RHAPODY [sic] by Mr. Macklin. After which will be presented the last revived Comedy [altered from Massinger] called A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS." Macklin's Diary [f. 79] refers to a laughing character which he is contemplating for his rhapsody.)

The catalogue of Macklin's library inserted in the Harvard extra-illustrated Kirkman concludes with a group of Macklin's manuscripts which includes the following titles:

1. "Diderot" (possibly a revision of Diderot's *Père de Famille?* See *The Monthly Visitor,* August-September 1797, p. 226.)

2. "Mithridates" (Macklin's lost tragedy? The eighty-pounds for which he was billed in October 1770 by Thomas Lupino, the theatrical costumer, for gold and silver lace, crimson satin, pink gauze, and pompadour Persian, might well have been spent on a tragedy so named.)

3. "Celia" (Macklin Diary, f. 18: "Woman Killed with Kindness this play wrought into a piece upon the modern adultery would do well — or Celia made a wife would be a fine piece of 3 acts with a farce after it." F. 31 also refers to a play of this title. Macklin seems to have been working on this play in early 1773.)

4. "The Whim" (Macklin's "Christmas gambol" produced at Crow Street on December 26, 1764.)

5. "The Twelfth Night" (an alteration of Shakespeare's comedy?

On January 1, 1748, Macklin and his wife appeared as Malvolio and Maria at Drury Lane. The play was subsequently announced for Mrs. Macklin's benefit at Smock Alley in March 1750, but not performed. At his own benefits and at those for his wife and daughter Macklin usually performed in plays which he had written or revised.)

The list is at best tentative, but it may, perhaps, help to identify Macklin manuscripts which may have survived.

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NOTES

Chapter I: Early Years

1. *The Morning Herald,* July 12, 1797; *The Morning Chronicle,* July 17, 1797; *The Whitehall Evening Post,* July 11–13, 1797; *The True Briton,* July 13, 1797.

2. James T. Kirkman, *Memoirs of the Life of Charles Macklin* (London, 1799), I, 3–4. In a letter to Mrs. Macklin dated June 11 [1785], Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Hawkins *Kean,* Macklin refers to him merely as "my friend Kirkman."

3. Detailed reviews of Kirkman's biography appeared in *The European Magazine,* 35: 319–323 (May 1799) and *The Monthly Review,* N.S. 30: 305–319, 426–438 (November–December 1799). The account of Macklin's early years was sharply criticized. The second volume of his biography proved more satisfactory to the reviewers. Cooke's account was generally conceded to be more reliable. Neither, however, is as accurate as Congreve's short life.

4. Francis Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs of the late Charles Macklin* (London, 1798), p. 10.

5. Observation by Macklin quoted in a letter by William Ballantyne, dated March 28, 1806, inserted in extra-illustrated Cooke *Macklin* in the Folger Library.

6. William Cooke, *Memoirs of Charles Macklin* (London, 1804), p. 6. When Macklin testified before the Committee on the Westminster Election, April 30, 1789 (unidentified clipping in extra-illustrated Cooke *Macklin* in the Folger Library), he declared: "I am now in the 89th year of my age. I was born two months before the current century." See also *Notes and Queries,* 3rd Ser., vol. II: 143–144 (August 23, 1862); 5th Ser., vol. II: 245–246 (September 26, 1874).

7. James Boswell, *Private Papers . . . from Malahide Castle,* ed. Frederick A. Pottle (Mount Vernon, New York, 1932), XIV, 236–237.

8. Edward Chichester. *Parochial Survey of Ireland* (Dublin, 1816), II, 170; William J. Doherty, *Inis-Owen and Tirconnell* (Dublin, 1895), p. 157; Harry P. Swan, *Twixt Foyle and Swilly* (Dublin, 1949), p. 177, cites Gortinaren as his birthplace without indicating his evidence for doing so.

9. Macklin's name is variously spelled. Sir John T. Gilbert, *History of Dublin* (Dublin, 1854), II, 98, gives his name as Cathel O'Melaghlin. Edward Maclysaght, *Irish Families* (Dublin, 1957), traces the name from O'Maoilsheachlainn (Malachy II) to O'Melaghlin and subsequently (post 1691) to Maclaughlin. The records in the Office of Arms, Dublin Castle, appear under the name Melachlin. Soon after his arrival in England the actor shortened his name to Mecklin or Mechlin. From 1740 on, however, he almost always appears as Macklin.

10. MS. O'Ferrall's Linea Antiqua, Betham Collection, I, 416, Office of Arms, Dublin Castle.

11. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 427.

12. Macklin Diary, f. 116, Folger Library. This MS. is not actually a diary but a commonplace book.

13. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 28. See also Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 10.

14. Anon., *M—ckl—n's Answer to Tully* (London, 1755), p. 11.

15. Anon., *The Poetical Review* (London, 1778), p. 20. Dr. Johnson, John Bernard, Thomas Holcroft, and Samuel Foote all testify to his lack of schooling.

16. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 44ff; Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs,* p. 11; Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 11.

17. William Macready, *Reminiscences,* ed. Sir Frederick Pollock (London, 1875), I, 28.

18. Anon., *An Epistle from Tully* (London, 1755), p. 8.

19. John Taylor, *Records of My Life* (New York, 1833), p. 253.

20. *Ibid.*

21. Sybil Rosenfeld, *Strolling Players and Drama in the Provinces* (Cambridge, 1939), pp. 175–176. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 57ff.

22. See Rosenfeld, *Strolling Players;* Elbridge Colby, "Strolling Players in the Eighteenth Century," *Notes and Queries,* 11th Ser., vol. XII: 454–457 (December 1915); Alwin Thaler, "Strolling Players and Provincial Drama after Shakespeare," *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America,* 37: 243–280 (June 1922). See also the memoirs of Holcroft, Bernard, and Wilkinson listed in the Bibliography.

23. James Ralph, *The Taste of the Town* (London, 1731), p. 223.

24. Tate Wilkinson, *Memoirs* (York, 1790), I, 238.

25. *Ibid.,* p. 217.

26. Charlotte Charke, *Life* (London, 1827), p. 154.

27. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 71.

28. Anon., *Memoirs of the Present Countess of Derby* (London, 1797), p. 11.

29. Samuel W. Ryley, *The Itinerant* (London, 1806), I, 87.

30. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 60.

31. Wilkinson, *Memoirs*, I, 142.
32. John Bernard, *Retrospections of the Stage*. (London, 1830), I, 11.
33. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 59–60.
34. Charke, *Life*, pp. 122–123.
35. Thomas Sheridan, *A Full Vindication of Thomas Sheridan* (Dublin, 1758), p. 10.
36. Oliver Goldsmith, *Essays* (London, 1765), pp. 152–153.
37. Ryley, *Itinerant*, I, 233.
38. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 63.
39. *Ibid.*, pp. 153–157. See also Rosenfeld, *Strolling Players*, p. 175.
40. Macklin in his testimony before the Committee on the Westminster Election, April 30, 1789 (unidentified clipping in extra-illustrated Cooke *Macklin* in the Folger Library), makes the puzzling statement: "I came to reside in Westminster in 1720. . . . In 1723 I first trod the stage." Was he perhaps referring to his first appearance on the *London* stage? *Oedipus* opened the season at Lincoln's Inn Fields on September 28, 1723. Did Rich dismiss him after this performance? Did he appear instead in the second performance that season of Dryden and Lee's play on December 17, 1723? Or was his memory at fault?
41. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 49.
42. *Ibid.*, p. 167.
43. Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs*, p. 12; Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 12–13. The MS. list of performances at Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields (British Museum, MS. Eg. 2,265) lists various performances of *Oedipus* between 1724 and 1726 but Macklin's name is not listed in any of the casts. Emmett L. Avery, in revising Genest, has been unable to trace a specific appearance by Macklin in any of these performances.
44. Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs*, p. 12.
45. Cooke, *Macklin*, p. 13.
46. *Ibid.*, p. 399.
47. Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs*, p. 12.
48. Rosenfeld, *Strolling Players*, p. 175.
49. Charke, *Life*, p. 159.

Chapter II: Dissension at Drury Lane

1. John Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage* (Bath, 1832), III, 254–255.
2. Anon., *An Apology for the Life of Mr. T—— C——* (London, 1740), pp. 85ff.
3. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 178–179. James Winston, *The*

Theatric Tourist (London, 1805), p. 32, states that in 1732 Macklin was in Portsmouth.

4. Maria Macklin died July 3, 1781, at the age of forty-eight.

5. Genest, *English Stage,* III, 183–184. See also British Museum, MS. Eg. 2,265.

6. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 394. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 76, and Congreve give her name as Grace Purvor. She appears on the playbills, however, as Mrs. Grace. Ann Purvor was her maiden name. See also *The European Magazine,* 35: 323 (May 1799). The only significant contemporary notice of Mrs. Grace (Macklin) appears in William Chetwood's *A General History of the Stage* (London, 1749), pp. 190–191.

7. Cooke, *Macklin,* pp. 76–77.

8. See Chapter V.

9. Edward Chichester, *Parochial Survey of Ireland* (Dublin, 1816), II, 170ff.

10. Macklin Diary, f. 117, Folger Library.

11. *Ibid.* Ashbury may be the Dick Ashley mentioned in Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 13.

12. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 72.

13. British Museum, MS. 33,488, f. 87.

14. For Macklin's appearances at the Haymarket and Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre see British Museum, MS. 33,488, f. 98. The Harvard Theatre Collection has a number of Macklin's part-books dated Portsmouth, August 15, 1734.

15. Unidentified clipping for the 1734 Haymarket season in the Enthoven Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum.

16. In *The Art of Management* (London, 1735), Fleetwood appears as Brainless, Macklin as Bloodbolt, Theophilus Cibber as Headpiece, and Charlotte Charke as Madame Tragic.

17. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 182ff; Benjamin Victor, *History of the Theatres of London and Dublin* (London, 1761–1771), I, 35.

18. Macklin MS. Memoranda and Anecdotes, Folger Library.

19. *The Proceedings at the Sessions of the Peace . . . for the City of London and the Court of Middlesex . . .* (London, 1735). Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 190–204, reprints much of the transcript.

20. The Hallam family is discussed by C. B. Hogan, "The New Wells, Goodman's Fields, 1739–42," *Theatre Notebook* (Society for Theatre Research, London), 3: 67–72 (July–September 1949).

21. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 202. Reprinted from *Proceedings* (see above).

22. Macklin was actually twice indicted, by the coroner's jury and by the grand jury. See Middlesex County Records, G. D. 2636 and G. D. 2647, also G. D. Book 314, f. 178.

23. *The General Evening Post,* May 13–14, 1735.

24. Middlesex County Records, G. D. 2647. Macklin is listed as prisoner no. 82.

25. *Ibid.*, G. D. Book 314, f. 178.

26. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 138–142; John Taylor, *Records of My Life* (New York, 1833), pp. 250–251.

27. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 19; Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 143.

28. Anon., *An Apology for the Life of Mr. T—— C——,* p. 108.

29. Richard Barker, *Mr. Cibber of Drury Lane* (New York, 1939), pp. 180–190.

30. Anon., *Life of Mr. James Quin* (London, 1766), p. 31.

31. Genest, *English Stage,* III, 604, lists Mrs. Grace as appearing in the role of the Landlady in *The Chances* on November 23, 1739. She returned to Drury Lane on December 8 and is billed as Mrs. Macklin. She played Mrs. Amlet in *The Confederacy.* This was not her first appearance, as Genest states, but her first appearance under her married name.

32. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 75, states that Macklin was "bred up between a Roman Catholic and a Presbyterian" but was converted to Protestantism when he was about forty by a little book called *The Funeral of the Mass.*

33. Genest, *English Stage,* III, 603.

34. Macklin Diary, ff. 111–115, and MS. Memoranda and Anecdotes, Folger Library. See also Genest, *English Stage,* III, 606–607; *The London Magazine,* 9: 47–48 (January 1740).

35. Cooke, *Macklin,* pp. 82–88, states that Macklin was a bondsman for Fleetwood for three thousand pounds, persuaded Whitehead to take his place, and was responsible for Whitehead's later imprisonment when Fleetwood left the country. Contemporary accounts of Whitehead's imprisonment make no mention of Macklin. See Sir John Hawkins, *Life of Johnson* (London, 1787), p. 337; Edward Thompson's edition of Whitehead, *Poems* (London, 1777), pp. vi–vii; and Alexander Chalmer, *Works of the English Poets* (London, 1810), XVI, 199–200.

36. Macklin Diary, f. 114, Folger Library.

37. Macklin in his diary states that the rioters were compelled to pay two thousand pounds damages. This is surely an exaggeration. Genest, *English Stage,* III, 607, states that the leader of the rioters sent Fleetwood a hundred pounds — probably an understatement. *The London Magazine,* 9: 47–48 (January 1740), estimated the damages at between three and four hundred pounds.

Chapter III: Shylock

1. Quoted in Toby B. Lelyveld, "Shylock on the Stage," unpublished dissertation (Teachers' College, Columbia University, 1951).

2. John Robert Moore, "Pantaloon as Shylock," *Boston Public Library Quarterly*, 1: 33–42 (July 1939).

3. John Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, ed. Montague Summers (London, n.d.), p. 52.

4. *The Works of Mr. William Shakespear*, ed. Nicholas Rowe (London, 1709), I, xix.

5. Genest, *English Stage*, II, 245.

6. Colley Cibber, *An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber* (London, 1740), pp. 287, 133.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 287.

8. Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 94–95.

9. George Colman and Bonnell Thornton, *The Connoisseur*, no. 1 (January 31, 1754).

10. Macklin Diary, f. 7, Folger Library.

11. The Harvard Theatre Collection possesses Macklin's part-books for the following roles: Lovegold (*The Miser*); Scrub (*The Beaux' Stratagem*); Sir John Brute (*The Provoked Wife*); Sir Archy Macsarcasm (*Love à la Mode*). His part-book for Touchstone is in the Folger Library.

12. In 1814, Kean, preparing for his Drury Lane debut, similarly left the actors unaware of how he proposed to play Shylock. See H. N. Hillebrand, *Edmund Kean* (New York, 1933), pp. 108ff.

13. The MS. of Thomas Arne's "Songs in the Merchant of Venice" is in the British Museum.

14. The text used for the 1741 production was presumably almost identical to that in Bell's 1774 Shakespeare and Wenman's 1777 edition of the play, both of which printed the version currently in use in the Theatres Royal.

15. Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 92–94.

16. G. C. Lichtenberg, *Letters from England*, eds. Margaret L. Mare and W. H. Quarrell (Oxford, 1938), p. 40.

17. *The Monthly Review*, N.S. 30: 312 (November–December 1799), quoted in the review of Kirkman's *Life of Macklin*.

18. *The Hibernian Magazine*, 1: 33 (February 1771).

19. Lichtenberg, *Letters*, p. 90.

20. [Francis Gentleman], *The Dramatic Censor* (London, 1770), I, 292. See also Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 264.

21. Portrait in the possession of the Hughes-Stanton family, reproduced in Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson, *The Artist and the Theatre* (London, 1955), p. 62.

22. Henry Siddons, *Practical Illustrations of Rhetorical Gesture and Action* (London, 1807), p. 355; see also Thomas Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies* (London, 1783), II, 393–394.

23. Clarence Stratton, "Act Four of *The Merchant of Venice* on

the Stage," *Schelling Anniversary Papers* (New York, 1932), pp. 301–310.

24. James Boaden, *Memoirs of John Philip Kemble* (London, 1825), I, 440.

25. William Winter, *Shakespeare on the Stage* (New York, 1911), p. 158.

26. See Stratton, "Act Four." There is considerable material on acting traditions in *The Merchant of Venice* in Arthur C. Sprague's studies: *Shakespeare and the Actors* (Cambridge, Mass., 1944), pp. 19–31; *Shakespearian Players and Performances* (Cambridge, Mass., 1953), pp. 104–120.

27. *The Morning Post and Daily Advertiser*, November 9, 1781.

28. This portrait, now in the Tate Gallery, is reproduced in Mander and Mitchenson, *The Artist and the Theatre*, p. 62.

29. Bernard, *Retrospections*, II, 121–122.

30. Sprague, *Shakespearian Players and Performances*, pp. 104–120.

31. Eighteenth-century critics usually ranked Peg Woffington and Mrs. Abington as the best Portias. See Gentleman, *The Dramatic Censor*, I, 297; Anon., *The Theatrical Review* (London, 1772), I, 42.

32. Gentleman, *The Dramatic Censor*, I, 297.

33. William Cooke, *Memoirs of Samuel Foote* (London, 1805), II, 182.

34. Anon., *Theatrical Portraits* (London, 1774), p. 4.

35. Bernard, *Retrospections*, I, 111–112.

36. Richard Ryan, *Dramatic Table Talk* (London, 1825), II, 57–58.

37. Without much authority this couplet is often attributed to Pope. Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs*, p. 19, states that during Macklin's first performance a gentleman in the pit "said to be Mr. Pope" spontaneously uttered it. It appears unlikely that Pope, who was in poor health, was in London at the time. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 264, claims it was spoken by Pope "who sat in the stage box on the third night of the representation." In typically contradictory fashion, he states in II, 427, that Pope composed the couplet "several years before his [Macklin's] death" when both happened to be in a large company of ladies and gentlemen. Macklin died fifty-three years after Pope. See also *Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser., vol. IX: 239–240 (March 18, 1854).

38. Cooke, *Memoirs of Foote*, II, 24. Cooke records that Foote played the part ludicrously and was a total failure.

39. Anon., *The Theatrical Review*, I, 41; Gentleman, *The Dramatic Censor*, I, 293.

40. John Ireland, *Letters of John Henderson* (London, 1786), p. 197. A letter to *The Morning Post*, June 12, 1777, compares Henderson's and Macklin's Shylock.

41. Rosenfeld, *Strolling Players*, p. 205.

Chapter IV: The Quarrel with Garrick

1. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 96. Garrick had come to London in 1737. Macklin had played the Drunken Man in Garrick's *Lethe* at Drury Lane in 1740.

2. [Charles Macklin], *Mr. Macklin's Reply to Mr. Garrick's Answer* . . . (London, 1743), p. 33.

3. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 104. Cooke adds that Garrick also consulted Dr. Barrowby about Lear. For Macklin's later opinion of Garrick's Lear see Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 259–261.

4. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 107.

5. Arthur Murphy, *The Life of David Garrick* (London, 1801), I, 30.

6. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 316–317.

7. Cooke, *Macklin,* pp. 116–118.

8. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 317.

9. The Parish Poor Rates for St. Paul's, Covent Garden, indicate that Macklin was in residence at Bow Street until 1748, when he and his wife went to Dublin.

10. Macklin MS. Memoranda and Anecdotes, Folger Library.

11. Anon., *Queries to be Answer'd by the Manager of Drury Lane Theatre* (London, 1743); Anon., *Queries upon Queries to be Answer'd by the Male-content Players* (London, 1743).

12. Anon., *The Case of the Present Theatrical Disputes* (London, 1743), p. 5.

13. *Ibid.,* p. 59.

14. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 134.

15. *The Morning Chronicle,* August 22, 1781. The writer is comparing actors' salaries in 1729 and 1742.

16. Murphy, *Garrick,* I, 66, claims that the author of *Mr. Macklin's Reply* was Corbyn Morris. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 290–291, citing Thomas Davies, *Life of David Garrick* (London, 1780), I, 75, agrees that Macklin wrote the pamphlet.

17. Murphy, *Garrick,* I, 66, attributes Garrick's defense to William Guthrie.

18. [Charles Macklin], *Mr. Macklin's Reply to Mr. Garrick's Answer.*

19. *Ibid.,* p. 28.

20. Miscellaneous Papers Relating to Barry, Woodward, and Macklin, Harvard Theatre Collection, TS 1197.54.6.

21. *Ibid.*

22. See Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 368–370; II, 261–270. Macklin's observations on Garrick also appear in *The Monthly Mirror,* 5: 297ff. (May 1798) and 8: 41ff. (July 1799). See also Miscellaneous MS. Notes by Macklin in the Folger Library.

23. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, II, 262; *The Monthly Mirror*, 8: 41 (July 1799).

24. Miscellaneous Papers Relating to Barry, Woodward, and Macklin, Harvard Theatre Collection, TS 1197.54.6.

Chapter V: Actor-Playwright

1. Francis Askham, *The Gay Delavals* (New York, 1955), *passim.*

2. Daniel Hayes, "The Authors," *Works in Verse* (Limerick, 1785), p. 102.

3. John Hill, *The Actor*, revised ed. (London, 1755), pp. 239–240.

4. Hill, *The Actor*, first ed. (London, 1750), p. 251.

5. Hill, *The Actor* (1755), p. 157.

6. Hill, *The Actor* (1750), pp. 250–251.

7. Anon., *A Treatise on the Passions* (London, n.d.), pp. 38–39.

8. Anon., *A Letter of Compliment* (London, n.d.), p. 28. See also Thomas Wilkes, *A General View of the Stage* (London, 1759), p. 159.

9. C. B. Hogan, *Shakespeare in the Theatre, 1701–1800* (Oxford, 1952), I, 135, suggests that it was a Mr. Goodfellow who subsequently appeared at Drury Lane.

10. Letter to Sir Charles Williams, July 7, 1744, *Supplement to the Letters of Horace Walpole*, ed. Paget Toynbee (Oxford, 1918–1925), III, 357–362.

11. Rosenfeld, *Strolling Players*, p. 239.

12. MS. letter in the collection of Alec Clunes.

13. Quoted from Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 296–297. See also Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 150–151.

14. Genest, *English Stage*, IV, 162.

15. Cooke, *Macklin*, p. 19.

16. Colman and Thornton, *The Connoisseur*, no. 47 (December 19, 1754).

17. Prologue to *King Henry VII, or, The Popish Impostor* (London, 1746). There is an MS. version of this play in the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, under a different title: "The Alternative,' Tyranny or Liberty," Larpent Collection MS. 55. Macklin often changed the titles of his plays.

18. Prologue to "A Will and No Will, or A Bone for the Lawyers," Larpent Collection MS. 58, Huntington Library.

19. David Garrick, *Private Correspondence*, ed. James Boaden (London, 1831–1832), I, 49. See also I, 39.

20. *The Monthly Review*, 30: 312–313 (May 1799).

21. Macklin Diary, ff. 23–24, Folger Library.

22. Larpent Collection MS. 58, Huntington Library.

23. Dougald MacMillan, *Drury Lane Calendar* (1747–1776) (Oxford, 1938), p. 343.

24. Rosenfeld, *Strolling Players*, p. 240.

25. Cooke, *Macklin*, p. 113.

26. Cooke, *Macklin*, p. 157; Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs*, p. 27; Anon., *Letter of Compliment*, p. 26.

27. Anon., *The Theatric Review* (London, 1772), II, 8.

28. Larpent Collection MS. 64, Huntington Library.

29. Cf. Macklin's later "Covent Garden Theatre."

30. Rosenfeld, *Strolling Players*, pp. 60–61.

31. Anon., *Mr. Garrick's Conduct as Manager . . .* (London, 1747), p. 17.

32. MS. play in the Harvard Theatre Collection.

33. I have not located the MS. of this play. The National Library, Dublin, has a copy of the farce, *The Fortune Hunters* (Dublin, 1750), mistakenly attributed to J. Carlisle. There is also a London edition of this two-act farce — "Acted at Macl—n's Amphitheatre with great applause" — printed in the same year. The number of principal actors required corresponds to the actors listed in the preliminary advertisements of Macklin's play which appeared in *The General Advertiser*. It seems likely that these are pirated editions of Macklin's lost farce. Perhaps for this reason he did not bother to retain a MS. copy.

34. Macklin Diary, f. 16, Folger Library.

35. *The General Advertiser*, April 19, April 23, 1748.

36. *The Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare*, ed. Edmond Malone (London, 1790), I, 387–414. See also *The Correspondence of Thomas Percy and Edmond Malone*, eds. David Nichol Smith and Cleanth Brooks (Baton Rouge, 1944), p. 173.

37. *Letters of James Boswell*, ed. C. B. Tinker (Oxford, 1924), II, 412–413, 425.

38. Kirkland, *Life of Macklin*, I, 317–318. See also Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 77–78.

39. Wilkinson, *Memoirs*, III, 210.

40. *Faulkner's Dublin Journal* gives the fullest information on the Smock Alley Theatre from 1748–1750.

41. Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs*, pp. 30–31; Cooke, *Macklin*, p. 195.

42. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 318–319.

43. Francis Gentleman, *The Modish Wife* (London, 1775), Preface, refers to the Chester company as "excellent." An unidentified clipping in the Harvard Theatre Collection, extra-illustrated Henry Morley *Bartholemew Fair* (London, 1859), III, opp. p. 420, refers to a satirical pamphlet, "An infallible receipt to make a wicked manager of a theatre," published in Chester on August 20, 1750. I have been unable to locate a copy of this. The Chester season is also mentioned by Elizabeth Scanlon, "Tennis Court Theatres in England and Scotland," *Theatre Notebook*, 10: 12 (October–December 1955); Robert

Hitchcock, *An Historical View of the Irish Stage* (Dublin, 1788–1794), I, 211.

44. Gentleman, *The Dramatic Censor*, I, 191.

45. Askham, *The Gay Delavals, passim.*

46. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 333–342, describes the performance in some detail. See also Hill, *The Actor* (1755), p. 121; William Cooke, *Memoirs of Samuel Foote* (London, 1805), II, 72. The Prologue and Epilogue were written for the occasion by Christopher Smart. See his *Poems* (London, 1791), II, 176–179.

47. Letter to Sir Horace Mann, March 13, 1751. *The Letters of Horace Walpole*, ed. Paget Toynbee (Oxford, 1903–1905), III, 37.

48. Larpent Collection MS. 96, Huntington Library. On the causes of its failure see Bonnell Thornton, "Have at You All or the Drury Lane Journal," no. 12 (April 9, 1752).

49. Esther Raushenbush, "Charles Macklin's Lost Play about Henry Fielding," *Modern Language Notes*, 51: 505–514 (December 1936).

50. John Macklin died in 1790. He is said to have been about forty. I have been unable to find either his baptismal record or a specific reference to his birth date. He was admitted as a writer in the East India Company in 1769, a post open only to young men between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, consequently he was born between 1748 and 1755.

51. Anon., *Theatrical Biography* (London, 1772), II, 8–9.

52. Delaval MSS., Historical Manuscripts Commission, Thirteenth Report, Appendix Part VI (London, 1893), p. 201.

53. *Ibid.*

Chapter VI: Macklin, Orator

1. Mary Belden, *The Dramatic Works of Samuel Foote* (New Haven, 1929), p. 13.

2. Macklin's contract with the Duke of Bedford and his subsequent agreements with John Tinkler are discussed in the Petition to the Chancellor by John Warren and Samuel Chitty, creditors of Macklin. This is inserted in the Harvard Theatre Collection's extra-illustrated John Doran *Annals of the English Stage.*

3. Letter of Thomas Birch to P. Yorke, September 15, 1753, British Museum, Add. MS. 35, 398 f. 159.

4. Middlesex County Records Recognizances, L.v. (W) 69/929, dated September 20, 1753; renewed L.v. (W) 70/1155, September 5, 1754.

5. *The Public Advertiser*, March 11, 1754. This newspaper is the source of much information on The British Inquisition as Macklin regularly advertised in it and specified the subjects of his forthcoming lectures and debates.

6. Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 200–201.

7. Charke, *Life*, p. 93.
8. Luigi Riccoboni, *Account of the Theatres in Europe* (London, 1741), p. 35.
9. K. Opsinous (pseud.), *History of the Robin Hood Society* (London, 1764). See also Robert J. Allen, *Clubs of Augustan London* (Cambridge, Mass., 1933), p. 129.
10. George W. Cooke, *History of Party* (London, 1836), III, 66, states that Burke first tried his oratorical powers at Macklin's British Inquisition. See also *The Correspondence of Edmund Burke*, ed. Thomas W. Copeland (Cambridge, 1958), I, 140, 173.
11. *The Public Advertiser*, November 21, 1754.
12. Cooke, *Macklin*, p. 204.
13. Anon., *M—ckl—n's Answer to Tully*, pp. 7–8.
14. *The Public Advertiser*, November 25, November 29, December 9, 1754.
15. Anon., *An Epistle from Tully*, p. 18, and Colman and Thornton, *The Connoisseur*, no. 47 (December 19, 1754), discuss Macklin's interest in attracting women to The British Inquisition. A Female Lyceum, sponsored by Elizabeth Wilson, was briefly established at the Haymarket on January 27, 1755.
16. Letter to Richard Bentley, December 24, 1754, Walpole, *Letters*, III, 276.
17. Samuel Foote, *Table Talk and Bon Mots*, ed. William Cooke (New Southgate, 1889), pp. 119–120.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 224.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 223.
20. Anon., *M—ckl—n's Answer to Tully*, pp. 17–18.
21. Bernard, *Retrospections*, II, 123–124.
22. Anon., *An Epistle from Tully*, p. 26.
23. See Belden, *Foote*, pp. 13ff., and Stephanus Scriblerus (pseud.), *The Censor* (London, 1755), pp. 12ff.
24. *The Public Advertiser*, December 16, 1754.
25. Taylor, *Records of My Life*, p. 252.

Chapter VII: On Stage Again

1. Cooke, *Macklin*, p. 162; Hitchcock, *Irish Stage*, I, 289; La Tourette Stockwell, *Dublin Theatres and Theatre Customs (1637–1820)* (Kingsport, Tennessee, 1938), p. 118.
2. Cooke, *Macklin*, p. 213.
3. Wilkinson, *Memoirs*, III, 74.
4. Anon., *The Case of the Stage in Ireland* (Dublin, 1758), p. 48.
5. Thomas Sheridan, *An Humble Appeal to the Publick* (Dublin, 1758); *A Full Vindication of Thomas Sheridan* (Dublin, 1758).
6. Sheridan, *An Humble Appeal*, p. 24.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 76.

8. *The Case of the Stage in Ireland* may perhaps be by Macklin. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 379–389, reprints Macklin's notes for an answer to Sheridan. Morgan McNamara's letter to Macklin, dated March 9, 1758 (Harvard Theatre Collection Kirkman), states that Macklin's letter to him (lost) can be used as an answer to Sheridan's pamphlet, *The True State of the Stage in Ireland.*

9. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 379–380, 385–386.

10. Cooke, *Macklin,* pp. 219–220.

11. *Ibid.,* pp. 213–214.

12. Morgan McNamara's letter to Macklin dated March 9, 1758, inserted in the Harvard Theatre Collection Kirkman.

13. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 217. On page 282 Cooke states that Macklin had often performed Hamlet at Bristol some forty years before.

14. See Miscellaneous Papers Relating to Barry, Woodward, and Macklin, Harvard Theatre Collection, TS 1197.54.6.

15. Harvard Theatre Collection Kirkman. A subsequent letter to Macklin from Victor dated March 1, 1759, is in the New York Public Library Theatre Collection.

16. H. Usher letter to Macklin, dated December 7, 1758, Harvard Theatre Collection Kirkman. See also Thomas Holcroft, *Alwyn* (London, 1780) pp. 85ff.

17. Wilkinson, *Memoirs,* III, 74.

18. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 405.

19. *The Gentleman's Magazine,* 77: 1086 (November 1807).

20. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 223. See also the somewhat different account of the genesis of this play in Boswell, *Private Papers,* XIV, 236–238.

21. "Agreement between Garrick and Macklin," British Museum, MS. 27, 925.

22. [John Haslewood], *The Secret History of the Green Room* (London, 1793), p. 145.

23. J. O. Bartley, *Teague, Shenkin and Sawney* (Cork, 1954), pp. 116–117.

24. Henry Angelo, *Pic Nic, or Table Talk* (London, 1840), p. 31; Anon., *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Samuel Foote* (London, n.d.), p. 43.

25. Anon., *A Scotsman's Remarks on the Farce of Love a la Mode* (London, 1760), p. 11.

26. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 273.

27. Anon., *A Scotsman's Remarks,* pp. 27–28.

28. Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs,* p. 40; Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 403–404.

29. The foregoing quotations are from the Garrick Club MS.

30. [Haslewood], *Secret History,* p. 146.

31. Lichtenberg, *Letters from England,* pp. 40–41.

32. Letter to Mr. Chamberlaine, dated June 3, 1762 [?], Harvard

Theatre Collection extra-illustrated R. B. Knowles *Life of James Sheridan Knowles.*

33. C. H. Fifoot, *Lord Mansfield* (Oxford, 1936), pp. 223–227.

34. Bill in Chancery vs. Robert Owenson, dated February 26, 1785, Folger Library MS.

35. The MS. of John Rich's account book is in the Garrick Club.

36. W. Matthews, "The Piracies of Macklin's *Love à la Mode,*" *Review of English Studies,* 10: 311–318 (July 1934).

37. Macklin's Bill in Chancery vs. Richardson and Urquhart is in the Public Records Office, C. 12 1306/39. The Folger Library has two letters from William Griffin to Macklin relating to this suit. They are dated May 7 and June 6, 1766.

38. This letter, dated London, April 22, 1769, is in the Foster-Dyce Collection, Victoria and Albert, Folio #2, part 2, 60–61. Wilkinson continued to play Sir Archy in the North of England, notably in Hull in 1776–1777.

39. When Macklin left Drury Lane in 1760, Garrick tried to negotiate secretly with Wilkinson to play Sir Archy at Drury Lane. See Wilkinson, *Memoirs,* II, 261; Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 407ff. During the 1760–1761 season the play was performed three times at Drury Lane with Austin playing Sir Archy "after the manner of the original." Macklin threatened to take action against Garrick and the play was subsequently performed at Drury Lane only once, on May 6, 1762. The actor who played Sir Archy on this occasion is not known.

40. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 34–41. Macklin's Bill in Chancery vs. James Whitley is in the Public Records Office, C. 12 1327/5. The complaint was filed on June 22, 1771. The Joint Several Answer of Jas. Whitley . . . to the Bill of Complaint of Charles Macklin is inserted in the Harvard Theatre Collection Kirkman.

41. Bill in Chancery vs. Robert Owenson, Folger Library MS.

42. *The Monthly Mirror,* 5: 35–37 (January 1798).

43. O'Keeffe, *Recollections,* II, 316–317.

44. "The School for Husbands" (produced as *The Married Libertine*), Huntington Library, Larpent Collection MS. 184.

45. *The Monthly Review,* 30: 317 (May 1799). See also Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 414–424.

46. Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs,* p. 40.

47. Letter of Joseph Salvador to Macklin, dated February 6, 1761, British Museum, MS. Eg. 2334.

48. Letter to Macklin from H.F., dated February 1, 1761, Harvard Theatre Collection Kirkman.

Chapter VIII: The Wars of the Theatres

1. For general histories of the period see: Stockwell, *Dublin Theatres and Theatre Customs;* Hitchcock, *Historical View of the Irish Stage;*

Victor, *History of the Theatres of London and Dublin;* Eugene Page, *George Colman the Elder* (New York, 1935). Important periodical sources of Irish theatrical material are: *Freeman's Journal, Faulkner's Dublin Journal, The Hibernian Journal,* and *The Hibernian Magazine. The Morning Chronicle* and *The Theatrical Chronicle* are the chief periodical sources for the London theatre.

2. Hitchcock, *Irish Stage,* II, 87.

3. Waterford MSS., Historical Manuscripts Commission, Eleventh Report, Part VII, p. 80. A mutilated MS. of this letter is inserted in the Folger Library's extra-illustrated Murphy *Life of Garrick.* It is not dated and no addressee is indicated, but it is clearly identical to that in the Waterford collection.

4. Historical MSS. Commission, Eleventh Report, Part VII, p. 79.

5. O'Keeffe, *Recollections,* I, 61.

6. Peter Cavanagh, *The Irish Theatre* (Tralee, 1946), p. 439, states that *The True Born Irishman* was successfully revived in Dublin on February 18, 1910. Macklin's picture of Irish society is praised by G. C. Duggan, *The Stage Irishman* (London, 1937), pp. 135–138.

7. Charles McLoughlin, *Zanga's Triumph; or, Harlequin and Othello at War* (Dublin, 1762) (Holiday Pamphlets, no. 306, Royal Irish Academy). Stockwell, *Dublin Theatres and Theatre Customs,* p. 343, attributes this to Macklin. The pamphlet is, however, stylistically unlike Macklin's work. Furthermore, he had nothing to gain by writing such an account.

8. See Miscellaneous Papers Relating to Barry, Woodward, and Macklin, Harvard Theatre Collection, TS 1197.54.6.

9. Macklin's Bill of Complaint has been destroyed, but it is entered in the records of the Four Courts, Dublin, for Michaelmas Term, 1762. A fairly full account of the suit is found in Anon., *The Theatrical Review* (London, 1763), pp. 127–128.

10. On this controversy see: Anon., *The Battle of the Players* (Dublin, 1761) (Holiday Pamphlets, no. 320); Hitchcock, *The Irish Stage,* II, 71–74; Anon., *The Theatrical Review,* pp. 225–230. An interesting scale of the actors' merits appears in *The Dublin Magazine,* 2: 720 (December 1763) and 3: 541 (September 1764). See also Anon., *The Theatrical Review,* p. 46.

11. Letter to Garrick dated April 28, 1763, Foster Collection, vol. XVIII, Victoria and Albert.

12. *Faulkner's Dublin Journal,* February 1–5, 1763.

13. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 441; Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 240.

14. British Museum, Burney Collection of Cuttings, 939 b 18, unidentified item dated November 22, 1763. I have found no evidence in Irish newspapers to substantiate Kirkman's claim (I, 447–448) that Macklin's alteration of *Philaster* was successfully performed at Smock Alley.

15. Charles Macklin letter to J. Austin (?) dated Dublin, Septem-

ber 20, 1763, in Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman. A similar letter addressed by Macklin to Austin, dated September 13, 1763, relating to Dawson's piracies was sold at Sotheby's in July 1881. I have been unable to locate this.

16. Cooke, *Macklin*, p. 441.

17. Wilkinson, *Memoirs*, III, 175–179, 191.

18. *Faulkner's Dublin Journal*, July 10–14, 1764.

19. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 462, speaks of a law suit which Macklin brought against Mossop. I have found no evidence of this in the extant records of the Four Courts.

20. *Faulkner's Dublin Journal*, December 22–26, 1764.

21. *Ibid.*, December 27–29, 1764.

22. Macklin may have played a brief summer engagement in Ireland, but I have found no record of this.

23. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 466.

24. Macklin letter to Colman, dated October 7, 1767, Folger Library. The Folger also has a draft of a letter from Macklin to Colman, undated, but written at approximately the same time.

25. Cooke, *Macklin*, p. 270.

26. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, II, 3. See also Victor, *History of the Theatres of London and Dublin*, III, 117.

27. Chancery Suit of Harris vs. Colman 28/5/70, British Museum, MS. 33, 218.

28. For Macklin's proposals to Colman see Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Augustin Daly *Woffington*, 1888.

29. *The Theatrical Monitor*, November 5, 1768.

30. Macklin letter to Garrick, dated December 24, 1768, Garrick, *Correspondence*, I, 327.

31. *Ibid.*, pp. 361–362.

32. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, II, 18–19.

33. *The Theatrical Monitor*, March 5, 1768.

34. Garrick, *Correspondence*, I, 361–362.

35. *Ibid.*, II, 343–346.

36. I have been unable to trace where Macklin went, but Samuel Birch in a letter to him from Dublin, dated October 7, 1769, alludes to a summer tour. See Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.

37. British Museum, MS. 33, 218, ff. 8–9.

38. *Ibid.*, ff. 4, 55, 29–32.

39. George Colman, *Posthumous Letters . . . addressed to Francis and George Colman* (London, 1820), pp. 153–157.

40. O'Keeffe, *Recollections*, I, 167. Macklin's bill for costumes is inserted in the Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.

41. Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 272–275.

42. R. J. Broadbent, *Annals of the Liverpool Stage* (Liverpool, 1908), p. 51.
43. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, II, 34–35. See also Macklin's Complaint in Chancery, Public Records Office, C. 12 1327/5.
44. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, II, 451–452. This will was never probated. Macklin died bankrupt.
45. There is a series of letters from Tottenham Heaphy to Macklin covering the period from May 4, 1771, to July 12, 1771, in the Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.
46. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, II, 397. See also Hitchcock, *Irish Stage*, II, 206.

Chapter IX: The Science of Acting

1. See Alan S. Downer, "Nature to Advantage Dressed: Eighteenth Century Acting," *PMLA*, 58: 1002–1037 (December 1943).
2. Bernard, *Retrospections*, I, 226.
3. Riccoboni, *Account of the Theatres in Europe*, p. 176.
4. Anthony Aston, *A Brief Supplement to Colley Cibber* (London, 1748). Reprinted: Watson Nicholson, *Anthony Aston* (South Haven, Michigan, 1920), pp. 75–80, 90–91.
5. Tate Wilkinson, *The Wandering Patentee* (York, 1795), II, 45. Cooke, *Macklin*, 352ff., discusses Macklin's favorite actors.
6. Macklin Diary, f. 111, Folger Library. See also Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 362–366.
7. Samuel Johnson, *The Rambler*, no. 154 (London, 1752), V, 153–154.
8. Hill, *The Actor* (1755), p. 231.
9. Sir Joshua Reynolds, *Discourses*, ed. Roger Fry (London, 1905), pp. 362–364.
10. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 463; Parry, *Macklin*, 121.
11. Lady Mary Coke, *Letters and Journals* (Edinburgh, 1889), I, 205.
12. Holcroft, *Alwyn*, 20ff.
13. Macklin Diary, f. 118, Folger Library.
14. Anon., *Memoirs of Samuel Foote* (London, n.d.), p. 53.
15. Anon., *Memoirs of Mrs. Woffington* (London, 1776), p. 20.
16. Holcroft, *Alwyn*, pp. 54–60.
17. John Ireland, *Letters and Poems of the late Mr. John Henderson* (London, 1786), pp. 63–64.
18. Hill, *The Actor* (1755), pp. 239–240. See also Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 148–149.
19. O'Keeffe, *Recollections*, I, 284–285.
20. Percy Fitzgerald, *Samuel Foote* (London, 1910), p. 36.
21. Hill, *The Actor* (1755), chap. 28.

22. Macklin's part-books are in the Harvard Theatre Collection. See Bernard Barrow, "Macklin's Costume and Property Notes for the Character of Lovegold," *Theatre Notebook,* 13: 66–67 (Winter 1958/9).

23. Boaden, *Memoirs of Kemble,* I, 442. The "chastity" of Macklin's acting was frequently remarked on. See Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 408; Wilkinson, *Memoirs,* IV, 78.

24. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* I, 248; II, 265; *The Monthly Mirror,* 5: 297ff. (May 1798) and 8: 41ff. (July 1799).

25. Walter Donaldson, *Theatrical Portraits* (London, 1870), pp. 39–40. Poetical attacks on Macklin occur in Hayes, "The Authors," *Works,* p. 102; Anon., *The Poetical Review* (London, 1778), pp. 20–22; Charles Churchill, "The Rosciad," *Poems* (London, 1765), I, 31.

26. See Sir Joshua Reynolds, *Johnson and Garrick* (London, 1816), p. 15.

27. William Cooke, *The Elements of Dramatic Criticism* (London, 1775), p. 195.

28 O'Keeffe, *Recollections,* II, 316–317.

29. Cooke, *Memoirs of Samuel Foote,* I, 185–186.

30. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 150.

31. Miss Ambross, *Memoirs of Ann Catley* (London, 1789), pp. 36–37.

32. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 47; Cooke, *Macklin,* 272ff.

33. The Macklin-Leeson correspondence is inserted in the Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman. There is an additional letter from Macklin to Miss Leeson in the Enthoven Collection, Victoria and Albert.

34. See *The Limerick Chronicle,* July 10–August 12, 1772; *The Cork Hibernian Chronicle,* August 19–September 17, 1772.

35. See Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman. The writer's signature has been cut out. The letter, I suspect, was written by Miss Ambrose.

36. *The Monthly Mirror,* 4: 338 (December 1797). See also Macklin's fragmentary letter to Miss Leeson, dated February 6, 1773, in the Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.

37. These notations are made on a letter from Mattocks to Macklin dated September 17, (177?), from Liverpool. The notes appear in Macklin's hand on the bottom of the sheet. MS. letter in the Harvard Theatre Collection.

38. *The Hibernian Chronicle,* December 9–11, 1772, announced this farce as in rehearsal in Crow Street.

39. O'Keeffe, *Recollections,* I, 167–169.

40. MS. letter in the Enthoven Collection, Victoria and Albert. The role of Celia was possibly in his nonproduced lost play with the same title.

41. Macklin Diary, f. 117, Folger Library.

Chapter X: Riot and Conspiracy

The *Macbeth* riots are amply documented. The events of 1773–1775 are described in Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs,* pp. 43–49; Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 55–256; Cooke, *Macklin,* pp. 283–290. There is considerable material in the following anonymous accounts: *The Genuine Arguments of the Council . . . why an information should not be exhibited against John Stephen James . . . for riotous conspiracy . . .* (London, 1774); *An Apology for the Conduct of Charles Macklin, Comedian . . .* (London, 1773); *The Case of Mr. Macklin . . . against Messrs. Clarke, Aldus, Lee, James and Miles* (Edinburgh, 1775). There is considerable MS. material in the Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman *Life of Macklin* and Peake *Memoirs of the Colman Family.* The Folger Library has an interesting MS. account: T.b. 23. The Public Records Office Bill of Complaint of Colman against Macklin, Chancery C. 12 1667/30, contains much information as do C. 12 1342/35 and C. 12 1367/6. Macklin's MS. notes — fragmentary — are in the possession of Alec Clunes. The most complete periodical accounts are to be found in *The Morning Chronicle* and *The St. James Chronicle.*

1. The Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman contains much of this correspondence. The Folger Library possesses Macklin's MS. notes on this correspondence which he was compiling for use in his subsequent action against Colman. See also British Museum, MS. Eg. 2334.

2. Folger Library, Macklin's MS. notes on his correspondence with Colman. Letter from Colman to Macklin dated March 9, 1773.

3. British Museum, MS. Eg. 2334.

4. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 57–61. Macklin's MS. notes in the collection of Alec Clunes also relate to this matter.

5. Macklin's MS. notations on *Macbeth* are inserted in the Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.

6. Anonymous letter in *The St. James Chronicle,* October 28–30, 1773.

7. MS. notes in Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.

8. *Ibid.*

9. Margaret Barton, *Garrick* (London, 1948), p. 73.

10. MS. notes in Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.

11. M. St. Clare Byrne, "The Stage Costuming of Macbeth in the Eighteenth Century," *Studies in English Theatre History* (London, 1952), pp. 52–64.

12. Letter from Garrick to Luke Gardner, dated December 13,

1777; see Byrne, *Studies in English Theatre History,* pp. 58–64. See also letter signed Touchstone, *The Morning Chronicle,* October 30, 1773.

13. See letter signed AB, *The Morning Chronicle,* November 5, 1773; see also Theatrical Intelligence, *General Evening Post,* October 23–26, 1773.

14. [Alexander Bicknell], *An Apology for the Life of George Ann Bellamy* (London, 1786), IV, 73.

15. *St. James Chronicle,* October 19–21, 1773.

16. *Ibid.* See also Bernard, *Retrospections,* II, 185.

17. Wilkinson, *Memoirs,* II, 260.

18. Macklin's MS. notes for his suit against Colman, Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Peake *Memoirs of the Colman Family.*

19. Anon., *An Apology for the Conduct of Charles Macklin, Comedian . . .* (London, 1773), pp. 6–9.

20. *Ibid.,* p. 6. See also *The Morning Chronicle,* November 1, 1773.

21. See *The Morning Chronicle,* October 25, 1773.

22. Anon., *An Apology for the Conduct of Charles Macklin,* p. 6.

23. Letter by Macklin signed Fair Play, *The Morning Chronicle,* October 27, 1773.

24. Letter by Arthur Murphy signed Touchstone, *The Morning Chronicle,* October 30, 1773.

25. Letter signed Aristarchus, *The London Evening Post,* October 23–26, 1773.

26. Letter signed Lictor Theatricus, *The Morning Chronicle,* November 5, 1773.

27. Quoted in Anon., *An Apology for the Conduct of Charles Macklin,* p. 30. See also *St. James Chronicle,* October 26, 1773.

28. Macklin letter to Mr. Winbolt, dated (?) 27, 1775, Folger Library.

29. Colman's Bill of Complaint in Chancery against Macklin states that the following letters and articles were inserted by Macklin in *The Morning Chronicle:* 1) October 23, letter signed Fair Play; 2) November 1, Theatrical Intelligence; 3) November 3, letter signed Fair Play; 4) November 6, letter signed A Lover of Order; 5) November 15, Theatrical Intelligence.

30. The British Museum extra-illustrated Cooke *Macklin* contains an interesting mutilated letter from Macklin to Smith dated November 16. The letter links with the Folger Library MS. T. b. 23. See also Smith's letter in *The Morning Chronicle,* November 16, 1773.

31. Macklin MS. draft of a letter to William Woodfall, Harvard Theatre Collection.

32. Macklin's MS. notes for his suit against Colman, Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Peake *Memoirs of the Colman Family,* pars. 33ff.

33. *Ibid.*, pars. 40–45.
34. *Ibid.*, par. 72.
35. *Ibid.*, par. 79.
36. *The Public Advertiser,* November 22, 1773, quoted in Preface to William Kenrick, *The Duellist* (London, 1773).
37. *The Monthly Review,* 49: 514 (November 1773), describes this pamphlet as "the rubbish of newspapers, carted off. Mr. Macklin has advertised that he was not the scavenger."
38. Account of the Printer of *The Morning Chronicle,* MS. notes in Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.
39. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 227–228.
40. Macklin's MS. notes for his suit against Colman, Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Peake *Memoirs of the Colman Family,* par. 96.
41. See Macklin's letter to Maria, dated March 14, 1774, Folger Library. See also her letter to Colman, dated March 15, 1774, in Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.
42. British Museum, MS. Eg. 2334.
43. Anon., *The Case of Mr. Macklin . . . against Messrs. Clarke, Aldus, Lee, James and Miles* (Edinburgh, 1775), p. 7.
44. Anon., *The Genuine Arguments of the Council . . . why an information should not be exhibited against John Stephen James . . . for riotous conspiracy . . .* (London, 1774) and Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 65–137, contain transcripts of the proceedings.
45. Quoted by Fifoot, *Lord Mansfield,* p. 30.
46. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 112.
47. *Ibid.*, 112–113.
48. *Ibid.*, 138–216.
49. *Ibid.*, 172.
50. *Ibid.*, p. 183.
51. *Ibid.*, pp. 217–256.
52. *Ibid.*, p. 243.
53. *Ibid.*, p. 249.
54. *Ibid.*, p. 251.
55. *Ibid.*, p. 256.

Chapter XI: The Man of the World

1. Garrick, *Correspondence,* II, 53–55.
2. Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.
3. John Bland letter to Macklin from Edinburgh, January 10, 1774, Bland Correspondence, Folger Library.
4. Wilkinson, *Wandering Patentee,* II, 40. See also T. Heaphy letter to Macklin, August 17, 1775, in Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.
5. Broadbent, *Annals of the Liverpool Stage,* p. 65. See also playbills in the Birmingham Public Library.

6. Bernard, *Retrospections*, II, 121.

7. Macklin's likeness to Johnson in manner was often noted. Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs*, p. 60, observes that he "affected the dictatorial style of that great moralist." See also James Boaden, *Life of Mrs. Jordan* (London, 1831), p. 332.

8. Bishop Percy's unpublished diary, British Museum Add. MS. 32336, contains the following entry for May 20, 1761: "Called at Mr. Dodsley. at Mr. Johnson's, dined with him. Miss Willms came to tea (Maclin with Mr. Johnson)." See also Johnson, *Diaries, Prayers and Annals*, ed. E. L. McAdam, Jr. (New Haven, 1958), p. 90.

9. Macklin Diary, f. 118, Folger Library.

10. Bernard, *Retrospections*, II, 125–126.

11. G. Birbeck Hill, *Johnsonian Miscellanies* (Oxford, 1897), II, 317.

12. Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 427–428.

13. Boswell, *Private Papers*, XIV, 237.

14. The Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman contains Arthur Murphy's legal notes and the actor's own notes on this suit. The Folger Library has further notes of Macklin's on this suit. Still more of his MS. jottings are in the collection of Alec Clunes. Pertinent documents in the Public Records Office are numbered: C. 12 1342/35; C. 12 1346/32; C. 12 1367/6; C. 12 1667/30.

15. See Macklin's MS. notes in Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Peake *Memoirs of the Colman Family*.

16. Macklin's notes on Foote's trial are among his MS. Memoranda and Anecdotes, Folger Library.

17. Macklin letter to George Colman, March 26, 1774, British Museum, MS. 3, 964, f. 71.

18. Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.

19. Anon., *Theatrical Biography*, II, 8–10; Anon., *Theatrical Review for the Year 1757* (London, 1758), pp. 19–21.

20. Hugh Kelly, *Thespis* (London, 1767), pp. 40–41. See also Sir Nicholas Nipclose (pseud.), *The Theatre* (London, 1772), p. 76.

21. Garrick, *Correspondence*, II, 54.

22. Anon., *Theatrical Biography*, II, 9.

23. MS. letters of William Deane to Macklin, Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.

24. The marriage register of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, reads: "13 February 1778. Charles Macklin and Elizabeth Jones, both of this parish; by license. Thomas Hayward, Curate. Witnesses: Willm Swanwick, H. Swanwick." It is possible that they had been married earlier elsewhere and for some reason doubted the legality of the marriage. The fact that the Swanwicks were frequent witnesses to marriages in St. Paul's and apparently not friends of the Macklins suggests that the marriage was performed as inconspicuously as possible.

25. Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 215–217.

26. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, II, 382. Macklin's letters to his son appear only in Kirkman.

27. See Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman and extra-illustrated Matthews and Hutton *Actors and Actresses*.

28. Typical is Macklin's letter of February 21, 1764, quoted in Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 440–443, and Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, I, 455–459.

29. Bernard, *Retrospections*, I, 111–112.

30. Taylor, *Records of My Life*, p. 253. See also letter by J[ohn] T[aylor] in *The Monthly Mirror*, 8: 99 (August 1799).

31. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, II, 308.

32. *Ibid.*, 309–315, reprints Maria's will. An unidentified clipping in the New York Public Library Theatre Collection states that Miss Macklin is believed to have won 1,000 pounds in a lottery, and Miss Ambrose, also of Covent Garden, 50 pounds. Miss Ambrose and Maria were together at Covent Garden from 1775 until Maria's retirement during the 1776–1777 season. Such a winning would perhaps explain her retirement.

33. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, II, 328ff. Cooke, *Macklin*, 307ff. See also Taylor, *Records of My Life*, p. 254. *The European Magazine*, 17: 319 (April 1790), and *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 60: 375 (April 1790), contain notices of John Macklin's death.

34. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin*, II, 232.

35. *Ibid.*

36. Maria Macklin letter to Charles Macklin, dated February 3, 1773, inserted in the Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Matthews and Hutton *Actors and Actresses*.

37. Letter from Macklin to Colman, dated August 7, 1773, quoted in R. B. Peake, *Memoirs of the Colman Family* (London, 1841), I, 278–279. Peake's account of John Macklin is a confused one drawn largely from Cooke.

38. Cooke, *Macklin*, pp. 310–311.

39. Leonard McNally letter to Macklin from Dublin dated March 12, 1777, inserted in Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman. I have found no reference to John Macklin in Worthington Ford, *British Officers Serving in the American Revolution* (Brooklyn, 1897). The John McLean listed as a Lieutenant in the Regiment of the Royal Highland Emigrants on June 14, 1775, cannot refer to him since in October of that year John Macklin was admitted to the Middle Temple. John Macklin perhaps served later as an enlisted man.

40. Three MS. versions of this play are to be found in the Larpent Collection, Huntington Library. See nos. 311, 500, 558. See also Dougald MacMillan, "The Censorship in the Case of Macklin's *Man of the World*," *Huntington Library Bulletin*, 10: 79–101 (October 1936).

41. Boswell, *Private Papers*, XIV, 238.

42. Anon., *The True Born Scot* (Dublin, 1764), Holiday Pamphlets no. 321.

43. "The School for Husbands," Act IV, Larpent Collection MS. 184, Huntington Library. Cf. end of Act IV in Arthur Murphy's 1793 edition of *The Man of the World.*

44. *The Monthly Mirror,* 7: 276 (May 1799).

45. Macklin MS. notes for a history of the stage, Folger Library.

46. Macklin Diary, f. 11, Folger Library.

47. *Ibid.,* ff. 60 and 106.

48. Letter to Colman, dated October 7, 1767, Folger Library.

49. Larpent Collection MS. 311, Huntington Library. See Act II.

50. See MacMillan, "The Censorship . . . of Macklin's *Man of the World,*" *Huntington Library Bulletin,* 10: 79–101.

51. Larpent Collection MS. 500, Huntington Library. Cf. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 278–289, Macklin's observations on the duties of the Lord Chamberlain.

52. Wilkinson, *Wandering Patentee,* II, 41.

53. Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs,* p. 54.

54. The most detailed criticisms are to be found in the May 11–13, 1781, issues of *The Morning Chronicle* and *The London Chronicle.*

55. Wilkinson, *Wandering Patentee,* II, 43–44.

56. Letter to William Mason, May 22, 1781, Horace Walpole, *Correspondence,* ed. W. S. Lewis (New Haven, 1955), XXIX, 144–145.

57. Boswell, *Private Papers,* XIV, 223.

58. *Ibid.,* p. 236. See also Boswell Papers, Yale Library, L 908 (F 1184), a letter of compliment from Boswell to Macklin, dated February 9, 1784.

59. The De Wilde portrait is in the National Gallery, Dublin.

60. William Dunlap, *Memoirs of George Frederick Cooke* (New York, 1813), *passim.*

61. Clement Scott, *The Drama of Yesterday and Today* (London, 1899), I, 208.

62. Boaden, *Memoirs of Kemble,* I, 440–441.

63. Hillebrand, *Edmund Kean,* p. 225.

64. The play was also briefly revived by Charles Young in 1828 and Samuel Phelps in 1851.

Chapter XII: Last Years

1. *The London Chronicle,* May 4, 1784.

2. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 289–305. Pertinent documents in the Public Records Office are numbered: C. 12 1342/35; C. 12 1346/32; C. 12 1367/6; C. 12 1667/30. The outcome is briefly summarized in *The Morning Chronicle,* February 24, 1784. Kirkman, but no one else, states that Macklin waived the damages awarded him.

3. *The Morning Chronicle,* February 24, 1784.

4. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 316. See also *Freeman's Journal,* May–July, 1785. Cooke, *Macklin,* p. 303, misdates the Dublin visit as 1784.

5. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 317–318.

6. *Freeman's Journal,* May–July, 1785, is the main source of information on Macklin's last visit to Ireland.

7. See letters of William Deane to Macklin in the Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.

8. Letter from Macklin to his wife, dated Dublin, June 11 [1785], in the Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated F. W. Hawkins *Life of Edmund Kean.*

9. *Ibid.*

10. Letter from Macklin to his wife, dated Dublin, June 25, 1785, Folger Library.

11. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 319. The account of the Smock Alley season in *Freeman's Journal* is unfortunately incomplete, but apparently Macklin missed at least one performance.

12. Letter from Macklin to W. C. Macready, dated August 18, 1785, British Museum, MS. 27, 925, f. 7. See also Harvard Theatre Collection playbills.

13. Anthony Pasquin (John Williams), *The Pin Basket to the Children of Thespis* (London, 1797), pp. 69–70.

14. James Boswell, *Letters,* ed. C. B. Tinker (Oxford, 1924), II, 431–432.

15. There are many references in Boswell's *Private Papers.* See also Yale University Boswell Papers: C 1847 (F544); L 910 (F1185); C 1850 (F547), which describe meetings between them.

16. Yale University Boswell Papers: C 1847 (F544).

17. Wilkinson, *Wandering Patentee,* III, 151.

18. Bernard, *Retrospections,* II, 118; W. C. Macready, *Reminiscences,* ed. Sir Frederick Pollock (London, 1875), I, 28–30; Holcroft, *Alwyn,* I, 54–60; Ann Mathews, *Memoirs of Charles Mathews* (London, 1839), I, 62–66.

19. This quotation and the preceding one are from a letter of Macklin's to an unknown pupil, *c.* 1782, Enthoven Collection, Victoria and Albert.

20. John Williams, *Children of Thespis* (Dublin, 1787), part II, 13–14.

21. Angelo, *Pic Nic,* p. 249.

22. Letter from Macklin to John Peirce, dated January 8, 1788, Folger Library.

23. *The Annual Register . . . for the year 1788* (London, 1790), p. 195. Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs,* pp. 55–56. Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 324–325, omits Macklin's reference to his age.

24. Cooke, *Macklin,* pp. 315–317.

25. Henry Angelo, *Reminiscences,* ed. H. L. Smith (London, 1904), II, 92–94.

26. *Ibid.*

27. Congreve, *Authentic Memoirs,* p. 57; Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 419.

28. Frederick Reynolds, *Life and Times* (London, 1826), II, 49–51.

29. Cooke, *Macklin,* pp. 341ff; Kirkman, *Life of Macklin,* II, 424ff.

30. Macready, *Reminiscences,* I, 29–30.

31. Yale University Boswell Papers: M 173.

32. See Arthur Murphy, *Proposals for Publishing by Subscription The Man of the World . . . and Love à la Mode . . .* (London, November 1791), broadside, British Museum, 11795 K. 31(17).

33. See Prefatory Advertisement from the Editor in 1793 subscription edition of *The Man of the World* and *Love à la Mode.*

34. Various documents pertaining to Mrs. Macklin are inserted in the Harvard Theatre Collection extra-illustrated Kirkman.

35. The catalogue of Macklin's household furniture is inserted in the Harvard Kirkman. This also contains a list of Macklin's books. The Folger Library has a copy of the auction catalogue of Macklin's library, priced and marked with the names of the buyers.

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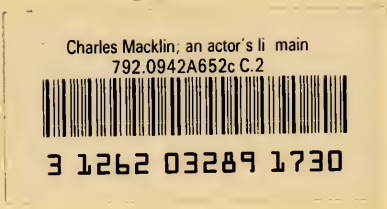
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